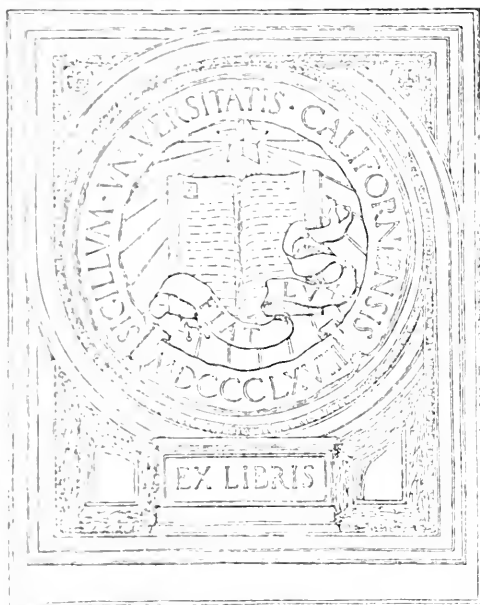


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THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

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VOL.



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THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maevæ'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one catable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councillor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Mand Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shinbhligh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘*Riders to the Sea*,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “*A. E.*’s” ‘*Deirdre*’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ *Morality* ‘*The Horn-glass*,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘*The King’s Threshold*’ and ‘*The Shadowy Waters*.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘*The Shadowy Waters*,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

NEW OF
ALBERTA

FOLK TALES, **FOLK SONGS**, RANNS,
sean-sgeulainneacht, sean-abhráin, rann,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
blúire as stair na h-Éireann;

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.
le h-údair na h-Éireann

AN NUADÓ-LITRÍÓEACÉT I NŠAEÓEILŠ.

Cíófhinnio iníran imleabair deiridí reo, pomplairde ar Šnát-Šaeóeilš na rúaoine, marí do bí rí aca in íran d'á éeao bliadán ro do énaíó éarrairín, ásur marí tá rí aca anoir. Mí'le acé nuadó-Šaeóeilš le fágaíl ann ro, 7 caiteiríó an leigíteoirí a bíteceamínar féin d'éanamí arí an t'rean-Šaeóeilš le congnamí na n-áirceingáóó b'éarla do t'ugamar inírna h-imleabairí eile. Mí t'ugamaíro an t'reirín-Šaeóeilš ann ro, oír ír mó d'eacairí a tuisirint do don duine naé n'oeapna fuioéapacé r'p'eiríalta inntí.

Tá r'géalta, ábráin, 7 íáiríte na n'aoine féin, le fágaíl iníran leabair ro, 7 tá cuirí móirí díóó ro r'grióóta ríor le r'góláiríó ó b'éal na r'eán-aoine i n-éirínn náirí tuisí a t'eangá féin do r'grióóóó ná do léigéao. Acé tá cuirí eile d'é, ásur ír obairí na r'grióóóóirí ír éiríóe í obairí na r'grióóóóirí acá ág d'éanamí litiríóeacéta nuairde do múinnitirí na h-éiríeann inntí, marí acá an t-áéairí r'eaoar O Laošairí, Seumar O Dúógaíl, Conán Maoí (Mac uí Šeagóó), Ráóirí O Laošairí, Tomár O h-Aóóá, an t-áéairí O Duinnín, úna ní r'earšáille, "Tóirna" 7 aoine eile.

Ír an-t'eacairí an fuó é b'éarla éeairí bliaró do éurí ar Šaeóeilš, oír ír é mó b'aramáil naé b'fuil don d'á t'eangá ar éalám na ériórceugéacéta ír mó dírí eatorra féin 'ná íao. Ásur éirí go b'fuilíó a éomí fáóá rín 'na r'earamí arí an don oileán, táóó le táóó, ír ríorí-b'eag an íorí d'f'ag éeann aca arí an šceann eile, ásur ír ríorí-b'eagán d'f'óóluim na aoine labairí íao ó n-a ééile.

Tá r'gólta na h-éiríeann, fáraor! Fá r'ciúrpušáo aoine d'á t'eug an Ríagálar Šacraac an r'ciúrpušáo orra, ásur bí na aoine reó i g'éomíníóe i n-ágarí na nŠaeóeal ásur i n-ágarí t'eangáo na tíre. Mí'le éólar ág duine arí bíé aca uirrí acé oiríeao le aral no le bulóis. Tá éeairí de na aoíníó reó 'na mbíteceamínáirí ó éiríteannáirí an t'úisí, naé b'fuil ríoc éólarí aca arí oiríeacéar, acé ó'í r'gnát-obairí leó aoine éionntacéa do d'aoiráo, d'aoirann ríao múinnitirí na h-éiríeann, 'gá šeurí fá bíteceamínarí áineólarí, fáó a mb'eacá, i t'eaoirí na neíte b'áinearí leó féin 7 le na díirí. Tá r'earí eile aca 'na uacéarín arí éólaríte na t'riónóirí—ír fuat na nŠaeóeal an áit rín—ásur tá cuirí móirí

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na n-daoinib-uairle fairséiré gan don eólar ppeirialta aca ar psoiltib ná ar psoilúigeact; asur do toirmeas ríad Saed-eilg do múnad inna psoiltib, no do labairt leir na psoiláimib, so uci tui no ceatár de bliadantaib ó foin. Tá aghugad ann anoir, 7 so, ucuairt Dia dúinn so mbéir pé buan! Ni mearaim so maib don tír eile ar éalam na Críortuigeacta nam, a maib a leitéir rin de pshannail le feicint innici asur do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rcuibe 7 máigirceapa psoile nac maib focat Saedeilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtíde nac maib focat béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sur uibread amad ppiopad na Litirdeacta ar na daoinib, asur sur muisead arta gac oidear, gliocar, epionact, asur pchuaim do táinig anuas éuca ó n-a rinnreapaid pompa. Act anoir,—mar geall ar Connrad na Saedeilge—tá an Saedeilg, as teact éici féin apír; asur ir foiléir é anoir, do’n domán ar fad, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiriún ar leir, no le beir ’na muo ar bí act ’na condae shánna Sacpanaig, (asur i as déanam aitéir so faon fann fuar an nóraid na Sacpanaé) so geairtí rí iompóó ar a ceangairt féin apír 7 Litirdeact nuad ceap:ó innici.

Asur tá Éire as corugad ar rin do déanam éana féin, asur tá complairde ar a bfuil rí v’á déanam inna leabhar ro. Ni’l ionnta ro so léir (obair na nveic mbliadán ro éuar tarrmann) act céad-bláta an eapraig. Tá an Samrad le teact fóir le congnam Dé:

RÍG AN FÁSADIS DÚIB:

Labráir O ftoinn, ó beul-áe-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an pgeul ro do pphóiriar O Concúbair i mb’l’áeluan, ó a bfuair mire é.

Nuair bí O Concúbair ’na rí as Éirinn bí pé ’na cómhnuide i Rát-éruadain Connact. Bí don mac amáin aige, act nuair o’fár pé fuar, bí pé fíadain, asur níor feuo an rí fíadact do éur air; mar beirdeat a toil féin aige inr gac uile nro:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairtín amáin éadaí ré amac,

 A éú le na coir
 A feadac ar a boir
 A' r a capall bheáí túb o'á iomcár,

asur o'imicis ré ar asair, as gabáil rianh adrdán do féin so
táimh ré coim fad le rgeadac mór do bí as fár ar bhuad
gleanna. Bí rean-duine liat 'na fuidhe as bun na rgeide, asur
tubairt ré: "A mic an rí, má tís leat imirt com mairt a' r
tís leat adrdán do gabáil, buí mairt liom cluice o'imirt leat."
Saoil mac an rí sup rean-duine mi-céillidhe do bí ann, asur
cuirpíng ré, caite rrian tar geus, asur fuidh ríor le taoib an
rean-duine liat. Tarraing reirean paca cárdair amac asur
o' fíarpuis: "An tís leat iad ro o'imirt?"

 " Tís liom," ar ran mac-rí.

 " Créad meóramaido air?" ar ran rean-duine liat.

 " Níó ar bit ip mian leat," ar ran mac-rí.

 " Mairt so leór, má ghnócaim-re caiteir túra nío ar bit a
iarrfar mé deunam dam, asur má ghnócaim-re túra, caiteir
mire nío ar bit iarrfar túra oim deunam duire," ar ran rean-
duine liat.

 " Tá mé fáirta," ar ran mac-rí.

 O'imir ríad an cluice asur buail an mac rí an rean duine
liat. Ann rin tubairt ré, "Créad do buí mian leat mire do
deunam duir, a mic an rí?"

 " Ní iarrfair mé oir nío ar bit do deunam dam," ar ran
mac-rí, "raoilim nac bfuil tú ionnán mórán do deunam."

 " Ní bac leir rin," ar ran rean duine, "caiteir tú iarrfair
oim ruo éigin do deunam, níor cáill mé geall ariam náir feuo
mé a ioc."

 Mar tubairt mé, raoil an mac rí sup rean duine micéillidhe
do bí ann, asur le na fáirtad tubairt ré leir.

 " Dam an ceann de mo learmácar asur cuir ceann gabair
uiri ar fead feadctaine."

 " Deunfad rin duir," ar ran rean duine liat.

 Éadaí an mac rí as marcuigeact ar a capall,

 A éú le na coir
 A feadac ar a boir,

asur eus ré a asair ar áit eile, asur níor cuimh ré níor mó
ar an rean duine liat, so táimh ré a-baile.

 Fuar ré fíar asur bíd mór in ran geairleán. O'innir na
rearbórtadair do so táimh oiradair argead 'ran reomra
'n áit a raib an bairtíogan asur sup cuir ré ceann gabair uiri
i n-áit a einn féin.

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Dár mo láim, ír iongantac an níó é rin,” ar ran mac fuig, “dá mbeirínn ‘ran mbairle do bairínn an ceann dé le mo élar-éam.” Bí brón mór ar an fuig agus éirí ré fíor ar éomairleoir éríona agus o’fíarfuig ré dé an raib fíor aige cia an éarí éarla an níó reo do’n bairíogáin. “So deimín ní éis liom rin inn-reacé duit,” ar reirean, “í obair o’raoídeacéa é.”

Níor leis an mac fuig ar féin so raib élar ar bit aige ar an seúir, acé ar maríon amárac o’iméis ré amacé,

▲ éú le na éoir
▲ fíadac ar a boir
’S a éarall b’raíis duó o’á íoméar,

agus níor éarraig ré rían so o’ráim ré éom fáda leir an ríeic móir ar b’raí an éleanna. Bí an rean duine liac ‘na fíur é ann rin fáoi an ríeic agus duairt ré: “A míc an fuig, mbéir éuice asao andú?” Cuiríis an mac fuig agus duairt: “Déir.” Leir rin, éar ré an rían éar éeú, agus fíur fíor le éarí an érean duine. Éarraig reirean na éaríar amacé, agus o’fíarfuig de’n míc fuig an érair ré an níó do énoéais ré andé:

“Tá rin éarí so léir,” ar ran mac fuig.

“Iméarímarí ar an éeall éeuna andú,” ar ran rean duine liac.

“Tá mé fára,” ar ran mac fuig.

O’imíir ríao, agus énoéais an mac fuig. “Éeao do buó mian leat míre do éeunam duit an é-am ro?” ar ran rean duine liac. Smuáin an mac fuig agus duairt leir féin, “beurríar mé obair érair o’ó an é-am ro.” Ann rin duairt ré: “Tá páire réacé n-éara ar éú éaríeáin m’áar, bíó rí líonta ar maríon. amárac le bat (buair) éan don beirí aca do beirí ar don oacé, ar don áiríe, no ar don éoir amáin.”

“Déir rin éeunta,” ar ran rean duine liac.

Éuarí an mac fuig as maríeacé ar a éarall,

▲ éú le na éoir
▲ fíadac ar a boir,

agus éeú asarí a-baile. Bí an fuig so brónac í éarí na bairíogáin. Bí o’o’éúirí ar n-uile áit í n-éirínn, acé níor éeú ríao don mairí do éeunam éi.

Ar maríon, lá ar na m’árac, éuarí marí an fuig amacé so moé, agus éonairíe ré an páire ar éú an éaríeáin líonta le bat (buair) agus éan don beirí aca de ‘n oacé éeuna no de’n éoir éeuna, no de’n áiríe éeuna. O’iméis ré áríeacé, agus o’imíir éé an ríeul iongantac do’n fuig. “Cuiríis agus éomáin íao amacé,” ar ran fuig. Érair an marí ríar, agus éuarí ré léó as

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen: there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aċt ní luaithe éirífeadh pé amac ar don taoibh iad 'ná éirífeadh ríad arthead ar an taoibh eile. Cuairt an maorí do'n iúġ ariur, aġur duibairt leir nac b'reuofadh an méad fearb bí i n-éirínn na bat rin do bí fan b'páirt do éur amac. "Ír bat b'páirtídeacta iad," ar fan iúġ.

Nuair éomhairt an mac-iúġ na bat, duibairt pé leir péin : "Déiró cluicé eile aġam leir an fean tuine liat anoiú." O'iméiġ pé amac an máirínn rin,

A éú le na éoir
A f'eabac ar a éoir
A'f a éapall b'reáġ duib o'á ioméar,

aġur níor éarriainġ pé rriuan ġo o'cáinġ pé éom fáda leir an r'geiré móir ar b'páid an ġleanna. Bí an fean tuine liat ann rin poumte aġur o'iairí pé air an mbeiréad cluicé cáiríad aġe.

"Déiró," ar fan mac iúġ ; "aċt tá fíor aġad ġo máit ġo o'cġ liom tú bualaó aġ imiré cáiríad."

"Déiró cluicé eile aġainn," ar fan fean tuine liat. "Ar imiré tú liat'póiró ariam ?"

"O'impear ġo o'eimín," ar fan mac iúġ ; "aċt paoilim ġo b'puit túra ró fean le liat'póiró o'imiré, aġur éor leir rin ní'l an áit aġainn ann ró le n'imiré."

"Má tá túra úmál le n-imiré, ġeobairó miré áit," ar fan fean tuine liat.

"Táim úmál," ar fan mac iúġ.

"Lean miré," ar fan fean tuine liat.

Lean an mac iúġ é trío an nġleann, ġo o'cáingadair ġo enoc b'reáġ ġlar. Ann rin, éarriainġ pé amac r'laicín b'páirtídeacta, aġur duibairt p'ocla náir éuġ mac an iúġ, aġur p'aoi éeann móimíro, o'orġail an enoc aġur éuair an beiré arthead, aġur éuair ríad trío a lán de hállaiú b'reáġa ġo o'cáingadair amac i nġáiríóin. Bí ġac uile níó níor b'reáġa 'ná ééile in fan nġáiríóin rin, aġur aġ bun an ġáiríóin bí áit le liat'póiró o'imiré.

Cait ríad p'íora ariġiró ruar le p'eirínt eia aca mbeiréad lám-árciġ aġe, ġ ruar an fean tuine liat rin.

O'páirġ ríad ann rin, aġur níor p'ead ar fean tuine ġur ġnótaġ pé an cluicé. Ní páir fíor aġ an 'nac iúġ éréad do b'eunfadh pé. P'aoi o'eiró o'fíarriuiġ pé o'e'n t'rean-tuine éréad do buó máit leir é do b'eunam oó.

"Ír miré Riġ ar an b'fárad Oub, aġur caic'píó túra mé péin aġur m'áit-éomínnuibe o'fáġail amac p'aoi éeann lá aġur bliatáin, nó ġeobairó miré túra amac aġur caic'píó tú do éeann."

Ann rin éuġ pé an mac iúġ amac an bealac éeunna a n'ocáiró pé arthead. O'p'uo an enoc ġlar 'na o'iaġ aġur o'iméiġ an fean tuine liat ar amárc.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuarō an mac nīś aś marcuīgeaċt ar a ċapall,

Δ εὐ λε να χοιρ,
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ,

aśur é bñónaċ so leōr.

An trápñóna rin, to bñeaċnuīś an nīś so nair bñón aśur buairpēaċ mōr ar an mac óś, aśur nuair ċuarō ré 'na ċoulaċ, ċualarō an nīś aśur śaċ uile ōuine to bi in ran ścairleān tñom-ophaoil aśur nāñalairō uairō. Ūi an nīś faoi bñón ceann śabair to beī ar an mbairnīōśain, aċt buċ mēara é leaċt n-uairē nuair ō'innir an mac ōó an rśeul, mar ċārla ó ċūr so ōeipēaċ.

Ċua ré rīor ar ċōmāirleōir ċñóna, aśur ō'fīaċnuīś ré ōé an nair rīor aīśe ċia an āic a nair an Riś ar an b'fāraċ Ōuib 'na ċōmñuīde.

"Nī'l, so ōeññin," ar reipean; "aċt ċōm ċinnce ā'r ċā nuball (eapball) ar an ścaċ muna b'fāśairō an t-oirpē óś an ōñaoirō-eaċōir rin amaċ, ċailrīō ré a ċeann."

Ūi bñón mōr i ścairleān an nīś an lā rin. Ūi ceann śabair ar an mbairnīōśain, aśur an mac-nīś ōul aś tōrñuīgeaċt ōñaoirō-eaċōra, śan rīor an ōċiuefaċ ré ar aīr so ōeō.

Tap ēir reāċtñaine [to] baīneaċ an ceann śabair ōe'n baīn-ñīōśain, aśur ċuīpēaċ a ceann réin uīrri. Nuair ċualarō rī an ċaōi ar ċuīpēaċ an ceann śabair uīrri, ċāimīś fuāċ mōr uīrri anaśairō an mīc nīś, aśur ōubairē rī: "Nāi ċaśairō ré ar aīr beō nā marb."

Ar maroin, Ōia luain, ō'fāś ré a ōeannaċt aś a āċair aśur aś a śaōi, bi a māla-rīūbaīl ceanśaīlte ar a ōñuim, aśur ō'imċīś ré,

Δ εὐ λε να χοιρ
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ
Δ'r a ċapall bñeāś ōuib ō'ā iomēar.

Śiūbaīl ré an lā rin so nair an śñian imċīśċe faoi rśāile na śenoc, aśur so nair ōopēaċar na n-oirēe aś teāċt, śan rīor aīśe ċia'n āic a bñuīśpēaċ ré lōirċin. Ūpēaċnuīś ré ċoīl mōr ar ċaōiō a lāime ċlē, aśur ċarñainś ré uīrri ċōm ċapa aśur ō'fēuō ré, le rīūl an oirēe to ċaīċeāñ faoi fārfāċ na śepann. Śuirō ré rīor faoi bun ċraīnn mōir ōaraċ, ō'fōrśaīl ré a māla-rīūbaīl le biaċ ħ ōeōċ to ċaīċeāñ, nuair ċonnaīre ré iolai mōr aś teāċt ċuīśe.

"Nā bīōr faīċēīor oīr nōmām-ra, a mīc nīś. Aīċñīśim ċū, īr ċū mac ūi ċōñēuāir nīś ċīpēann. Īr ċapairō mē, aśur mā ċuśann ċū to ċapall ōam-ra le ċabairē le n'īċe to ċēīċē ċanāīċ oċpāċa

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son: I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atā aḡam, bēarfaṛ mife nioṛ fuṛde 'nā do bēarfaṛ do ʕapall tū, aḡur b'ēioṛi ʒo ʒuṛṛṛinn tū ar loṛʒ an tē atā tū 'tōṛuiḡ-eaḡt."

"Tis leaṡ an ʕapall do beṛt aḡao aḡur fāilte," ar ran mac piḡ, "eṛo ʒur bṛōnāḡ mē aḡ ʔḡarāmāint leiṛ."

"Tā ʒo maiṡ, bēro mife ann ʔo ar maiṛin amāṛaḡ le h-ēiṛḡe na ʒṛēme." Ann ʔin o'ʔoṛʒail ʔi a ʒob mōṛ, ʔuḡ ʒṛeim ar an ʒcapall, buail a oā ʕaoib anaḡarō a ʕēile, leaṡnuiḡ a ʔḡiātān, aḡur o'imtiḡ ar amāṛe.

O'it aḡur o'ol an mac piḡ a ʔāit, ʕuṛ an māla-ʔiūbail ʔaoi na ʕeann, aḡur nioṛ bṛaṡa ʒo ʔaib ʔē 'na ʕoṡlaṛ, aḡur nioṛ oūiṛiḡ ʔē ʒo oṡāiniḡ an ʕ-iolaṛ aḡur ʒur oūbairṡ: "Tā ʔē i n-am oūinn beṛt 'ḡ imṡeaḡt, tā airṡeaṛ ʔaṡa ʔōmāinn, beṛ ʒṛeim ar do māla aḡur lēim ʔuar ar mo oṛuim."

"Aḡt, mo bṛōn!" ar ʔeṛean, "ʕaiṡṛō mē ʔḡarāmāint le mo ʕū aḡur le mo ʔeaḡaḡ."

"Nā bioṛ bṛōn oṛt," ar ʔeṛe; "bēro ʔiaṡ ann ʔo ʔōmāṡ nuaiṛ ʕiueṛar tū ar air."

Ann ʔin lēim ʔē ʔuar ar a oṛuim, ʒlac ʔeṛe ʔḡiātān, aḡur ar ʒo bṛāṡ lēite 'ran aṛ. ʕuḡ ʔi ē ʕar ʕnocaib aḡur ʒleannṡaib, ʕar muiṛ mōiṛ aḡur ʕar ʕoillṡib, ʒur ʔaoil ʔē ʒo ʔaib ʔē aḡ oṛeṛeṡ an oṡmāin. Nuaiṛ bī an ʒṛian aḡ ʔul ʔaoi ʔḡāile na ʒnoco, ʕāiniḡ ʔi ʒo ʕalaṡ i lāṛ ʔāṛaiḡ mōiṛ, aḡur oūbairṡ leiṛ: "Lean an ʕarān ar ʕaoib do lāime oṛeṛe, aḡur bēarfaṛ ʔē tū ʒo ʕeaḡ ʕaṛaṡ. ʕaiṡṛō mife ʔilleṡo ar air le ʔolāṡar do m'ēanlaṡ."

Lean ʔeṛean an ʕarān, aḡur nioṛ bṛaṡa ʒo oṡāiniḡ ʔē ʒo oṡi an ʕeaḡ, aḡur ʕuair ʔē aṛṡeaḡ. Bī ʔean-ṡuine liaṡ 'na ʔuṛde 'ran ʒcoṛṛneull; o'ēiṛiḡ ʔē ʔ oūbairṡ, "ʕeṛo mile ʔāilte ʔōmāṡ, a mīe Riġ ar Rāṡ-ʕṛuaḡan ʕonnaḡt."

"Nī'l eōlaṛ aḡam-ʔa oṛt," ar ran mac piḡ.

"Bī aiṡne aḡam-ʔa ar do ʔean-aṡaiṛ," ar ran ʔean ṡuine liaṡ; "ʔuṛo ʔioṛ; iṛ oṡiḡ ʒo bṛuil ʕaṛṡ aḡur oṡṛur oṛt."

"Nī'l mē ʔaoṛ uaṡa," ar ran mac piḡ. Buail an ʔean ṡuine a oā boiṛ anaḡarō a ʕēile, aḡur ʕāiniḡ beṛṡ ʔeṛibṛeaḡ, aḡur leaḡ-aṡar boṛto le maiṛṡ-ʔeōil, ʕaoiṛ-ʔeōil, muiṡ-ʔeōil aḡur le neaṛṡ aṛāin i lāṡaiṛ an mīe piḡ, aḡur oūbairṡ an ʔean ṡuine leiṛ: "It aḡur ol do ʔāit, b'ēioṛi ʒo mbuṛ ʔaṡa ʒo bṛuiḡṡṛō tū a leiṡēro aṛiṛ." O'it aḡur o'ol ʔē oṛeṛaṡ aḡur buṛ mīan leiṛ, aḡur ʕuḡ buiṛeṡaḡ ar a ʔon.

Ann ʔin oūbairṡ an ʔean ṡuine, "tā tū ʔul aḡ oṡṛuiḡeaḡt Riġ an f'Ħafiz Ōuib; ʕeṛiḡ aḡ ʕoṡlaṛ anoiṛ, aḡur ʔaḡaiṛ mife ʕṛe mo leaḡṛaib le ʔeṡḡaint an oṡiḡ liom āiṡ-ʕōmniṛde an piḡ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fáġail amac." Ann rin, buail ré a bora; éáinis reirbireac, aġur dubairt ré leir "Tabair an mac riġ zo o'í a feompa." Ċus ré zo feompa breáġ é, aġur nior b'fada ġur ċuit ré 'na éo'la'o.

Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, éáinis an rean duine aġur dubairt: "Éirig, tá airtear fada rómao. Cairtí'o tú cúig ceuo míle deunamí joimí meadon-lae."

"Mí feutofaimn é 'o deunamí," ar ran mac riġ.

"Má'r maracac maic éú, béarfaio míre capall tuic béarfar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunfao marí deárfar tura," ar ran mac riġ.

Ċus an rean duine neart le n'íte aġur le n'ól o'ó, aġur nuáir bí ré rá'ac, ċus re ġearrán beaġ bân o'ó, aġur dubairt: "Tabair ceao a éinn o'o'n ġearrán, aġur nuair rto'p'ar ré, réac ruar 'ran aé' aġur feicí'o tú trí ealairde éom' ġeal le rneac'a. Ir iao rin trí ingeana Riġ an f'árais Òuib. Béir naipicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin í an ingean ir óige, aġur ní'l neac beo o'feutofao éú 'o tabairt zo tiġ Riġ an f'árais Òuib ac't í. Nuair rto'p'ar an ġearrán, béir tú i nġar 'o loé; tiucefao na trí ealairde zo talamí ar bhuac an loéa rin, aġur deunfao tríúr mná (ban) óġ o'io'ó rém, aġur raéairí ríao ar'acac 'ran loé aġ ríamí aġur aġ ríne. Congbairí 'o ríul ar an naipicín ġlar aġur nuair ġeobar tú na mná óġa 'ran loé, teirig aġur ráġ an naipicín aġur ná rġar leir. Teirig i b'fo'ac faoi é'p'ann aġur nuair tiucefao na mná óġa amac, deunfao beir' aca ealairde o'io'ó rém aġur im'edéairí ríao 'ran aé'r. Ann rin, deárfao an ingean ir óige, "Deunfao mé ní'o ar bí'e o'o'n té béarfar mo naipicín 'oam." Tar i lá'air ann rin, aġur tabair an naipicín o'í, ġ abair nac b'fuit ní'o ar bí'e aġ teartál uair, ac't 'o tabairt zo tiġ a h-a'ar, aġur innir o'í ġur mac riġ éú ar tí'r éúma'ac'aig."

Rinne an mac riġ ġac ní'o marí dubairt an rean duine leir, aġur nuair ċus ré an naipicín o'ingín Riġ an f'árais Òuib, dubairt ré: "Ir míre mac Mí Conéubair, Riġ Conna'et. Tabair mé zo o'í o'a'air: fada mé o'a' é'p'ur'ġeac't."

"Má'r b'earr tuic mé ní'o éigin eile 'o deunamí tuic?" ar ríre.

"Ní'l don ní'o eile aġ teartál uaim," ar reir'ean.

"Ma éairb'éanamí an teac tuic nac mbéir tú rá'ra?" ar ríre.

"Béir'ean." ar reir'ean.

"Anoir," ar ríre, "ar o'anam ná h-innir 'o m' a'air ġur míre 'o ċus éum a éig'e-rean éú, aġur béir míre mo é'p'airí máic tuic; aġur leiġ opt rém," ar ríre, "zo b'fuit mó'r-éúma'ac't o'p'ar'í'edéac't aġa'o."

"Deunfao marí deir tú," ar reir'ean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin junne rí eala dí féin agus túbairt: “Léim ruar ar mo múin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo múinéal, agus consbairt speim cnuair.”

Rinne ré amháir, agus éirí rí a ríatána, 7 ar go bráit léite ear énoair a’r ear gleannair, ear muii agus ear fléibit, go tálaitis rí go talam mair do bí an srian as dul faoi. Ann rin túbairt rí leir: “An bfeiceann tú an teac mór rin eall? Sin teac m’atár. Slán leat. Am ar bí bérdear baogal ort, bér mipe le do éair.” Ann rin o’iméir rí uair.

Éair ré ann mac míf eum an tige, éair arteaé, agus cia o’feicead ré ann rin ’na fúide i seacair óir, aet an rean tume liat o’imri na éairair agus an liatáir leir.

“Feicim, a mte míf,” ar reirrean, “go bfuair tú mé amac moin lá agus bliadain. Cá fao ó o’fás tú an baile?”

“Ar mairin anóir, nuair bí mé as éirge ar mo leabair, éonnair mé tuag-ceatá, junne mé léim, ríar mé mo dá éir air. agus fleaimair mé éom fao leir reo.”

“Oar mo lám, ir mór an sáirgideat do junne tú,” ar ran rean míf.

“O’feudairin ruo níor iongantairge ’ná rin do deunair, dá n-ógróair,” ar ran mac míf.

“Tá trí neite asam tuit le deunair,” ar ran rean míf, “7 má’r féirir leat iao do deunair, bío roga mo éirir ingear asao mair mairi, agus muna tuis leat iao do deunair, caillir do do éann mair éair eum mair de dáoir óga rómao.”

Ann rin túbairt ré, “Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tuis-re, aet don uair amáir ’ran treacáir, agus bí ré asairin ar mairin anóir.”

“Ir cuma liom-ra,” ar ran mac míf; “tuis liom tiorat do deunair ar reao miora dá mbeiréar cnuatós oim.”

“Ir tuis go tuis leat dul san éolair mair an sceutna?” ar ran rean míf.

“Tuis liom san amair,” ar ran mac míf.

“Bér leabair cnuair asao anóir mair rin,” ar ran rean míf; “tar liom go tairbéair mé tuit é.” Éus ré amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéair ré do éann mór agus sáblós air, 7 túbairt: “Teirir ruar ann rin agus éolair in ran n-sáblós, agus bí réir le h-éirge na sriene.”

Éair ré ruar in ran n-sáblós, aet éom liat agus bí an rean míf ’na éolair, táir an ingear ós agus éus arteaé go reompa breas é, agus consbairt rí ann rin é go raib an rean míf ar tí éirge: Ann rin éir rí é amac air i n-sáblós an éairin.

Le h-éirge na sriene, táir an rean míf éirge agus túbairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Taq anuar anoir, 7 taq liom-ra ʒo wɔaribċanfaio mċ ōuit an niō aṭā aṣaṭ le ōeunam anōiū.”

Ċus rċ an mac mġ ʒo bɔuac loċa 7 ċairbċear rċ ōō rean-ċairpleān, aṣur ōubairt leir, “Ċair ʒac uile ċloċ ’ran ʒcairpleān rin amac ’ran loċ, 7 biōt rċ ōeunta aṣaṭ real mā ōċċċeann an ʒriān faoi, tɔāċċnōna.” Ō’imċiś rċ uaiō ann rin.

Ċopaiś an mac mġ aṣ obair, aċt bi na ċloċa ʒreamuiṣċe ō’ā ċċile ċom epuaiō rin. nār feur rċ aon ċloċ aca ōo ċōṣbāil, aṣur ōā mberċeāō rċ aṣ obair ʒo ōċi an lā ro, ni berċeāō ċloċ ar an ʒcairpleān. Śuiō rċ rċor ann rin aṣ rmuameāō ċrċeāō ōo buō ċōir ōō ōeunam, aṣur niōr bɔaṭa ʒo ōċāniś inṣċean an tɔean-mġ ċuiṣe, 7 ōubairt, “Ċaō ē rāċ ōo bɔōin?” Ō’innir rċ ōi an obair ōo bi aṣe le ōeunam. “Na ċurċeāō rin bɔōn opt; ōeun-faiō mċrċ ē,” ar rċrċ. Ann rin ċus rċ arān, maiɔɔfeōil 7 rċion ōō, ċarraiṣ amac rċaiċin ōɔaioċeāċa, buail buille ar an t-rean-ċairpleān, aṣur faoi ċeann mōimio bi ʒac uile ċloċ ōċ ar bun an loċa. “Anoir,” ar rċrċ, “nā h-innir ōo m’āċair ʒur mċrċ ōo punċe an obair ōuit.”

Nuair bi an ʒriān aṣ ōul faoi, tɔāċċnōna, ċāniś an rean mġ aṣur ōubairt: “feicim ʒo bɔuil ō’obair laċ ōeunta aṣaṭ.”

“Ċā,” ar ran mac mġ, “ċiś liom obair ar biċ ōo ōeunam.”

Śaōil an rean mġ anoir ʒo raiō ċūmāċt mōr ōɔaioċeāċa aṣ an mac mġ, aṣur ōubairt leir, “Śċ ō’obair laċ amāɔac na ċloċa ōo ċōṣbāil ar an loċ, aṣur an ċairpleān ōo ċur ar bun mar bi rċ ċeana.”

Ċus rċ an mac mġ a-baile aṣur ōubairt leir, “Ċeiriś ōo ċōulāō ’ran aic a raiō tū an oiōċe arċir.”

Nuair ċuaiō an rean-mġ ’na ċōulāō ċāniś an inṣċean ōṣ aṣur ċus arċeāċ ē cum a reomia rċin, aṣur ċonṣbāiś ann rin ē ʒo raiō an rean mġ ar ċi ċirṣe ar maiōin; ann rin ċuir rċ amac arċr ē i nṣablōiś an epainn.”

Le h-ċirṣe na ʒrċine, ċāniś an rean mġ 7 ōubairt: “Ċā rċ i n-am ōuit ōul ʒċionn ō’oirċe.”

“Nċ’l ōeiriċ ar biċ opt,” ar ran mac mġ, “mar tā rċor aṣam ʒo ōċiś liom m obair laċ ōeunam ʒo rċiō.”

Ċuaiō rċ ʒo bɔuac an loċa ann rin, aċt n opt feur rċ ċloċ ō’feicċeāl, bi an t-uirṣe ċom ōub rin. Śuiō rċ rċor ar ċarraiś; aṣur niōr bɔaṭa ʒo ōċāniś rċionṣuāla, buō h-ē rin ainn inṣċine an tɔean mġ, ċuiṣe, aṣur ōubairt: “Ċaō tā aṣaṭ le ōeunam anōiū?” Ō’innir rċ ōi, aṣur ōubairt rċ: “Nā biōt bɔōn opt; ċiś liom-ra an obair rin ōeunam ōuit.” Ann rin ċus rċ ōō arān, maiɔɔfeōil, aṣur ċaōir-feōil aṣur rċion. Ann rin ċarraiṣ rċ amac an tɔɔaiċin ōɔaioċeāċa, buail uirṣe an loċa lċiċe, aṣur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi éann móimio bí an pean-čairleán ar bun mar bí ré an lá poimie. Ann rin dubairt rí leir: “Ar o’anam, ná h-innir do m’atair go nbeairiáir míre an obair reo dúit, nó go bfuil eólar ar bit ágar oim.”

Tráctóna an laé rin, táinig an pean miġ ásur dubairt, “Feicim go bfuil obair an laé deunta ágar.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac miġ, “obair fói-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an pean miġ go miá nior mó cúmaect opraio-eaecta ág an mac miġ, ná do bí áise féin, ásur dubairt ré: “Ni’l aect don ruo eile ágar le deunam.” Ċus ré a-baile ann rin é, ġ cuir ré é le coólaó i nġablóis an érainn, aect táinig fionnġuala ġ cuir rí in a peompa féin é, ásur ar maiuin, cuir rí amac áir ar an ġorann é. Le h-éirġe na ġréine, táinig an pean miġ cuise ásur dubairt leir: “Tar liom go ocairbéanfaíó mé dúit o’obair laé.”

Ċus ré an mac miġ go ġleann móir, ásur čairbéan oó tobar, ġ dubairt: “Čaill mo máčair-móir fáinne in ran tobar rin, ásur fás óam é real má oteró an ġrian faoi, tráctóna.”

Anoir bí an tobar ro ceuo troiġ ar oimne ásur fíce troiġ cimcioll; ásur bí ré lionta le h-uirġe, ásur bí arim ar ipmionn áġ faire an fáinne.

Nuair o’imtiġ an pean miġ, táinig fionnġuala ásur o’fapruġ, “Čao tá ágar le deunam anoiú?” O’innir ré ói, ásur dubairt rí, “Ir deacair an obair i rin, aect deunfaíó mé mo oitcioll le do beata do fábaíl.” An rin ġus rí oó maiirčeoíl, arán, ásur fion. Rinne rí miueac * ói féin ásur cuair ríor ’ran tobar. Nior bfaó go bfaíó ré deatac ásur cinnteac áġ teact amac ar an tobar, ásur topan ann mar toirneac áro, ásur ouine ar bit do beirdeat áġ éirteact leir an topan rin faoilfeat ré go miá arim iprinn áġ troio.

Faoi éann tamail, o’imtiġ an deatac, čoirġ an cinnteac ásur an toirneac, ásur táinig fionnġuala anior leir an bfaíinne. Seacair rí an fáinne do mac an miġ, ásur dubairt rí: “ġnóčairġ mé an cat, ġ tá do beata fábaílta, aect feuc, tá lairócin mo láime deire bairte. Aect b’éoir ġur áóamail an nió ġur bair-eat é. Nuair čuicfar m’atair, ná tabair an fáinne oó, aect baġair é go cruaró. Deairfaíó ré čú ann rin le do bean do toġat, ásur reó an čaoi deunfar čú do poġa. Beíó míre ásur mo beirbírúada i peompa, beíó poll ar an topar, ġ cuirrimio uile ár láma amac mar éruimirġin. Cuirfíó tuia do lám črió an bpoll, ásur an lám čonġbóčar čú ġréim uirri nuair forġólaró

* Ríueac no miueac = “Čroac maró,” róre éin uirġe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnualla came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnualla came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnualla came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atair an doir, ir í rin lám an té beirdear aśao mar mnae;
Tis leat mire o'aitne ar mo lairdeirín bairce."

"Tis liom, aśur śrío mo éiríde tú, a fionnguala," ar ran
mac riś.

Trácnóna an lae rin, táinis an reai riś aśur o'fíaruié: "An
buarir tú fáinne mo m'atar móire?"

"Fuariear śo deimín," ar ran mac riś; "bí arim 'śá cúmhac
ar írriomn, aét buail mire iao, aśur buailfinn a reaeé n-oiraeo.
Nac buail fíor aśao śur Connaeéac mé?"

"Tabair óam an fáinne," ar ran rean riś.

"Śo deimín, ní tiubrao," ar reirean; "éiríde mé śo cūairí
ar a fon; aét tabair óam-ra mo bean. Teartaig' uaim beir aś
iméaeé."

Tuś an rean riś araeae é, aśur dubairc, "Tá mo ériúr ingean
'ran reomra rin io' látair. Tá lám śac aoim aca rínte amac,
aśur an té cōngbóeair tú śreim uirri śo bforśólairí mire an
doir, rin í oo bean."

Cūir an mac riś a lám trió an bpoli oo bí ar an doir, aśur
ruair ré śreim ar lám an lairdeirín bairce, aśur cōngbairś śreim
cūairí air, śur forśail an rean riś doir an treomra.

"Ś í reó mo bean," ar ran mac riś; "tabair óam anoir rpré
o'ingine."

"Ní'l de rpré aici le fágail aét caoil-eae doonn le rió oo
tabairc abairle, aśur nári eāśairí rió ar air, beó ná maró, śo
deó!"

Cūairí an mac riś 7 fionnguala ar marcuíśaeé ar an ścaoil-
eae doonn; aśur níor bpaó śo oéngaeoair śo oéi an coill 'n ar
fás an mac riś a cú aśur a feabac. Bí riáo ann rin rióme, mar
aon le na éapall breāś dub. Cūir ré an t-eae caoil doonn ar
air ann rin. Cūir ré fionnguala aś marcuíśaeé ar a éapall,
aśur léim ruar, é féin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

aśur níor reao ré śo oéáinis ré śo Rát Éruaeáin:

Bí fáilte móri rióme ann rin, aśur níor bpaó śur póraó é
féin aśur fionnguala. Cairí riáo beata paó feunmar,—aét ir
beas má tá loirś an trean-éairleáin le fágail anriú i Rát-Éruae-
áin Connaeé.

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A DĠĠNAIĠ AN ĊUİL ĊEANGAILTE.

A dġġnaiġ an ċuİL ċeangailte
 Le a ġaib mē real i n-ēmpēaēt,
 Ċuail tu 'ġēir, an bealaē ro,
 'S ni ċāinġ tu 'oo m'feučaint.
 Šaail mē naē n'oeunfarte 'ooēar ōuit
 Oā ōtiuepā, a'r mē o' iarpaiō,
 'S ġur b'i 'oo pōiġin ċaēaipeaō pōlār
 Oā mberōinn i lār an ġiaēpai.

Oā mberōeaō maoin aġam-ra
 Aġur aipeaō ann mo pōēa
 Ōeunfainn bōiēpīn aiē-ġioipae
 Šo 'ooar tiġe mo pōiġin,
 Maip pūil le Ōia šo ġ-cluinnepīn-re
 Topann binn a b'pōiġe,
 'S ip faō an lā ō ēōōail mē
 Aēt aġ pūil le blaip 'oo pōiġe.

A'r faail me a pōiġin
 Šo mbuō ġealaē aġur ġpian ēu,
 A'r faail mē 'nna ōiaġ pīn
 Šo mbuō pneaēta ap an t'pilaē ēu,
 A'r faail mē 'nn a ōiaġ pīn
 Šo mbuō lōēpānn o Ōia ēu,
 No ġur ab tu an pēult-eōlāip
 Aġ ōul pōmām a'r mo ōiaġ ēu.

Šeall tu pīōōa 'r paicīn ōam
 Callaēē 'r b'pōġa āpōa,
 A'r ġeall tu tap ēip pīn
 Šo leaņpā t'pīo an t'pnaīm mē.
 Ni maip pīn aēā mē
 Aēt mo pġeaē i mbeul beapna,
 Šaē nōm a'r ġaē maipōin
 Aġ pēučaint tiġe m' aēap.

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little borceen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'fao ó roin, in ran t-rean-aimeirí, bí baintreabhad' d'arbh' ainm D'pígró Ní Špádaí, 'na cómnurde i gConradé na Šailimhe. Bí don m'ac amáin aici d'ar bh'ainm Taóš. Rugadh é mí tar éir báir a átar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí aš p'ar ar éaoib' énuic i nšar do'n tíg. Ár an ád'bar rin, šáir na daoine Coirnin na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boicé nuair bí pí aš reólad' na mbó ruar ar éaoib' an énuic.

Nuair rugadh Taóš bí pé 'na naoiúcanán b'eadš, ašur méad'ais pé go mar' go raib' pé ceit're bliadhna d'aoir, aét ó'n am rin amac níor p'ar pé op'olac go raib' pé t'pí bliadhna deug, no níor éuir pé cor p'aoi le coirceim do p'íubal, aét d'p'eup'ad' pé im'eadé go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim' ašur ar a éaoib' p'iar, ašur d'á g'eulim-pead' pé don duine aš teadé cum an tíg, do buailpead' pé a d'á láim' p'aci, ašur do p'ac'ad' pé d'áon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an d'or'ar; ašur do éuirpead' ceo m'ile p'áilte roim' an té táinig. Bí gean móir aš aoir óis an baile air, mar do šeib'ead' ríad' g'neann móir ar, šac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí pé p'eadé mbliadhna d'aoir, bí pé deap'lám'ac ašur úp'áir'ead' d'á m'átair, ašur d'á m'átair-móir do bí 'na cómnurde i n-aon tíg leir. In ran b'p'óš'mar, éir'ead' pé ar a lám'aib' ašur ar a éaoib'-p'iar ruar ar éaoib' an énuic, 7 bíod' aš ite blá na h-aitinne mar šad'ar. Bí ábann beag ann, roir an tead' ašur an enoc, ašur do p'ac'ad' pé de léim tar an ábann com' h-aépead' le šeip'p'iaid'.

Buó p'ean-šogairde an m'átair-móir. Bí pí bod'ar ašur beag-naé balb, ašur b'iom'ad' t'p'oid' do bíod' aici péin ašur aš Taóš.

Don lá amáin, d'ubairt an m'átair le Taóš, "Cait'p'íó mé, a táiršín, tóin leat'air éuir ar do b'p'ir'ib'; tá mé p'šp'ior'ea aš ceannad' b'p'ir'oin, ašur nuair b'ir'ead'ar pé deunta ašam cait'p'íó tú out go táillíur le ceir' d'p'og'luim."

"D'ar m'p'ocal," ar ra Taóš, "ní h-é rin an ceir' b'ir'ead'ar ašam. Ní'l in ran táillíur aét an naom'ad' eir' d'p'ear. Má éugann tú ceir' ar bit' d'am, deun p'íobair' d'iom—tá p'p'ir' móir ašam in ran šceól."

"Bíod' mar rin," ar ran m'átair.

An lá 'na d'iaíš rin, éuar' pí cum an baile móir leir an leat'ar d'p'ášail, ašur nuair ruair buad'aillíó beag' an baile go raib' an m'átair im'áig'ce, puap'at'ar poc šad'air do bí aš p'áir'oin b'ac'ac' O Ceall'iaí, ašur éuir ríad' Coirnin aš mar'p'ir'eadé air. Ar go

* Ó p'p'oin'p'ar O Connéub'ar do ruair mé an p'éal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman: she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig. "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches: I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig. "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Cuirneen."

bhráic leir an bpoc, a g meigilt éomh h-ápo agus o'feud ré, 7 Coirnin ar a muin a g ríreabaoil mar dúine ar a céilil, le faicéor go dtuitfead ré. agus buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Tug an poc tsaio ar boctán páirín, agus nuair éonnair páirín an poc 7 a mairc a g teac. faoil ré gur b'é an rean-buacailiú do bí a g teac 'na éoinne. Níor fíubail páirín coirceim le reacé mbliaú-anaib poime rin, a g, nuair éonnair ré an poc a g teac arteaé ar an doir, éuio ré o'áon léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, agus gáir ré ar na cónarrannaib é do fádbail o'n diaibail do bí 'na diais.

Bí na buacailiú a g gáirde 7 a g ríreabao bop gur éur ríao an poc ar mipe, agus amac a g leir ar an teac. Nuair éonnair páirín é a g teac an doir uair, ar go bhráic leir, agus an poc agus Coirnin ar a muin 'na diais. Bí a dárca fáda ar an bpoc, agus bí gheim an fíir báirde a g Coirnin oirra. Tug páirín a gáir ar gáillim, agus an poc o'á leanamaint. O'áir a gáir agus táinis doime na mbailte ar gac taoib de'n bótar amac, agus a leicéir de gáiraoil ní raib ariam i gconao na gáillim. Níor ríao páirín go ndeacáir ré arteaé i gcair na gáillim agus an poc 7 a mairc le na fálaib. Duó lá maraio é agus bí na ríreanna líonta le doimib. Tóir a gáir a g gáiraoil ar na doimib é do fádbail agus bí ríao-ran a g deunam masáir faoi. Éuio ré ruar ríao agus anuair ríao eile agus bí a g imteac go raib an gáir a g dul faoi 'ran ríreóna.

Éonnair Coirnin úbla bpeága ar élar, agus rean-bean anaice leó, agus táinis dúil móir, a g, cuir de na n-úblaib do beir a g. Sgaoil ré a gheim ar a dárcaibán puic agus éuio ré de léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar go bhráic leir an r-rean-bean agus o'ráis rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí leac-mair leir an ríannrao.

Níor bpaó bí Coirnin a g íde na n-úball nuair táinis a máir i láir, agus nuair éonnair rí Coirnin, gáir rí loir na cpoir uirí réin, 7 duair, "i n-ainm Dé, a Coirnin, cao do tug ann ro tú?"

"Fíarris rin de páirín O Ceallaig agus o'á poc gáir; cá an r-á oir, a máir, na bfuil mo muineul bairte."

Éur rí Coirnin arteaé in a ríre a g agus tug a gáir ar an mbailte.

A g rí arteaé an níó táir do páirín O Ceallaig. Nuair ríar Coirnin leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinis ruar leir, éur a d'á dárca faoi, éar ar a d'ruim é, agus níor réar go dtáinis ré a-bailte. Tuiris páirín a g an doir, agus éur an poc maraib ar an ríre. Éuio páirín 'na cónao, óir bí ré leac-mair agus bí ré mall 'ran oirde, agus

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éiríu ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fásail beo ná marb ; agus duhairc na daoine uile go mbeo poc d'raoideaceta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bít eus ré coirpdeacét do fáoin O Ceallais, puo nac raib aise le peacét mbliadnais noime rin.

Euaio an rgeul crío an tír, go scuataio gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirte 1 gconac na Sallimé é, agus ip ionda cup-piof do bí air, noim trádóna an laé rin. Duhairc euid sup poc d'raoideaceta do bí i bpoc fáoin, 7 go raib ré mannpháirteac leir ; duhairc euid eile go mbeo fear ríde Coirpín, agus go mbeo cóip a dógao.

An oioce rin, d'innip Coirpín h-uile nio 1 otaoib na caoi do eus an poc go Sallim é, 7 táinis na buacailiú go teacé bpiúio líi Spádaiz, agus bí speann móp aca ag éirteacét le Coirpín ag innpint 1 otaoib na marcuiseaceta do bí aise go Sallim ar muin puic fáoin líi Ceallais, agus gac nio tápla leir ar peao an laé.

An oioce rin, nuair euaio Coirpín ar a leaburo, táinis bpión éisin air, agus i n-ait cooalca topaiz ré ag peirpíl. D'fiarpuiú a mátaip óe créao do bí air. Duhairc peirpian nac raib fiof aise. "Ní'l oit acét peafóio," ar rípe ; "rtop do euid peirpíl, 7 leiz oúinn cooalao." Acét niof rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin niof feuo ré speim d'ite, agus duhairc ré le na mátaip, "Racao amacé, go bpeirpío mé an noeunpaio an t-acéi maic óam." "D'éioip go noeunpaio," ar rípe.

Leir rin, buail ré a dá láim faoi, agus euaio d'aon leim amáin go oti an topar, agus amacé leir. Eus ré agao ar na h-aitcan-naib, 7 niof peao go noeacaoi ré arteacé 'na meapz. Sin ré é péin ioip dá rgeacé agus niof beao go raib ré 'na cooalao. Bí bpiónglúio aise go raib an poc le n-a otaoib, ag iarpaió caint do cup air. Oúipz ré, acét i n-ait an puic bí fear bpeacé gnuagac oaoib leir, 7 duhairc ré, "A Coirpín, ná bioó eagla oit nómam-ra. Ip capao mé, 7 tá mé ann po le cómaiple do leapa do eadhairc tuic, má glacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do élaipíneacé ó puao tú, 7 do éúip-magao ag buacailiú an baile. Ip mire an poc gabair do eus go Sallim tú, acét tá mé acpuiúce anoir go oti an puocet in a bpeiceann tú mé. Ní feupainn an t-acpuao d'fásail go oetupainn an marcuiseacét rin tuic, agus anoir tá eúmaacé móp agam. D'feupainn do leapuao ar ball. Acét oéap-pao na cómappanna go raib tú mann-pháirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feupá an bapamail rin baint oioh. Tá tú do fuioe anoir go oípeacé in pan áit an puao tú, 7 tá poa oip 1 bpiogreacét oioize oio' oaoib-fiap, acét ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feupá úpáio maic do oéunam óe. Teipz a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amápacé. Abair le do mátaip go raib bpiónglúio bpeacé

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me: I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village: I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go raib luid as fár le coir na h-aicne do bheirfadh riúbal asur lúe duit; abair an puo ceoona léi trí mairin anois a céile, asur cneitirí pí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair pacar tú as córuigeacht na luibe geobair tú i as fár caob-fíor de'n éloic mhóir nigeacáin atá as bpuac na h-aicne; tabair leat i asur bpuic i, asur ól an rúg, asur beir tú ionnán pára do píe anasair buacail ar bit in ran bparpáirce. Beir iongantar ar na daoine i otopac, aet ní mairirí rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliathna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde cum na h-aite reo; beir an pota óir cósta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig o'inninn asao péin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpacair tú mipe. Imeis anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coirnin go nbeirfadh ré gac nio dubairt an spuasac beas léir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lútgáirac go leór. Bpaeatnais an mátair nac raib ré com spuasac asur bí ré pul má nbeacair ré amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mic, go nbeirfadh an t-aer mair duit."

"Rinne go deimhin," ar reiréan, "asur tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-aic do beir as reiríil. Codail ré go bpeas, asur ar mairin dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí bpionglóir bpeas asam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpionglóir," ar ran mátair; "Ir contráilca tuiteann ríad amac."

Cait Coirnin an lá as pmuáinead ar an gcóiríad do bí aige leir an nspuasac beas, 7 ar an raibbpear mór do bí le fásail aige. Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí."

"Go méadairíó Dia an mair, 7 go lagdairíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "eualair mé go minic dá mbeiréad an bpionglóir céatona as duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeiréad pí fíor."

An tríomad mairin, o'éirí Coirnin go mod asur dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí, asur, ó tápla go o'dáinig ré eugam trí oirde anois a céile, pacair mé le feucaint bfuil don fírin innti. Connairc mé luid in mo bpionglóir do beirfadh mo riúbal asur mo lúe dam."

"An bpacair tú in ran mbpionglóir cá raib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connairc go deimhin," ar reiréan; "tá pí as fár caob leir an gclóic mhóir nigeacáin atá ar bpuac na h-aicne."

"Go deimhin, ní'l don luid as fár anais leir an gclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran aic rin go minic, asur ní feutpao pí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

"B'éiríodh suph fár rí ann ó foim," arsa Coirínín, "asur pacairt mipe uá cōraigeaé."

Buail ré a uá lámh faoi, asur cuairt t'aon léim amáin go tti an doirap, asur amad leir. Ílior b'pota go raib ré as an gcoile migeaéáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Cus ré léimeanna mar fíad a mberdeas gádar 'gá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútgáire.

"A mátair," ar reiréan, "b'fíor dam mo b'pionglóir. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir fíor dam an pota asur b'puit dam é."

Cuir an mátair an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timéioli cápta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí b'puitte asur an rúg fuar, t'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimio in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a cōraib asur cōraig ré as pú fuar asur anuar. Bí iongantap mōr ar a mátair. Cōraig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugad tō Uia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cōmairpannaib asur t'innir tōib b'pionglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a b'fuair ré úráir a cōr. Bí lútgáire mōr orra uile, mar bí b'púir Ní g'rádaig 'na cōmairpaim maic asur bí meap aca uile uirru.

An oirde rin, c'punnig buacailir an baile arteaé le lútgáire tō deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair. Nuair bíodap uile as cōmairp cía fíúbalpá arteaé acé páirín O Ceallais. Bí raio uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a fíúbal asur lúe a énaim.

"Go veimín ir uam-ra buó cōir tō beir buirdeac; 'ré an epaéad tō cus mo poc-gabair-pe tō tō pinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go t'cus an maircuigeaé tō pinne ré, úráir mó cōr ar air uam féin. Oé, mo b'pion! Go b'fuair mo poc b'péad b'pá!"

"Cus tú h-éiteac," ar Coirínín, "'rí an luib tō léigearais mé. Rinne mé b'pionglóir t'pí oirde anuair a éile go leigreóad an luib mé, asur t'is le mo mátair a c'pocugad go raib mé mo élaip-ineac tap éir mo teacé' ó gáillim, suph ól mé rúg na luibe."

"O'f'eupairinn mo mionna tabairt go b'puit mo mac as innpint na fípinne glaine," ar ran mátair.

Ann rin cōraig cāc as deunam masair faoi páirín, suph iméig ré amad.

Cuairt gac uile níó go maic le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na uiaig réó. Aon oirde amáin nuair cuairt an mátair asur na cōmairpanna 'na gcoilaé, cuairt Coirínín cum na h-aicinne. Bí a éapair, an g'puaasac beas, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir péir tō.

"Seó tuit anoir an pota óir; cuir i t'cáirge é i n-aic ar bit ir t'oil leat. Tá an oirde ann asur deunap tuit pao tō beata."

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go bpáirfaró mé é in ran bpoll a raió ré ann,” ar ra Coirínín “aé b’éirfaró mé joinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, aé b’iód b’ionglóir eile a’asó mar bí a’asó éana, a’ur, ’na ’dai’g rin, t’is leat joinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannai’g an talam’ ro a’ur cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugadó tú, a’ur ní f’eiciró tú féin ná don duine i n-aon t’is leat, lá boét far do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní f’eiciró tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, a’ur e’ráfós or a éionn, a’ur táin’is ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, t’ubairt ré le n-a má’tair: “B’i b’ionglóir eile a’asó aréir arir,” 7 an t’ear maidin, t’ubairt ré léi, “Tá mo b’ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí a’asó aréir go t’iréac mar bí rí a’asó an dá uair eile; rin t’r’i uairé an’óiró a ééile, a’ur t’is liom é reó innreacó t’uit nac b’f’eiciró tú lá boét far do beata; aé ní t’is liom don ruo eile do r’áó leat o’á t’aoib.”

An oiróce rin, éuiró ré cum an pota óir, 7 t’us lán r’poráin dé a-baile leir, a’ur ar maidin t’us ré do’n má’tair é. “Tá níor mó,” a’oir ré, “in ran áit a t’áin’is rin ar, a’ur seobairó mé t’uit é nuair b’éiréar ré a’ t’earcál uair, aé ná cuir don éiré orin o’á t’aoib.”

Níor b’f’aró ’na ’dai’g reo, gur ceannai’g b’rígiró ní f’ráda’is bó bainne 7 cuir ar feurac í. Éuiró rí féin a’ur Coirínín ar a’asó go maic, a’ur nuair bí ré ríce bliadóan o’aoir, ceannai’g ré g’ab-áit’ar móir talman timéioll na h-aicinne, a’ur cuir teac b’r’é’g ar bun ar an mball ar iugadó é. Seal seairr ’na ’dai’g rin póir ré bean. B’i muir’igin móir a’ise, a’ur nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-aoir, o’f’ás ré óir a’ur a’ir’ioir a’g a éloinn, a’ur ní f’acairó don duine do éóinnai’g in ran t’is rin lá boét aruam’.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like: there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever

DEAN AN FÍR RUARÓ:

Tá ríad o'á ráo
 Sur tu ráilín rocair i mbóis,
 Tá ríad o'á ráo
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpois:
 Tá ríad o'á ráo
 A míle gráó go dtug tu dam eúl,
 Cio go bfuil fear le fáil
 'S leir an táillíur Dean an Fíir Ruaró:

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bhríorún, ceangailte cuair,
 Doltair ar mo éolaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfainn-re riúe
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain,
 Le fonn do beir rinte
 Síor le Dean an Fíir Ruaró:

Saoil mire a ceud-fearc
 Go mbeir' don tigeir ior mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreusá mo leand ar do glúin:
 Mallaet Ríe Neime
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo éil;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luét breise cuir ior mé 'r tu.

Tá eirann ann ran ngráirín
 Air a bparann duilleabair a' b bláir buirde;
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 Ir láir na mbuireann mo éirde;
 'S é rólar go báir
 A' r é o'fáil o flaitear anuar
 Don póisín amáin,
 A' r é o'fáil o Dean an Fíir Ruaró:

Aet go dtis lá an traoisail
 'Nna reubpar enue agus cuain,
 Tiocairt rúit ar an ngráin
 'S beir na neultá com duib leir an ngual;
 Beir an fairge tirim
 A' r tiocairt na brónta 'r na truais'
 'S beir an táillíur as rreabac
 An lá rin faoi Dean an Fíir Ruaró.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

*There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran tír agus ní maib aige aet don mac amháin. Táinig pé reo [Ríoire na sclear] cuige arcead trachóna oróce, agus d'iarr pé lóircein uó féin agus do'n dá'-m'-eug do bí i n-éinfeadé leir.

"Suairé liom mar tá pé aham le t'asair," ar ran feilméar, "aet tiúbairé mé uirt é agus do u' dá'-m'-eug." Fhút ruipéar péiré dóib éom maib a'p bí pé aige, agus nuair bí an ruipéar eaitte, d'iarr an Ríoire ar an dá'-m'-eug ro éirise ruar agus píora sairgíreacéa do deunam do'n fear ro, as cairbeadé na ngníomairéa bí aca.

O'éirise an dá'-m'-eug agus rinneadar sairgíreacéa uó, agus ní fáca an duine reo aham píora sairgíreacéa mar iad rin, "mairead," aoir an duine-uapal, fear an tige, "níor bfeair liom an oiréa ro [de sairgíre] 'ná dá mbeiréad mo mac ionnám rin [do] deunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "so ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beir pé éom maib le ceacéar de na buacailib reo aet aham."

"Leisfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet so deiréar tu ar air eugam é i sceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbairé," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air eugad é."

Fhút bfeacéar ar maidin, lá ar na márae, dóib, nuair bíodar as uil as imteadé, agus leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agus n'fan ríad amuis lá agus bliadain.

I sceann a' lá agus bliadain táinig ríad apír a-baile cuige, agus a mac féin i n-éinfeadé leó. Bí pé [as] saire orra, agus bí fáite pompa aige, agus bí oróce maib aca. Nuair bíodar tapéir a ruipéir, tubairé Ríoire na sclear leir an dá'-m'-eug éirise ruar apír agus sairgíreacéa do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairé an truiréir dóib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freirín, agus bí pé i nhar do beir éom maib le ceacéar aca. "Ní'l pé 'na sairgíreacéa pór éom maib le mo éur-pe fear, aet leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fear lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar reiréan. "aet so deiréar tu ar air eugam é i sceann an lá agus bliadain." Tubairé pé so deiréar.

D'imtise ríad leó, an lá ar na márae 'néir bíó ná maidne, agus n'fanadar amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i sceann an lá agus bliadain éomairé an duine-uapal an comúadar as ceacé

* Tá an ríeul ro focal ar focal so uiréac mar do ruairéar agus mar do ríreóar ríor é ó beul márean Ruairé uí Shíollannáe (Forre i mbeiréa), i gConrad na Saillíne.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

éirge arís. “Tús ré fáilte agus ruipeáir tóid, le lúctáirpe iad do beit ar ais arís agus a mac leó.”

Cáiteadair an ruipeáir, agus nuair bíodair ‘péir a ruipeáir, tuidairt ré le n-a cúir fear éirge ruar agus píora gairgítheaéct do deunam do’n duine-uairt do bí tabairt na gnaomúiteaéct (?) tóid. ‘Déirge ríad ruar, trí fíir deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b’fearr de’n méad rín. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnánann ceart do baint de aét Ríoripe na gcleap féin.

Deir an duine-uairt, “níl fear ar bit aca ionnánann gairgítheaéct do deunam le mo mac féin.”

“Níl, go deimhin,” ar Ríoripe na gcleap “don fear ionnánann a deunam aét mire; agus má leigean tu d’am-ra é lá agus bliathain eile, bíod ré ‘na gairgítheaéct com maic liom féin.”

“Mairead, leigfead,” ar ran duine-uairt, “leigfid mé leat é,” aoir ré.

Anoir, níor iarr ré air, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ais arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliathain, bí an duine-uairt ag fanamaint agus ag rúit le n-a mac, aét ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap. Bí an t-áir, ann rín, faoi imníde móir naé raib an mac ag ceáct a-baile éirge, agus tuidairt ré: “ré b’é áit de’n toman a brait ré, caitefid mé a páigil amad.”

D’imníde ré ann rín agus bí ré ag iméaéct gur áit ré trí oíde aoir trí lá ag ríubal. Táinig ann rín arteaéct i n-áit a raib áir breaé. Agus amuis anaáir an doiruir móir bí trí fíir deus ag bualaó báirpe ann; agus fear ré ag feúaint ar na trí fearaib deis t’á bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin t’á bualaó le t’á-r’-eus aca. Táinig ré ‘ran áit a rabadair arteaéct ann a mears an rín, agus ‘ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báirpe leir an t’á-r’-eus eile.

Cúir ré fáilte roimh an áir ann rín. “O! a áir,” aoir ré, “níl don páigil aseo oim. Ní sinne tura,” aoir ré, “do gnaéa (gnóó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maráir leirpan níor iarr tu air; mire [do] tabairt ar ais éirge.”

“Ir fíir rín,” aoir an t-áir:

“Anoir,” aoir an mac, “ní bfuigfid tu feúaint oim anóc, aét deunair trí colaim deus tóinn agus caitefidair gáina coirce ar an uplár agus deupair Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac oim rín [= ann a mears-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ní bíod mire ag íde don gáin agus bíod na cinn eile ag íde. Bíod mire tuit anonn ‘r anall ‘r ag bualaó pmoa ann ran gcuir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Seobair tu do rogan agus déarfair tu leir sup b'é mé tóspar tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i pioct so n-aitneóchair tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógann tu so ceap, béir mé agat an uair sin."

U'pás an mac é ann sin, agus táinig pé arthead ann ran teac, agus éirí Ríoripe na gceolap fáilte ionne. Dubairt an duine-uapal go dtáinig pé ag iarrair a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoripe an air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Míor éirí tu sin ann ran maraí," ar ran Ríoripe, "aé ó táinig tu com fáda sin o'á iarrair, eairíó pé beir agat, má 'r péirí leat a tógat amac." Rug pé arthead ann sin é go reompa a paib trí colaim deus ann, agus dubairt pé leir, a roga colaim do tógat amac, agus oá n-óu h-é a mac féin do tóspar pé go dtuicfaid leir a congáil. Bí na colaim uile ag pioct na ngrána coirce de'n uirlár, aet don éann amáin do bí gabail éirí agus ag buataí príoca ann ran seirí eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann sin. "Tá do mac gnócháste agat," ar ran Ríoripe.

Éirí raí an oirde sin buil (!) a éile, agus o'imtí an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus o'págar Ríoripe na gceolap. Nuair bí raí ag dul a-baile ann sin, táinig raí go baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arthead ann ran donac o'iarrí an mac ar a áirí ppeang do éannac agus do deunam adartair óó. "Deunairí mire rtail oíom féin," aoir pé, "agus oíolairí tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicfaid Ríoripe na gceolap eusat ar an donac—cá pé do o' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannóchair pé mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' oíol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait aet congáil eusat féin é, agus [ir] péirí liom-ra teac ar air eusat—aet an t-adartair do congáil."

Rinne an mac rtail oé féin ann sin, agus fuair an t-áirí adartair agus éirí pé air é. Tarrang pé ruar ann sin ar an donac é, agus ir gearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann sin, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gceolap éirí agus o'iarrí pé cia méat do beirdear ar an rtail aise. "Trí ceut púnta" aoir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbhairí mire sin duit," aoir Ríoripe na gceolap—tiúbhairí pé ruar an bit óó ag rúil go bfuigfead pé an mac ar air, mar bí fíor uise go maí sup b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhairí mire duit é ar an airtíot sin," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet ní tiúbhairí mé an t-adartair." "Duó éairí an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran Ríoripe.

O'imtí an Ríoripe ann sin agus an rtail leir, agus o'imtí an duine-uapal ar a beataí féin ag dul a-baile. Aet ní paib pé aet amuig ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir aoir.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman. "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

rá eiréan leó. Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleap as cur thóó-mear air agus as tabairt uile ríoripe pionnúir tó.

Tuit ré amad sup iméig Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile, agus t'fásghair ré eiréan ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríde 'ran tead, 'n áit nac raib ruo ar bit le fásait aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríde. Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigste ann rin, agus gan ar an t-ríáirí dect é féin agus an cailín, t'iarr ré deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeiréad raicéior uirri dá b'fásad a máigirir amad í, go mar-bóedá ré í.

"Ní éloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é," aoiré ré, "ná bíó raicéior ar bit oir, ní mife innreócar [= innreócar] tó é." Tug sí ruar an deó uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair cur ré a éloirgionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, pinne ré earcon de féin agus éairíó ré ríor ann ran raicéad. Bí ríorán beas uirge taob amuirg de 'n toirur bí [as] rit go nbeadair ré arcead ann ran abainn, agus éairí sí amad ann ran ríorán gac a raib t'fúiglead 'ran raicéad aici. Bí reiréan as imteadct ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarraingt a-baile.

Nuair éairig Ríoripe na gcleap a-baile, éairíó ré ruar go bfeirpead ré an fear t'fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é poirne ann. T'fíarruirg ré de 'n cailín ar airig sí é as imteadct. Dubairt an cailín náir airig, dect go tóirg sí féin b'raon uirge ruar éirge.

"Agus cá 'r cur tu an fuiglead tó bí asad?" aoiré ré:

"Éairí mé 'ran ríorán amad é," ar ríre.

"Tá ré iméigste 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoiré ré, "gleur-airgí ruar," aoiré ré, leir an dá-r'-eug gairgíread, "go leanfamadó é."

Rinneadair dá m'adair deug uirge tóir féin agus leanadair ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodair as teadct ruar leir ann ran abainn t'éirig ré 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir.

Nuair fuair ríad rin amad sup iméig ré ar an abainn, pinneadair dá feadac deug tóir féin agus t'iméigeadair anoirgí an éin—uirgí tó pinne ré de féin—agus bíodair as teadct ruar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac raib ré ionnán toul uad, bí raicéior mór air. Bí bean as cáad amuirg ar páiré b'ain. Tuirpíng ré 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun, i ngar tó'n éoirce, agus pinne ré g'ána éoirce de féin.

Tuirpíng ríad féin 'na tóirg agus pinneadair dá éairé-ríandac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob féin, [asur bí an Ritipe 'na coileac-*francae*]. *Corais-*
eatar as ite an coirce ann rin asur faoil ríad é beit itte aca,
aet ní maib. Bí ríad as ite an coirce so maib ríad i n*gar* do
beit rátae.

Nuair méar reiréan so maib a ráit itte aca, asur nac maibatar
ionnán móran eile do *deunam*, *o'éirig* pé ruar asur junne pé
rionnac dé féin, asur bain pé an cloisíonn de'n *oá francae* deus
asur de'n coileac.

Bí ceat aige tuit a-baite *o'á* acair ann rin nuair bíodas uile
marb aige. Asur rin veiré Ritipe na sclear. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRRGE

Mo bhrón air an bpairrge
 Is é cá mór,
 Is é sabail roip mé
 'S mo míle rctor.

O'rágaó 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar ráile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múinnín bán
 I g-cúise laigeán
 No i g-conradé an Chláin.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spáó
 Air boip loingse
 Tíall go 'Mericá:

Leabur tuacra
 Bí fúm aréir,
 Agus éiré mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo spáó-ra
 Le mo táé
 Suata air suatain
 Agus beut air beut

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorheen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamhain póirta uap b' ainm pádras asur Nuata ní éiríacáim. B'íreadar bliathain asur fice póirta san aon éilann do beirí aca, asur bí b'íon móir oirí, mar nac raibí aon oiríre aca le na seuro raibíur o' fágáil aige. B'í dá aca talmán, bó, asur péiríe sabar aca, asur bí tuairm aca so rabadar raibíur.

Aon oiríre amáin, bí pádras teacé a-baile o teacé tuine muinntirí, asur nuair táinig pé éomí fada leir an poiríe máoil, táinig sean tuine liac amac asur tuidairt: "So mbeannaisíó Dia tuic." "So mbeannaisíó Dia 'sur Muiríe tuic," ar pádras. "Cad atá as cur b'íon oirí?" ar sean sean tuine. "Ní'l morán so deimín," ar pádras, "ní beirí mé a bfao beó, asur ní'l mac 'ná iníean le caoinead mo diais nuair seodar mé b'ár." "B' éiríur nac mberíeá mar rin," ar sean sean tuine. "Faraor! beiríeá," ar pádras, "táim bliathain asur fice póirta, asur ní'l aon éoramlacé f'ór." "Slac m'foeal-ra so mbeirí mac ós as do mnaoi, trí ráite ó'n oiríre anoct." Cuairí pádras a-baile, lútgáiríeá so leórí, asur t'innir an rseul do Nuata. "Ara! ní raibí ann sean trean tuine acé sogaille, a bí as deunam mas-aíó oirí," ar Nuata. "Ir maic an rseulurí an aimríur," ar pádras.

B'í so maic asur ní raibí so h-olc; feal má (pul) nveacáirí leir-bliathain éarí, éonnairíe pádras so raibí Nuata tui oiríre do éabairt do, asur bí b'íó móir aip. Tóiríe pé as cur na feiríe i n-oiríreá, asur as fágáil gac níó péirí le h-aíarí an oiríre óis. An lá táinig tinnear éoinne ar Nuata, bí pádras as cur éiríann óis a láirí uoirí an tíge. Nuair táinig an rseul éiríe so raibí mac ós as Nuata, bí an oiríreá rin lútgáiríe aip sur tuit pé marí le tinnear éiríre.

B'í b'íon móir aip Nuata, asur tuidairt rí leir an naoríeanán:

"Ní éiríseirí mé tu óm' éic so mbeirí tu ionánn an éiríann do bí o' áirí as cur nuair fuair pé b'ár do éiríann ar na f'íeá-marí."

Soiríeá páirí an ar an naoríeanán, asur tuis an máirí éicíó do so raibí pé feacé mbliathna o'áirí. Ann rin tuis rí amac é le feiríann an raibí pé ionánn an éiríann do éiríann, acé ní raibí. Níor éirí rin aon oiríre-méiríeá ar an máirí, tuis rí aríeá é,

* O fear uap b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-móba, gconae muirí-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother: she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

agus tug síod feaict mbliathna eile dó, agus ní raib don buacailt ann fan tír ionánn teaict ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceirte bliathna deus tug a mátair amac é, le feuchaint an raib ré ionánn an eirinn do earrainis, aet ní raib, mar bí an eirinn i n-éirí maic, agus as fáir go móir. Níor éirí rin don oróc-mirneac ar an mátair.

Tug sí síod feaict mbliathna eile dó, agus faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré comh móir agus comh láirir le faicé.

Tug an mátair amac é agus tudaic: "Mur (muna) b'fuit tu ionánn an eirinn rin το earrainis anoir, ní tiúbrat mé don b'raon eile eide duit." Éirí raivín rnuagairle ar a lámair, agus fuair spreim ar bun an eirinn. An ceuto-iarrair do tug ré, éraic ré an talam feaict b'péirre ar hac taobh de, agus leir an daria iarrair dóis ré an eirinn ar na f'réamair, agus timcioll fice tonna de éréafóis leir. "Spáó mo éraide tu," ar fan mátair, "ir fíú eide bliatham agus fice tu." "A mátair," ar raivín, "o'oiris tu go eirair le biat agus deoc do eadair tam-ra ó ruar mé, agus tá ré i n-am tam anoir iud éigin do deunam duit-re, ann do sean-laetib. Ir é reo an ceuto-eirinn do earrainis mé agus deunair mé maide lámhe tam féin de." Ann rin fuair ré ráb agus tuas, agus gearr an eirinn, as fágbaill timcioll fice trois de 'n bun, agus bí enar air, comh móir le túr de na túraib eirinne do bídeac i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann fan maide lámhe nuair bí ré gleurta as raivín.

Ar maide, lá ar na máraic, fuair raivín spreim ar a maide, o'fás a deannaic as a mátair, agus o'iméis as córuigeac reir-bire. Bí ré as riúbal go o'áinis ré go cairleán nís laigean. O'fearraig an nís de cad do bí ré iarrair: "As iarrair oirre, má ré do eoil," ar raivín. "B'fuit don eirir asao?" ar fan nís. "Ní'l," ar raivín, "aet tiz liom obair ar bit dá n'oeirrair fear ariam deunam." "Deunair mé marasac leat," ar fan nís, "má tiz leat h-uile nio a o'pócar mire duit a deunam ar feac ré mí, deunair mé do meadacain féin o'or duit, agus m'ingean mar mnaoi-pórtac, aet muna o'is leat hac nio do deunam, eallir tu do ceann." "Táim fártac leir an marasac in," ar raivín. "Téir arceac fan r'gioból, agus bí as buatac oirre do na ba (buaib) go mbéir do ceuto-pronn réir."

Éirí raivín arceac, agus fuair an rúirte, aet ní raib an rúirte aet mar eirair i lámh fártac, agus tudaic ré leir réir, "ir gearr mo maide-lámh' ná an gleur rin." Córuis ré as buatac leir an maide-lámh' agus níor b'fao go raib an méac

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flail^{een} was

do bí ann ran r'goból buailte aise. Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran n'gartha a'gur t'oruis a's bualaó na r'áca coirce a'gur c'muít-neacéa, sup éuir ré c'iteanna spáin ar feaó na tíre. Táin's an n'is amac a'gur t'ubairt, "Coir's do lámh, a'vheim, no r'gmuírfair tu mé. Téir a'gur beir cúpla buiceuo uirge cum na r'earb-fóganra ar an loé úo r'íor, a'gur béir an leite fuar go leór nuair éucfar tu ar air." O'feuc páirín éairt, a'gur éonnairt ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla. Fuair ré g'reim o'ria, ceann aca ann gac lámh, éuaíó cum an loéa, a'gur éus iao líonra go cúl o'parr an éairleáin. Úi ionganra ar an n'is nuair éonnairt ré páirín a's teacé, a'gur t'ubairt ré leir: "Céir arceac, tá an leite réiró duit." Éuaíó páirín arceac, a'gur éuaíó an n'is cum Dail glic do bí aise, a'gur o'innir ré do an maraó do minne ré le páirín, a'gur o'f'arpuis ré óé, c'reuo do buó éóir do t'ubairt le deunam do páirín. "Abair leir dul r'íor a'gur an loé do taódmáó, a'gur é do beir deunta aise, real má t'éiró an g'rian faoi, an t'raenóna ro."

Gáir an n'is ar páirín a'gur t'ubairt leir: "Taódm an loé rin r'íor a'gur bíóó ré deunta a'gao real má t'éiró an g'rian faoi an t'raenóna ro." "Mair go leór," ar páirín, "acé cia an áit a éuirfear mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann móir acá i n'gar do'n loé é," ar ran n'is. Ní raib íoir an g'leann a'gur an loé acé r'goupa, a'gur bídeao na raoinne a's deunam bóéair-coirce óé. Fuair páirín buiceuo, picóir a'gur láirde, a'gur éuaíó cum an loéa. Úi bun an g'leanna co'rom le bun an loéa. Éuaíó páirín arceac 'ran n'gleann a'gur minne poll arceac go bun an loéa. Ann rin éuir ré a beir ar an bpoll, é'arraig a'nal r'ada, a'gur níor fás ré b'raon uirge, iarg, ná báó, ann ran loé, náir é'arraig ré amac leir an anál rin, a'gur náir éuir ré arceac 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin t'ún ré fuar an poll.

Nuair o'feuc an n'is r'íor, éonnairt ré an loé com tírm le boir do lámhe, a'gur níor b'ead go t'áin's páirín éuirge a'gur t'ubairt: "Tá an obair rin c'póénuighe, cao deunfar mé duit anoir?" "Ní'l aon puo eile le deunam a'gao anoir, acé béir neart a'gao le deunam amárac." An oirde rin, éuir an n'is r'íor ar ar n'Dail glic, a'gur o'innir do an éaoi ar taódm páirín an loé, a'gur nac raib r'íor aise c'reuo do b'arfaó ré do le deunam. "Tá r'íor a'gam-ra an n'ó nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar mairín amárac, t'abair r'gribinn do cum do b'arbraéar i n'gailim, abair leir dá f'icir tonna c'muít-neacéa do t'abairt éusao, a'gur a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceirce uairt ar f'icir. T'abair an t'rean-láir a'gur a éairt do, a'gur t'is leat beir c'mnte acé t'ucfaró ré ar air." Ar mairín, lá ar na márac. Gáir an n'is

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

Páirín, agus éus an rsiúibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, “Fás an láir agus an éairt agus téir go Sallim. Tabair an rsiúibinn reo dom’ dearbhrátair, agus abair leir dá píeró tonna epuit-neacá do tabairt tuir, agus bí ar air ann ro faoi éeann ceirpe uairpe ar píeró.”

Fuair Páirín an láir agus an éairt, agus éuaró ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceirpe míle ran uair do píúbal. Éeangail Páirín an láir ar an gcairt, éuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go brát leir, tar enocair agus gleanncair, go n’oeacáir pé go Sallim. Éus pé an liciir do dearbhrátair an píú, fuair an epuitneacá agus éuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair éuir pé an láir faoi an gcairt, púneacá dá leir d’á rpuim. Éuir Páirín an epuitneacá ann ran rsioból. Nuair éuaró munniciir an éairleáin ’na gcoitlaó, éuaró Páirín éum an éuin, agus níor fás pé plaúra ar an loingear náir éus pé leir. Ann rin píómair pé faoi an rsioból, éeangail na plaúraáa timéioll air, agus ar go brát leir, agus an rsioból agus gac a raib ann ar a rpuim. Éuaró pé tar enocair agus gleanncair, agus níor rtor gur fás pé an rsioból i látair éairleáin an píú. Bí laéam, ceapca, agus gér-eacá ann ran rsioból. Ar maróin go moé, d’féuc an píú amac ar a feompa agus epueo d’feiceacá pé acé rsioból a dearbhrátair.

“M’ anam ó’n diabál,” ar ran píú “pé rin an fear ir iongantaige ’ran doóman.” Táinís pé anuar agus fuair Páirín le na máirte ann a lámh, ’na fearam le coir an rsioból.

“An rous tu an epuitneacá éugam?” ar ran píú.

“Éugar,” ar Páirín, “acé tá an trean-láir marb.” Ann rin d’innir pé do’n píú gac níó d’á n’oeapnaíó pé ó d’iméir pé go r’áinís pé ar air.

Ní raib píor as an píú epueo do deunpaó pé, agus d’iméir pé éum an Dall Síe, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innrigeann tu dam níó nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainpíó mé an ceann díot.”

Smuain an Dall Síe tamall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrátair i n-irpuonn, agus go mbuó máir leac amáir do beir asao air, agus abair leir é do tabairt éusao, go mbéir amáir asao air; nuair a gcoíar ríao in n-irpuonn é, ní leirpíó ríao dó teacé ar air.”

Sáir an píú Páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrátair dam i n-irpuonn agus tabairt éugam é. go mbéir amáir asao air.” “Cia an éaoi díneocáir mé do dearbhrátair ó na daoinib eile ‘tá ’ran áit rin?” ar Páirín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a éarbaio uachtarais,” ar ran nís.

Cuir páirín rnuagaire ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go geata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arteaé amearg na ntiabal é, agus fiúbaíl ré féin arteaé 'na tuis. Nuair éonnairc Deiribúb é ag teáct, táinig faicéior air, agus o'fiarpuis ré dé creud do bí a' teartál uair :

“Dearbádtair nís laigean atá a' teartál uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Deiribúb.

O'feuc páirín earc, áct fuair ré níor mó ná dá fíctó fear a naid fiacail fada i gcearc-lár a gcarbaio uachtarais aca.

“Ar faicéior nac mbeirdeat an fear cearc agam,” ar páirín, “tiománfaid mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus eis leir an nís a dearbádtair píocad arca.”

Tiomán ré dá fíctó aca amac noime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i láctair éarpleáin an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus tuidairc leir, “píoc amac do dearbádtair ar na fir (feapaid) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na tiabail le h-adarcaib orra, bí faicéior air, rigneat ré ar páirín agus tuidairc, “tabair a ar iad.”

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualat le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irpionn iad.

Cuair an nís cum an Dail glic, agus o'innir do an nio do rinne páirín, agus tuidairc leir, “ní eis leat innirint dam don nio nac bfuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailleir tu do éann ar mairin amárac.”

“Tabair iarraio eile dam,” ar ran Dail glic, “agus ní beir an Connaéac a bfuad beó. Ar mairin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i láctair an éarpleáin do taot-mat ; bíot fir réio agat, agus nuair a geobar tu fíor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fir (feapaid), an éloc muintinn atá le coir an balla do éarceam fíor 'na mullaé, agus marbúcair rin é.”

Ar mairin, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páirín agus tuidairc leir : “téio agus taotm an tobair rin tá i láctair an éarpleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agat, beupfair mé hacá nuad tuit, ir fuarac an cáibín é rin atá ort.”

Bí na fir réio ag an nís le páirín boct do marbat, dá bfeutpat ríat é.

Cuair páirín go bfuad an tobair, luit fíor air a beul paio;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

asur coruis as tairmuis an uirge ardeac ann a beul, asur dá rghártao amac uair arís go maib an tobair ionnann asur tirm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac maib taoimta, asur, euair páorais rior le na tirmuisas. Éinuis na firi leir an gclóie mhóir muiltinn asur éairteasair rior ar mullaé pároin é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na clóie go díreac éom móir le ceann pároin, asur fíoil ré sur b' é an hata nuas do éair an ríe rior éirge, asur glao ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a máigirteir, ar pon an hata nuas." Ann rin éinuis ré ruar leir an gclóie muiltinn ar a ceann. Bí bróto móir aise ar an hata nuas. Bí iongantair ar a ríe asur ar h-uile dúine eile, nuair éonairc ríao pároin leir an gclóie muiltinn ar a ceann.

Bí fíoir as an ríe nac maib don maire dó don níe eile do éabairt do pároin le ceunam, asur duhairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fósanra ir fearir do bí asam amam; ní'l don níe eile asam duit le ceunam, asur tar lom-ra, go ceugair mé do éuairtal duit. Ní'l m' ingean fear go leóir le pórao, aet nuair a bérdear rí bliadain asur ríde d'aoir, tis leat i do beir asao."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartal uaim," ar pároin.

Éus an ríe é cum an éirte, an áit a maib go leóir óir, asur duhairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuas, asur téir ardeac 'ra' rghála."

"Go ceimín, ní bainrío mé mo hata díom, bponn cura orm é," ar pároin, "beirdeao ré éom maire duit mo búrte do bain díom."

Ní maib an oirdeao óir asur a measóeas hata pároin, aet fíoiruis an ríe leir as tabairt dó dá mála óir. Éuir pároin ceann aca fíoi gac ardeall, fuair greim air a maire, an hata nuas ar a ceann, asur ar go bráit leir, tar enocair asur gleannair, go ceáinuis ré a-baile.

Nuair éonairc daoine an baile pároin as teac leir an gclóie muiltinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair móir orm; aet nuair éonairc an mátaire an dá mála óir, buó beas náir éir rí maib le lúe-gáire. Coruis pároin, asur éuir ré teac breas ar bun dó féin, asur d'á mátaire. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuas, asur pinne cloca éinne díob do 'n teac: Congbuis ré a mátaire mar mnaoi uairil go bfuair rí bár le fear-aoir, asur éair ré féin beata maire i ngráto dé asur na g-cómanran.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

malá néirim:

Dá mbéirínn-pe air málá néirim
 'S mo céuto-ghrá le mo tairib;
 Ir lágad éiríodlamaroir i n-éiríead
 Mar an t-éinín air an t-éiríad.
 'Sé do b'éilín binn b'iaidíad
 Do méudais air mo b'ian,
 Agus corlad ciúin ní féudaim;
 So n-éiríad, farrad!

Dá mbéirínn-pe air na cuantair
 Mar buí d'ual dam, geobainn r'pórt;
 Mo éiríod uile faoi buairíad
 Agus t'ruaim opra gac ló.
 Fíor-ríad na n-éiríad
 Fuar buairí d'ir clú ann gac gleó,
 'S gur b'é mo éiríod-ríad tá 'nna gual t'uib;
 Agus bean mo éiríad ní l' beó.

Ilac doirínn do na h-éiníní
 A éiríad go h-áirí,
 'S a éiríad i n-éiríad
 Air don éiríadín amáin;
 Ní mar rín dam féin
 A'ir do m' céuto míle g'rá,
 Ir fada ó na éiríod oirínn
 Éiríad gac ló.

Cao é do b'iaidíad air na r'pórtair
 T'rad t'is t'air air an ló,
 Na air an lán-mara as éiríad
 Le h-éiríad an éiríod áirí?
 Mar r'úo bíor an t'é úo
 A b'ir an-tóil do 'n g'rá
 Mar éiríad air málá r'leíde
 Do éiríad a bláde.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay ?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

AN CPMOIBHÍN

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag conggháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh* ?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fí] uaithi, agus dá thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Níl mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbheas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mblíadhnaihbh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcochall. Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fágail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, bailín] suarach ar uachtar: ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaídh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuaíl sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an oncal go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfíde ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfaid siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gcleach glasa. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glasa os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé clóidheamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chlóidhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaile sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir si biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt si leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus tháinig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá míostuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an basta, agus an triomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh nó d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spórúil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfais naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfágbainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head: "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín muá féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faichios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholúm geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhochaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr casnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad eith teineadh d’á geroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Níl aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder: you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaile sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOMHÉAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAORU CUM AN TPLÉIBE
 SO MOÉ AR MAIDIN AMÁRAÉ,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"A PEADAIR NA N-ABRTAL
 AN BFAICID TU MO ŠRÁD ŠEAL?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIRÉAD! A MAIŠTEAN,
 CONNAIC ME AR BALL É
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 AŠUR BÍ RÉ ŠABTA ŠO CPUIAD
 I LÁR A NÁIMAD,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"BÍ LÚDÁR 'NA AICE
 AŠUR MUŠ RÉ ŠNEIM LÁIM' AIR,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIRÉAD A LÚDÁIR BPAIDAIŠ
 CREUT TO FUNNE MO ŠRÁD OPT?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning tomorrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, och ne, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

*This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oegus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *öch öch agus öch öch ün*, after the first two lines, and *öch öch, agus, öch ün ö* after the next two. Thus:—

Leagad anuair i n-uéa a mátar é
(Öc, öc, agus öc öc ün)
Fadad a leic, a óa mairne agus caoinigíoe.
(Öc öc, agus öc ün ö.)

"Ni deapnaid ré aruañ
 Dada ar leanb ná páirce,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor éur ré fearš
 Aruañ ar a máčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amad
 Šo mbuð í féin a máčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Tóšadar fuar
 Ar a nšualaimb šo h-árto í,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buaireadar ríor
 Ar étoeaid ná ríároe í
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Éuaid rí i laige
 Ašur bí a šlúna šeáiréa
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Buaidió mé féin
 Ašur ná bain le mo máčair."
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 "Buairimio tu féin.
 Á'r marbócamaoio do máčair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Šepróiceadar an bpaíš leó
 An lá rin ó n-a láčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Aéc do lean an máišoean
 Iao ann ran bpaíac
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Cia an bean í rin
 'Nár nšiaiš ann ran bpaíac ?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 "Šo veimín má tá bean ar b'e ann
 'Sí mo máčair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuch, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oé ón aghur oé ón ó.)
Congbais uaim i
Go seiríochócaí mé an páir reó,"
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Nuair éalair an máighean
An ceileabair cpháirte,
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
Tus ri léim tar an ngráda
Aghur léim* go eann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

Cia h-é an fear breáí rin
Ar eann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
An é naé n-aicmigeann tu
Do mac a máthair?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

An é rin mo leanb
A d'iomair mé trí páire,
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
No an é rin an leanb
Do n-oileadh i n-uéir mlaire?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)

* * * * *

Caitheadar anuair é
Na rphólaib seárrta
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó !)
"Sin éugaid anoir é
Aghur caoinisib bup páir aip,"
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Slaob ar na tri mhíre
Go seaoineimio ar ngráda seol
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)
Tá do euid mná-caointe
Le breit fóp a máthair
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngsáirtoin pánntair:
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 So raið tu do bean iomráð (?)
 I gscáitir gíl na ngsára
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Tobar Mhuire:

A b'ead ó foin do bí tobar beannaište i mBaile an tobar,* i gceotadé Mhuig Eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a bfuil an tobar anoir, ašur ir ar lorg altóra na mainirtre do b'ir an tobar amadé. Bí an mainirtir ar éadib énuic, adt nuair éainis Cíomail ašur a éuro ršmoraóóir éum na tíre reó, leašadar an mainirtir, ašur níor fášadar cloé or cionn cloice de'n altóir náir éait-eašar ríor.

Biaðain ó'n lá do leašadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil Mhuire 'ran earrad, 'reao b'ir an tobar amadé ar lorg na h-altóra, ašur ir iongantad an puo le ráó nac raið b'raon uirge ann ran rpué do bí aš bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'ir an tobar amadé.

Bí b'ráitir boét aš out na rliše an lá ceutona, ašur éuair ré ar a bealad le raitir do ráó ar lorg na h-altóra beannaište, ašur bí iongantar móir air nuair éonndaire re tobar b'radš ann a h-ait. Éuair ré ar a glúnaib ašur toraiš ré aš ráó a páirtre nuair éuair ré gút aš ráó, "cuir díot do b'róš, tá tu ar éalaim beannaište, tá tu ar b'ruad Tobar Mhuire, ašur tá léigear na mílte caoé ann. Béir tuine léigeara le uirge an tobar rin anašair gac uile tuine o'éirt aipponn i láitir na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a bfuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn ríad cumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átar an íhic ašur an Spioraid Naoimh."

Nuair bí a páirtreada ráirte aš an mb'ráitir o'feud ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from *Próinsias O'Conchubhair*.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur éannaic eolum mór gléiseal ar éann iúbaip i ngar dó: b'ur h-i an eolum do bi as eaint. 'Bí an b'ácaip gleurca i n-eudaisib-b'péige, mar bí luac ar a éann, éom mór asur do bi ar éann maopa-alla.

Ar éoi ar bit 'o'fuaip ré an rseul do 'daoinib an baile big, asur níor b'fada go n'oeaéar ré t'p' an t'ip. B'ur boét an áit í, asur ní raib aét boéam as na 'daoinib, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an áobap rin bí cur mait de 'daoinib caoča ann. le clappotar, lá ar na m'ápaé, bí or eionn dá f'ic'io 'daoine ann, as tobar Mhuir, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac utáinis ar air le maopa mait.

Éuar clú tobar Mhuir t'p' an t'ip, asur níor b'fada go raib oilitreaca ó gac uile éonae as teacé go Tobar Mhuir, asur ní 'deaéar don neac aca ar air gan beic léigearca; asur faoi éann tamall do b'íeac 'daoine ar t'ioptaib eile f'ain, as teacé go 'o' Tobar Mhuir.

Bí fear m'íreioeac 'na éomnuiré i ngar do Baile-an-tobar. Duine uapal do bí ann, asur níor éreio ré i léigear an tobar beannaighe. Dubairt re nac raib ann aét p'irp'eóga, asur le masac do 'eunam ar na 'daoinib éus ré apall dall do bí aige éum an tobar asur éum a éann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-apall maopa, aét tugac an masacóir a-baile éom dall le bun do b'p'ige.

Faoi éann bliána éuit ré amac go raib pasap as obair mar gápaóir as an duine-uapal do bí dall. 'Bí an pasap gleurca mar fear-oibpe, asur ní raib f'ior as duine ar bit go mbur pasap do bí ann. Don lá amáin bí an duine uapal b'p'eóiré asur 'u'ap ré ar a fearb'p'ósanta é do éabairt amac 'ran n'ápp'á. Nuair éáinis ré éum na h-áite a raib an pasap as obair, f'uró ré f'ior. "Nac mór an t'p'as é," ar f'eirean, "nac 'o'is liom mo gápa b'p'as 'o'f'eiceál!"

Glac an gápaóir t'p'as 'o' asur dubairt, "Tá f'ior asam cá 'f'p'ul fear do léig'p'eóac éu, aét tá luac ar a éann mar g'eall ar a éreueam."

"Beipim-re m'focal nac n'oeunf'aró m'p'e p'p'oeaóirp'eacé air asur ioc'p'aró 'o' go mait é ar fon a t'p'ob'íóite," ar ran duine uapal.

"Aét b'íóir rár mait leac dul t'p'io an t'p'ige-plánaighe acá aige," ar ran é. p'ápaóir.

"Ír euma liom eia an t'p'ige acá aige má éugann ré mo maopa éam," ar ran duine uapal.

Donir, bí 'p'p'e-clú ar an duine-uapal, mar b'p'ait ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasaartaib poime rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bí air. Ar éadai ar bíte glac an fasaar meirneac agus dubhairt, “Bíodh do cóirte réir ar maruin amárac, agus tiomáiníod mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní éis le cóirteoir ná le aon duine eile beir i láthair aet mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bíte cá bfuil tu as tuit, nó fíor ead é do shuíte (gnó).”

Ar maruin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingham réir, agus éadai ré féin arceac, leir an ngairdóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar pé leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáiníod an gairdóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir na bíteamnac, agus bí éadai air, agus glac pé rún go mbeidac ré as faire na cóirte, le fásail amac eia an áit faib fíac le tuit. Bí a g-leur beannaište as an fasaar, taob-arciš de’n eudac eile. Nuair éadadai go Tobar Mhuire dubhairt an fasaar leir, “Ír fasaar mife, tá mé tuit le do padair d’fásail tuit fan áit ar éadai tu é.” Ann rin tum pé tui uaire ann fan tobari é, i n-ainm an ádai an mhe agus an Spioraid Naomh, agus éadai a padair éise eom maí agus bí pé amam.

“Beirfáid mé ceud púnt tuit,” ar ra Bingham, “eom luac agus fásar mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir as faire, agus eom luac agus eonnair pé an fasaar ann a g-leur beannaište, éadai ré go luac an tuisce agus bairt pé an fasaar. Do gabad agus do eudac é gan beirteam gan beirteamnar. U’fearad an fear do bí tui éir a padair d’fásail ar air, an fasaar do fadad, aet níor labair pé fadad ar a fion.

Timéioll míora na tuisce ré, éadai fasaar eile go Bingham agus é g-leurca mar gairdóir, agus d’air pé obair ar Bingham agus fadai uair i. Aet ní faib pé a bpad ann a fepirbí go dtáirle tuisce-rud do Bingham. Éadai ré amac aon lá amáin as riúbal tuisce na páirceannair, agus do capad eadai maireac, mgean fepir bóiet, air, agus junne pé marlušad uirru, agus d’fás leac-mair i. Bí tuisce beirbáir as an g-eadai, agus eudadai mionna go marbóac fíac é eom luac agus g-eudair g-reim air. Ní faib a bpad le fanamaint aca. Gabadai é fan áit eudona ar marluš pé an eadai, agus eudadai é ar ériann, agus d’fásadai ann rin é na eudac.

Ar maruin, an lá ar na márac, bí millíuní de míolócáir eunnište, mar énoc móir, timéioll an ériann, agus níor fepir duine ar bíte tuit anáice leir, mar g-eall ar an mbolad bpad do bí timéioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bíte do padad anáice leir, do bálpad na míolócá é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Thairis bean agus mac Bingham ceuto páint o'aon tuine do b'éarfaid an corp amaic. Rinne euto maic daoine iarraid air rin do deunam, aic níor feutoadair. Fuair riao púdar le eparaid ar na mioltógaib, agus seusa epann le na mbualaid, aic níor feutoadair a r'aparaid, ná dul eom fada leir an sepann. Bí an breuntar an éirise níor meara, agus bí easla ar na cómarpannaib go tciubraid na mioltóga agus an corp bréun pláig orra.

Bí an t'ara pasairt 'na gáiridóir ag Bingham 'ran am ro, aic ní raib fíor ag luic an t'ise sup pasairt do bí ann. óir da mbeirid ead fíor ag luic an t'ise no ag na r'iridóirib, do seobaid riao agus do érocfaid riao é. Cuaid na Catoileis go bean Bingham agus tuidaradair léi go raib eolair aca ar tuine do t'iridóid na mioltóga. "Tadair eusam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r fíoir leir na mioltóga do t'irid ní h-é an tuair rin seobair re aic a reaic n-oiriad.

"Aic," ar riao-ran, "da mbeirid fíor ag luic-an-t'ise agus da n'adadadair é, do érocfadadair é, mar érocfaid an fear do fuair r'adair a fúl ar air do." "Aic," ar ríre, "nac breutofaid ré na mioltóga do t'irid gan fíor ag luic-an-t'ise?"

"Ní'l fíor agann," ar riao-ran, "go n'glacamadair cómaidre leir."

An oirde rin glacadair cómaidre leir an pasairt, agus o'innir riao do ead tuidair bean Bingham.

"Ní'l agam aic beata r'agailta le cáilleamaint," ar ran pasairt, "agus b'éarfaid mé i ar ron na n'adaine boic, óir b'éirid pláig ann ran t'ir muna seuirfid mé t'irid ar na mioltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, b'éirid iarraid agam i n-ainm Dé iad do t'irid, agus tá munigín agam agus t'óicair i n'Dia go r'adairaid ré mé ó mo euto námad. Téir euis an bean-uairil anoir, agus adair léi go mbéirid mé i n'ar do'n epann le h-éirise na g'éine ar maidin amárac, agus adair léi ríir do beic réir aici leir an seorpp do eir 'ran uais."

Cuaid riao eum na mná-uairle, agus o'innir riao t'í an méad tuidair an pasairt.

"Má éiriseann leir," ar ríre, "béirid an tuair réir agam do, agus o'iridóid mé móir-feirair fear do beic i ládair."

Cait an pasairt an oirde rin i n-uraidgíib, agus leat-uair poim éirise na g'éine cuaid ré eum na h-áite a raib a g'eir beann-aisite i b'olad. Cuir ré rin air, agus le eoir ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran láim eile, cuaid ré eum na h-áite a raib na mioltóga. T'orais ré ann rin ag léigaid ar a leabair agus ag eparaid uirge coirreagta ar na mioltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she. "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ann an áchar an mhic agus an Spiopairt Naomh. D'éiríís an enoc míoltós, agus d'éicill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus rinneadar an rpreir éomí dorcha leir an oíche. Mí raib fíor as na daoimib eia an áit a nbeaíadar, áit faoi éann leat-uairé ní raib ceann oíob le feiceáil (feicimint).

Bí lúéáiré mhór ar na daoimib, áit níor bfaída go bfaíadar an rpríde dóir as teacé, agus glaoí ríad ar an ragsairt nít leir éomí tapa a' r' bí ann. Éus an ragsairt do na boinn agus lean an rpríbeasóir é, agus rígan ann saé lánm aise. Nuair nár feut ré teacé ruar leir, éat ré an rígan 'na óiaí. Nuair bí an rígan as dul éar gualam an tragsairt, éur ré a lánm éle ruar, agus saé ré an rígan, agus éat ré an rígan ar air san féacáimt taob ríar dó. Úaí rí an fear, agus éat rí ríó a éroíde, gur éit ré marb, agus d'ímíís an ragsairt raor.

Fuar na fíor corp úngam, agus éuríadar ann ran uaié é, áit nuair éadar corp an rpríbeasóir do éur, fuairíadar na mílte de lúéáiré mhóra cimíóll air, agus ní raib gheim feóla ar a éndámab naé raib ícte aca. Mí éorpuáí ríad de'n éorpus agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasáí, agus b'éigín dóib na éndámá úfáíáil of cionn talmán.

Éur an ragsairt a gléur beannaiéte i bpolac, agus do bí as obair 'ran nsaíóda nuair éur bean úngam fíor air, agus d'íar air an tuair do glacáí ar fon na míoltósá do díbir, agus i do éabairt do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

“Tá eólar asam air, agus duabairt ré liom an tuair do éabairt éuríe anocht, mar tá mún aise an tír d'fáíáil ríal má geroéfaí lué an oíche é.”

“Seó éit í,” ar ríre, agus féacáí rí rporán óir dó.

Ar maíom, lá ar na máíac, d'ímíís an ragsairt go coir na fapíre; fuair ré loní do bí as dul éum na fíance, éat ré ar bopó, agus éomí luac agus d'fás ré an euan éur ré air a eutaié ragsairt, agus éus buíbeacáí do óia faoi n-a éabairt raor. Mí'í fíor asam ead éáíla dó 'na óiaí rín.

Tar éir rín do bíbeáí daoine daila agus caóca as tígeacé go Tobar Mhuir, agus níor fill don tuine aca ariam ar air san a beir léígearta. Áit ní raib puí maí ar bíé ariam ann ran tír reo, nár míleat le tuine éigín, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mbaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beir póirta, nuair táinig sean-bean éadó éuici as iarmairí déirce i n-onóir do Uia agus do Mhuiré.

“Ní’l don ruo asam le tabairt do sean-éadóirín cailiúge, tá mé boðaraisíte aca,” ar fan cailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an póirta ort a-éoiréce go mbéir tu com-éadó a’r tá mire,” ar fan trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí rúile an cailín óis ninnéac, agus ar maidin ’na uiaúg rin bí sí beas-naé oall, agus duðairt na cómarpanna go mbuó éoirí ví toul go Tobar Mhuiré.

Ar maidin go moé, d’éirig í, agus éuair sí cum an tobair, aét éiréut d’fuiréacó sí ann aét an trean-bean d’iarr an déirce uirru ’na fuiré as buac an tobair, as ciarac a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaisíte.

“Léir-irruor ort, a cailleac ghránna, an as palacacó Tobair Mhuiré acá tu?” ar fan cailín; “méis leac no buirríó mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear asao ar Uia ná ar Mhuiré, d’éirig tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir doib, ar an áthar rin ni cumfáir tu éu féin ’fan tobair.”

Fuair an cailín greim ar an gcailliúg, as feucaint í do rtreacó-aile ó’n tobair, aét leir an rtreacó-aile do bí eatorra do éuit an beirt aréacó fan tobair agus báiteacó iad.

O’n lá rin go tici an lá ro ni raib don léiréar ann fan tobair.

* * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire aḡus naom̃ ioseph:

Naḡ naom̃ta do bi naom̃ iōrep
 'Iluar p̃ōr p̃e Muire m̃ātar?
 Naḡ ē do fuar an tabartar
 'Do b' fearr 'nā an raḡal ārde [ādam]?

Thiūltaiḡ p̃e do'n ōr buirde
 Aḡur do'n ērōm do bi aḡ 'Dāibi,
 Aḡur b' fearr leiḡ beir aḡ tpeōruḡad
 Aḡur aḡ m̃nao an eōlar do m̃huire m̃ātar:

Lā am̃ām 'dā paib an cūpla
 Aḡ riūbal ann ran nḡairtōin,
 Meaḡ na reirūirō cūbartā,
 Blāt ūbia, aḡur āirūde.

Do cuir Muire tūil ionnta
 Aḡur ēnuḡ ri leō, i lātar,
 O bolao bpeāḡ na n-ūball
 Bhi ḡo cūbartā deaḡ ō'n āirō-ruḡ:

Ann rin do labair an m̃haiḡdean
 'De'n cōmrāo bi pann,
 "Bain tam na reōirō rin
 Tā aḡ fār ar an ḡpann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“Dain dam mo fáil dea
Oir tá me las fann,*
A’r tú oibheada mi na ngráir
As fáir faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioseph
De’n cómpáid bí teann,
“Ni bairfid mé duit na reoda
A’r ni h-áil liom do éilinn:

“Slao do ar léair ó do leinb
Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann”
Ann rin do cóiruis íora
So beannaisíte faoi na bhoim:

Ann rin do labhair íora
So naomha faoi na bhoim
“Írtis go h-írioll
Ann a fíadnuire a éirinn.”

D’úmlaig an éirinn rior tó
Ann a fíadnuire san maill,
Agus fuair sí mian a eiríde-rtis
Slam-tíreac ó’n seirinn.

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioseph
Agus éir é féin ar an talam;
“Sab a-baile a mhaire
Agus luir ar do leabuir.
So tóiré mé go h-Iaruralem
As deunam airtise ann mo péacair.”

Ann rin do labhair an Mhaighean
De’n cómpáid bí beannuisíte,
“Ni péacair mé a-baile
A’r ni luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
Aéir tá maiteamhar le fáil as do
Ó mi na ngráir ann do péacair.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a s-cail” dubairt mac na Ruairí, aéir dubairt an Callaiteac
“Las fann” tá me ann a s-cail = “Ceartuiséann uaim iad.”

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* *These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.*

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugadh an leann beannuighe,
 Thainig na trí muighe
 As deunamh adraighe do'n leann.

Trí mí ó'n oide rin
 Rugadh an leann beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Cioir bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labair an maighean
 So ciún agus so céillirde,
 "A mhic muighe na scairde
 Cia 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traoidal?"

"Béir mé Diairdoin
 Agus mé violta as mo námaid,
 Agus béir me Dia hdoine
 Mo éirídar poll as na táirrimh.

Béir mo ceann i mbárr ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i lár na ríride,
 'S an trleig nime dul tre mo éiríde
 Le ríreatac an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

NAOMH PEADAR.

Chualairé phríonriar O Concubair, i m' Uáil-Luain, an rgeul ro ó fean-
mnaoi oap b' ainm bhuíro ní chatafais ó bhaile-róá-bain i scondáé
shligis, agus fuair mpe uair-pean é.

Ann ran am a raib Naomh Peadar agus ár Slánuigheoirí as
riubal na tíre, ir iomtha iongantar do éirbeán a Mháistirín dó,
agus dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, o'feicfead leat an oirio, ir
dóigis go mbeirdeat a dóctar ar a Mháistirín níor láirpe 'ná bí
dóctar pheadair.

Aon lá amáin do bíodan as teact arcead go baile-mór agus
do bí fear-ceoil leat ar meirge 'na fuíde ar éaoib an bótar
agus é as iarrairí déirce. Thug ár Slánuigheoirí píora airisio
dó ar ngabail éart dó. Bhí iongantar ar pheadair faoi rin, óir
tubairt ré leir féin "Ir iomtha duine boct do bí i n-eapuirí móir,
o'eicis mo máistirín, aet anoir tug ré déirce do'n fear-ceoil reó
atá an meirge. Aet b' éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil
uáil aise ran sceól."

Do bí fíor as ár Slánuigheoirí cread do bí i n-inntinn
pheadair, aet níor labairt ré focal o'á éaoib.

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodan as riubal arií, agus do carad
bráctair boct orra, agus é gnóm leir an doir, agus beas-nac
noctta. O'iarí ré déirce ar ár Slánuigheoirí, aet ní tug Seiréan
aon áirio air, agus níor fíreair Sé a imirde.

"Sin níó eile nac bfuil ceart," ar ra Naomh Peadar ann a
inntinn féin; bí easla air labairt leir an Máistirín o'á éaoib,
aet bí ré as cailteamaint a dhóctair sac uile lá.

An trathóna ceutona bíodan as teact go baile eile nuair
carad fear dall orra, agus é as iarrairí déirce. Chuir ár
Slánuigheoirí caint air agus tubairt "creud tá uair?"

"Luac lóirín oirde, luac fuio le n'ite, agus an oiréad agus
béirdear as teartál uaim amárac; má tís leat-ra a tabairt dam,
seobairí tu cúitiugad mór, agus cúitiugad nac bfuil le rágal
ar an traozal brónac ro."

"Ir maic i do caint," ar ran Tígearna, "aet ní' tu aet as
iarrairí mo meallad, ní' eapuirí luac-lóirín ná fuio le n'ite
ort, tá ór agus airisio ann do póca, agus buíó óir uuit do
buirdear do tabairt do Ohia faoi do bíol go lá do beir asao."

Ní raib fíor as an Dall gur b'é ár Slánuigheoirí do bí as caint
leir, agus tubairt ré leir: "Ní reanmóra aet déirce atá mé
'iarrairí, ir cuinte mé dá mbeirdeat fíor asao go raib ór ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgíod agham go mbainfeá díom é, 'tusa' leat* anoir, ní tsear-
tuigseann do éaint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir dí-ééillíde an fear éu," ar ran Tighearna, "ní
béid ór ná airgíod agha i bfead," agus leir rin d'fás ré an dall.

Bhí Peatour as éirtead leir an gcómpáid, agus bí dúil aise a
innreacáit do'n dall sup mbuó é ar Slánuigíteoirí do bí as caint
leir, aet ní bfuair ré don fáill. Aet do bí fear eile as éirtead
nuair toubairt ar Slánuigíteoirí go raib ór agus airgíod as an
dall. Buó rghuoratóirí milltead do bí ann, aet do bí fíor aise
nár innir ar Slánuigíteoirí don bheus ariam. Chom luat agus bí
Seirpan agus Naoim Peatour iméighe, táinig an rghuoratóirí cum
an dall agus toubairt leir, "Tabair dam do éuit óir agus
airgíod, no cuirfead rghian tpe do éiríde."

"Níl ór ná airgíod agham" ar ran dall, "dá mbeidead, ní
beidinn as iarraid bheice."

Aet leir rin do fuair an rghuoratóirí sheim air, do éuir faoi
é, agus do bain de an méad do bí aise. Do gáir agus do rghuor-
atóirí an dall com h-áir agus d'feud ré, agus éualair ar Slánuig-
teoirí agus Peatour é.

"Tá eugheoir d'á deunam ar an dall," arfa Peatour.

"Fás go fealltead, agus imteóair ré an éair éuona, san
caint ar lá an bheiceamhair," ar ar Slánuigíteoirí.

"Tuigim éu, níl don ruo i bfoiaé uait a mhaigirteir," arfa
Peatour.

An lá 'na diais rin do bheicéir as ríubal coir fáraig, agus
táinig leóman éicraé amad. "Anoir a pheatour," ar ar
Slánuigíteoirí, "ir minic toubairt tu go gcaillfeá do beata ar
mo fon, anoir teirig agus tabair éu réin do'n leóman agus
imteóair míre raor."

Do rmuáin Peatour aise réin agus toubairt, "b'feair liom báir
ar bit eile d'fásail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoio cor-
luat agus tis linn iut uair, agus má feicim é as teadé fuar
linn fanfáir mé ar beiréad, agus tis leat-ra imteadé raor."

"Díod mar rin," ar ar Slánuigíteoirí.

Do leis an leóman rghuoratóirí, agus ar go bpad leir 'na noiaig,
agus níor bfead go raib ré as bheicé oipa, agus i bfoiaé díob.

"Fan riad a pheatour," ar an Slánuigíteoirí, aet leis Peatour
an réin naé gcuairt ré foal, agus d'iméighe ré amad noim a
mhaigirteir. D'iompaig an Tighearna ar a éul agus toubairt ré
leir an leóman, "Teirig ar air go tci an fárad," agus rinne
i é amairt.

* "Tusa leat" = "iméighe leat," "amad leat," no ruo de'n éróiré rin. D'éoiré
sup "tuighe leat" buó éoiré do beicé ann, 7 éuiré an deamán."

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour. "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

O'feuc Peatour taob-riar d'é, agus nuair éonnaire pé an leóman as tuit ar air do fear pé go dtáinig ar Slánuigheóir ruar leir. “A Peatour,” ar Sé, “o'fás tu mé i mbaozal, agus —muo buó méara 'nà rin,—o'innir tu breusá.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar Peatour, “mar bí fíor agham go bfuil cúmhacé agha of cionn gac nío, ni h-é amháin ar leóman an fárd-ais.”

“Coirg do beul, agus ná bí ag innreacé breus, ni raib fíor agha agus dá breicefá mé i mbaozal amárac do éreigfá mé ariir, tá fíor agham ar rmuáintib do éroiré.”

“Níor rmuáin mé ariam go n-dearnaró tu don nío nac raib ceart,” ar-ra Peatour.

“Sin breus eile,” ar ar Slánuigheóir. “Nac cumhin leat an lá do tuis mé déire do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar oir agus duhairt tu leat féin sur ionda tuine boéc do bí i n-earbúir móir o'eicis mé, agus go dtuis mé déire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí tuit agham i sceól. An lá 'na diais rin o'eicis mé an fear-bpácar, agus duhairt tu nac raib an nío rin ceart. An tréachóna ceutona ir cumhin leat ceuto tárla i tacaib an taitl. Míneócaró mé anoir tuit cat fáé rinnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de máic 'nà rinne fíde bpácar o'dá fórt ó ruaró iao. Shábáil pé anam eailín ó pian-taib ipunn. Bhí earbúir boinn ariaró uirri agus bí ri ag tuit peacáó marbúac do deunam le na fágar, acé coirmirg an fear-ceóil i, tuis pé an boinn ví, eir go raib earbúir oirge air féin an t-am ceutona. Maroir leir an mbpácar, ni raib don earbúir air-fear, eir go bfuair pé ainm bpácar buó ball de'n diaibál é, agus rin é an fáé nac dtuis mé don áiró air. Maroir leir an taitl, do bí a Ohia ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, “an áit a bfuil do éirce beiró do éroiré léi.”

Seal gearr 'na diais rin duhairt Peatour, “A Mháiricir, tá eólar agha ar na rmuáintib ir uairighe i gceoiré an tuine, agus ó'n nóimio péó amac gáillim tuit annor gac nío.”

Timéoil peacémaine 'na diais-rin do bíodar ag riubal tre énoaib agus pléibib. agus cáilleadar an beatac. Le tuitim na h-oiréé táinig teinnceac agus coirneac agus fearrétain érom. Bhí an oiréé éom uopéa rin náir feutadar corán caorac o'feiceál. Thuit Peatour anagáiró carraige agus loic pé a cor éom uona rin náir feut pé coiréim do riubal.

Chonnaire ar Slánuigheóir roir beas faoi bun éuic, agus duhairt Sé le Peatour, “fan mar tá tu agus raicáir mife ag róirigheacé congnaim le o'ioméar.”

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it."'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ní'l aon congnam le fágáil ann ran áit fíadán reo," ar Peadar, "agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaozal liom féin."

"Díod mar rin," ar ár Slánuigheóir, agus le.r rin do leis ré feo, agus éainis ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na éairtín orra aet an fear do rghor an dall real noime rin. D'aicnis ré ar Slánuigheóir agus Peadar, agus dubairt ré le n-a cuio fear Peadar o'ioméar go eúramac go oti an áit-éomhuirde do bí aca amear na genoc. "Chuir an beirt reo," ar ré, "ór agus air-sioo ann mo bealaé-ra real gearr ó foim."

O'ioméar ríao Peadar go oti reompa faoi éalam; bí teime bpeáá ann, agus éuireadar an fear loitte i ngar oí, agus tug-adar dooé do. Thuit ré ann a éotlaó agus do pinne ár Slánuigheóir loig na epoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair oúiríá ré o'feuo ré riúbal éom maic agus o'feuo ré miam. Dhí ionzantar air, nuair oúiríá ré, agus o'fiarpuis ré creuo do bain do. O'innir ár Slánuigheóir do áac nio mar éarla.

"Shaoil mé," ar ra Peadar, "go maib mé maib agus go maib mé ruar as doirur flaitir, aet nior feuo mé dul arteaé mar bí an doirur oiruite, agus ni maib doirpeóir le fágáil."

"Airlis do bí áao" ar ár Slánuigheóir, "aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitear oiruite agus ní'l ré le beic foráilte go bpeáá' mipe báp ar fon peacáir an éine daonna, do cuir feará ar m'áair. Ni báp coitcionnta aet báp náireac geobar mé, aet éireóéair mé air go slóimair agus foirgeóair mé an flaitear do bí oiruite, agus beir túra do doirpeóir!"

"Óra, a Mháirtir," ar ra Peadar, "ni féidir go bfuigead báp náireac, ná leigfeá éam-ra báp fágáil ar do fon-ra, tá mé piéir agus coitceannaé."

"Saoiteann tu rin," ar ár Slánuigheóir.

Thainis an t-am a maib ár Slánuigheóir le báp fágáil. An trathóna noime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reipe, nuair dubairt ré, "tá fear áair as dul mo bpaé." Dhí triob-lóir mór orra agus dubairt áac aon aca "an mipe é?" Aet dubairt Seirean, "an té éumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpaítear mé."

Dubairt Peadar ann rin, "dá mbeirdeá an doiman iomlán i o'áair," ar reirean, "ni beir mipe i o'áair," aet dubairt ár Slánuigheóir leir, "rui má áoireann an Coileac anoet ceitpíó (reunfáir) tu mé tri h-uair."

"Do áeobainn báp rui má ceitpinn tu," ar ra Peadar, "go beirinn ni ceitpádo tu."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breitheamhar báir ar ár Slánuigheóir, bí a cuio náimh do'á bualaó agus as caíó rnuigairle air. Bhí Peadar amuig ann san gcúirt, nuair táinig cailín-aimpíre euiqe agus dubairt leir “bí tura le hfoia.” “Ní'í fíor agam,” ar ía Peadar, “cao é tá tu íad.”

Nuair bí ré as dul amac an geata, ann rin, dubairt cailín eile. “rin fear do bí le hfoia,” áct eus peirean a mionna nac raib eólar ar bíe aige air. Ann rin dubairt cuio de na daoine do bí as éirteáct, “ní'í amhar ar bíe nac raib tu leir, aicnigmit ar do éaint é.” Thug ré na mionnaib móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoó an coileac, agus éuimig ré ann rin ar na foelaib dubairt ár Slánuigheóir, agus do íil ré na deóra aicnighe, agus fuair íe maiteamhar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eópraca flaicir aige anoir, agus má íileann rinne na deóra aicnighe faoi n ár loctair mar do íil peirean iad, geobhamaoio maiteamhar mar tuair peirean é, agus cuinríó ré ceuo mile fáilte íómainn. nuair padar rinne so deir ílaicir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR ÉÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uíhí áir Slánuigheóirí aSúr Naomh Peadóirí aS rparir-
 ceómaet, aSúr do eapad pean-*feap* oirra: Uíhí an tuine boet
 rin go dona, ní raib aip aet ceirceada aSúr pean-*éota* rtróicte,
 aSúr san fiú na mbóis faoi n-a éoraib. O'iairí ré déirce ar áir
 oTigearna aSúr ar Naomh Peadóirí. Uíhí truaig aS Peadóirí do
 an donán boet aSúr faoil ré go otiúbrad an Tigearna ruo
 éigin do. Aet níor éuir an Tigearna don truaí ann, aet o'iméig
 re éairir san rreagairt éabairt do: Uíhí iongantair ar rreadóirí
 faoi rin, óir faoil ré go otiúbrad an Tigearna do gac aindeir-
 éoirí a raib oirra aip, aet bí raicéir aip don nuí do ráb.

An lá ar na márad bí an Tigearna aSúr Peadóirí aS rparir-
 ceómaet aipí ar an mbóirí ceuna, aSúr cia o'feicead ríad aS
 teadé 'na gcoinne ann ran gceart-*ait* ann a raib an pean-*feap*
 boet an lá roime rin aet robdáilíde aSúr cloirdeam nócta aige
 ann a láim. Tháinig ré éuca aSúr o'iairí ré aipíor oirra.
 Thus an Tigearna an t-aipíor do san focail do ráb, aSúr o'iméig
 an robdáilíde. Uíhí iongantair oúbalta ar rreadóirí ann rin, óir
 faoil ré go raib an iomarcuir meirig aS ar oTigearna aipíor
 do éabairt do gacuir ar raicéir. Nuair bí an Tigearna aSúr
 Peadóirí iméigte tamall beag ar an mbóirí níor feuo Peadóirí
 san ceirt do éur aip. “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ar ré
 “nac ois tu oadom do'n donán boet o'iairí déirce oir anóé,
 aet go ois tu aipíor do'n bíceamnac gacuiríde do éáinig éugad
 le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rínn-ne 'n áir mbeirce aSúr
 ní raib ann aet feap amáin; tá cloirdeam aSam-ra” deir ré,
 “aSúr b' feapí an feap mire 'ná eirean!” “A rreadóirí” ar
 ran Tigearna “ní feiceann tufa aet an taob amuis, aet éiríom-

* Fuar mé an rgeul ro, o feap-oirre do bí aS Revington De Róirce, Omuim an t-
 reasail, aet éualar go minic é. Ní h-iaí ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairéar é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE. [*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word.
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taob-arth: ní feiceann túra aét corp na n-daoine nuair feicim-re an eiríde. Aét béirí fíor agha go fóil” ar Sé “eireud fáil do pinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amad don lá amáin 'na d'iaig rin go n-deadair ar o-Tigearna agus Peadar amúga ar na rleibteib. Bhí teinncead agus toirnead agus fearmáin mhór ann, agus bí ríad báirde, agus an bótar eallite aca. Cia o'feicead ríad euca ann rin aét an pobáilíde ceudna a tuig an Tigearna aighio do an lá rin, Nuair tÁinig ré euca bí truaig aige d'óib, agus rug ré leir iad go dti uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibtead, agus bain ré an t-eudad fliuc d'óib agus éirí eudais tirmie orra, agus eus neart le n'ite agus le n'ól d'óib agus leabair le luidhe air, agus gac uile fóirt o'feud ré deunam d'óib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na márae nuair bí an rtoirín eart, eus ré amad iad agus níor fás ré iad gur éirí ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus eus lón d'óib le h-aghair an airtir. “Mo cónriar!” ar Peadar leir féin ann rin, “bí an ceart ag Tigearna, ir maic an fear an gairíde; ir iomda fear cón,” ar seiréan, “nac n-dearnair do oiread rin dam-ra!”

Ní raib ríad a bfaid imitighe ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair ríad fear marb agus é rínte ar éndám a dhroma ar lár an bótar, agus o'airíde Peadar é gur ab é an fear-fear ceudna do diultais an Tigearna an d'airíde do. “D'ole do pinneamar” ar Peadar leir féin, “aighio do diultais do'n tuine boet rin, agus feud é marb anoir le donar agus anró.” “A pheadar” ar ran Tigearna “táirí eall eus an bfeair rin agus feud eireud eá aige ann a róca.” Éirí Peadar anonn eus agus eorais ré ag lánríugad a fear-cóca agus eireud do fuair ré ann aét a lán aighio gac, agus timéill eúpla ríde bonn óir. “A Tigearna,” ar ra Peadar, “Bhí an ceart agha-ra, agus cia bé rug deunfar tu no d'earfar tu airí, ní raicair mé i o' aghair.” “Deunfair rin a pheadar,” ar ran Tigearna. “Glac an t-aighio rin anoir agus eait ardead é ann ran bpoil

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna tall, ní bíonn ann san aighioth go minic aét mallaét móra Chruinnis. Peadair an t-aighioth le céile, agus éadair fé go dt an poll-móna leir; aét nuair bí fé dul d'á éiteam arteaé, "oéón," ar fé leir féin, "nac áirééul an truaé an t-aighioth breáé go do éur amúé, agus ir minic bíonn ocpaé agus tapé agus fuaét ar an Máigiréir, óir in éugann fé don aipe dó féin, aét congóbéairé mire euité de 'n aighioth go ar fon a leapa féin, a gan éir dó, agus b'féarpe é." leir rin do éat fé an t-aighioth geal uile, arteaé ann san bpoll, i puét go gclunféad an Tigearna an topan, agus go raolféad fé go raib fé uile éitíte arteaé. Nuair táinig fé ar aipann rin d'féarpuis an Tigearna, dé "A pheadair," ar fé, "ar éat tu an t-aighioth rin uile arteaé." "Chaitéar" ar peadair, "aét amáin píopa óir no dó, do congóbáé mé le biaé agus deó do éeannac duit-re."

"O! a pheadair," ar san Tigearna, "cpéat fáé nac ndéar-nairé tu mar duáiré mire leat. Féar pannaéé tú, agus béiré an trainté rin oit go bráé."

Sin é an fáé paol a bfuil an Eaglais pannaéé ó foim.

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,

And found within the lining plenty

Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know

Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,

I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take

And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,

And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;

Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see,

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,

The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FÍOŠAIR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námas mo éireoinn, námas mo tír,
 Námas mo cloinne 'r mo céile,
 A tiseapna deun mo comairce
 Le fíoshair na Croire naomta:

Le báir na Croire ceannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] fortúnae éda,
 Ó roin anuas ir beannaisge
 An comairce ro árd-naomta.

Do pleurg an cappaig, do dúib an srian;
 Do éiríe an doimhan go h-éadtae,
 Nuair t'árdaisgead ruar an slánaisgeoir
 Ar dhruim na Croire naomta.

Fánaor! dá bítim rin, an té
 Nac mbéir a éiríe t'á reubad;
 A'r deoir aicruge as ríleat uair,
 Or cómar na Croire naomta!

Ir gearr é péim an dúine la'g
 Síor le fán an t-raogail-re,
 Ni taomann (?) an spiorad malluisge
 Luét fíoshair na Croire naomta:

Sgannrócar gac aon faoi sheim an báir
 D'á taéat ruar, as eugad,
 —Ir doét béir lá an anapa
 San ríad na Croire naomta:

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a ocrí mbó.

nn

So péiró, bean na ocrí mbó!
 Ar do bólaét na bí teann:
 Do éannaire meiri san só,
 Bean ir ba dá mío a beann.

Ni mairceann paróbrear do gnaé,
 Do neac ná tabair tairi so móir:
 Cúgac an t-éas ar gac raob;
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó

Slioct eogain míoir 'ra mómáin;
 A n-iméacé toghní clú dóib,
 A reolta gur léigeadar rior;
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeairna an élaí,
 A n-iméacé-ran, ba lá leoin,
 San rúil je n-a oteacé so bráé
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Ún baol na long,
 Ua Súilleabáin ná'm t'im glór;
 Féac gur éuit 'ran Spáin je claióeam:
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir Maglióir, do bí
 Lá i n-éirinn 'na lán beoil;
 Féac féin gur iméig an oír:—
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

Síol gCeapbail do bí teann;
 le mbeiréi gac geall i ngleó;
 Ni mairceann don dóib, mo díé!
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do breir
 Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
 Do punnir-pe iomorca a péir:
 So péiró, a bean na ocrí mbó!

An Ceangal:

Bloó ar m'falluig, a ainoir ir uairneac gnáir,
 Do díor san dearmad rearmac buan 'ra tnué:
 Tríó an raémar do glacair peo' bbaib ar ocrí,
 Dá bpaóinn-re pealb a ceatáir do bbaillinn éú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguine, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AYRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the 'Irish Penny Journal' (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN SAEÚEALAC:

Δε ρο ρανν λεατ-ρᾶσαντα εἰτε το εὔαλαρ ἐ θυῖνε ο Contae
 Dúin-na-ngall; buíð mí-fuaimíneac rḗadú na h-Éireann, mar ip
 corḡmúil, nuair rinnead é—

Nár marbúad míre θυῖνε ar bí
 A' r nár marbúad don θυῖνε mé,
 Δετ má tá don θυῖνε ar tí mo marbúta
 So mbuíð míre marbúar é!

Δε ρο ρανν εἰτε an an sḡléir, do bí aca i sCúige Múman, asur
 do beir O Dálais dúinn—

Seacáin feaḡmanar eille,
 Le buíðin na cléipe ná deun coingíð,
 No ip baogal do o'cuir uile
 imteacḡt mar buileadúar ar bárr tuile!

Δε ρο ρανν ar an meirge, do εὔαλαρ mé ó m' éararo Tomár
 Dárcelais. Ip beasnac i n "Deibíde é"—

Ni meirge ip mírte liom,
 Δετ leirg a feicrinc oim,
 San uis na meirge ip mírte an sḡeann,
 Δετ ni sḡátaḡ meirge san mi-sḡeann.

Δε ρο ρανν do εὔαλαρ ó'n bḡear ceutna, ar mḡnai boirb; aḡá
 ré aca i sCúige Múman mar an sḡeutna—

Faúóḡ teine faoi loḡ
 No caiteam cloḡ le euan,
 Cómarle do tabairt do mḡnai boirb
 Ip buille o'orú* ar iarann fuar:

Δε ρο ρανν mi-lḡsac eite ar na mnáib, do εὔαλαρ i sConnac-
 caib—

Tḡi nḡ ip uoilis a múnad
 Dean, muc, asur múile!

*Aliter, "boirb," mar εὔαλαρ ἐ ó feap eile

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

AS FO RANN AR AN BREAR BORB, DO EUALAR I SCONDAÉ
RORCOMÁIN—

CÓMAIRLE DO TABAIRT DO DUINE BORB
NI BFUL ANN ACÉ MÍD SAN CÉILL,
SO SCLAOIRTEAR É 'NA LOÉT
S SO MÍSTEAR É 'NA AÍM-TEAR FÉIN.

AS SO CÓMAIRLE DO TUG RASART I SCONDAÉ MHIUG EÓ DO CAILÍN
DO BÍ RÓ SAILL-BEURAC SLEURTA, DO EUALAR MÉ Ó'N BREAR
CEUTONA—

A CAILÍN DEAR NÁ MEAR SUP MÓR I DO CAILL,
'S SO BFUL "NÓTION" ASAO NÁR ÉLEACÉ DO BÓR ARIMH,
BÓLACÉ-BLEACÉ DO B'ÁITE LEÓ AR RIABH,
'S NI CÓTA BREAC AR PLEAC (?) DO ÉÓNA FIAR.

AS FO FOCAL BRÍOġMÁR AR CONDAÉ MHIUG EÓ—

"SAOILIM," "I' DÓIG LIOM," A'R "DAR LIOM FÉIN,"
SIN TIR FIADHUIRE ACÁ AS AN MBRÉIS.

ASUR TUBAIRT FEAR Ó'N SCONDAÉ CEUTONA SO CRUINN ÉAILLMÁR LE
TUINE A PAID AN-ÉAINT ASUR TOGA AN BÉARLA AISE, ACÉ DO FUNNE
UROÉ-UIRGEBEACÁ—

NI BÉARLA SMÍD BPAIC
ACÉ A RUACÁD SO MAIT!

AS FO RANN MAIT AR AN TPÍOR-ÉPOIR FÍN ACÁ AR BUN IOR AN
TOIL ASUR AN TUIGRINT, AIR AR TABAIR AN RÓMÁNAÉ, NUAIR TUBAIRT
FÉ, VIDEO MELIORA PROBO-QUE—DETERIORA SEQUOR—

NAC BOÉT AN TOIRġ A'R AN COP ANN A BFULIM I BPÉIN!
MO TUIGRINT ÓM' TOIL, A'R MO TOIL AS TPUIRIM ÓM' CÉILL,
NI TUIGTEAR DOM' TOIL SAC LOÉT DOM' TUIGRINT IP LÉIR,
NO MÁ TUIGTEAR, NI TOIL LÉI, ACÉ TOIL A TUIGRIONA FÉIN.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *qucer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† Literally: “I think,” “I’m near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ Literally: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| Literally: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

As ro rann eile; 'r sean-focal coitcéionn "ni tuisgeann an
pátae an sean?"—

Níor aithis an pátae fáim an t-ocrae maith,
S ní táinigis maith tréasaó san lán-níuip obann 'na díais,
Ní bíonn páirt as muidib le gnosaipe liac,
S ní tuis an báir rpar do thúine ar bit auaith.

As ro rann eile ar céill agus ar mí-céill—

Ciall agus mí-ciall
Diar nac ngabann le céille!
'r uóis le fear san céill
Sur 'bé féin úsodar na céille!

As ro rann eile ar an thúine a bfuil a aipe agus a innéinn
ar pán uair—

Cpann toraid an t-iúdar,
Ní bíonn coitche san báir glar,
Ionann a'r san a beir 'ran mbaile
Neac ann a'r a aipe ar!

Tá morán rann ann, as innéint deirid neitead an traoisail.
Cheitim go bfuil an euid 'r mó aca coitcéionn do'n oileán ar
fao. Ní tiúbrao anoir aet ceann aca mar rompla, do péir mar
acá pé i gconradé Mhuig-Có—

Deirid lomge, bátao,
Deirid áite, toraó,
Deirid cuirim, cáineao,
Deirid pláinte, orna.

Acá mar an gceutona a lán de ranncaib as toruáó leir an
bfoal "Maig" as ceunam truaige faoi neitib eugraimla. As

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an gceoladé Rorcomáin, mar do
cualar iad—

1r maiṛṣ do ḡnó bṛannṛa ṣan ríol,
1r maiṛṣ bíor i ucíṛ ṣan beit tṛeun, (a)
1r maiṛṣ do ḡnó cómháó ṣan rlaet,
 Aṣur dā maiṛṣ náe ḡcuirṛeann rmaet ar a beula

Aṣur aríṛ—

1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a éapaó pann,
 1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a élañ ṣan raet;
1r maiṛṣ a bíṛear i mbotán boet,
 A'ṛ dā maiṛṣ a bíṛear ṣan oic ná maic.

1r iomóa pann ann, mar an ḡ-ceurona, tṛpaíṣear le “1r fuat
liom.”

1r fuat liom caipleán ar mōm,
 1r fuat liom rōḡmār beit báirte;
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bṛón,
 ḡur 1r fuat liom ríaca ar rāṣarṛ:

Aríṛ—

1r fuat liom cú tṛuaḡ
 Aḡ reat (rūt) ar fuo tṛíḡe,
1r fuat liom tṛuine-uapal
 Aḡ rṛearṛal u'd mnaoi!

Tā pann corṁúit leir reó i tṛeaoib fṛinn Mhic Chumhail—

Ceitṛe nio u'd tṛeug fionn fuat—
 Cú tṛuaḡ, a'ṛ eac mall,
Tṛíḡearna tṛíḡe ṣan beit ḡlic,
 Aṣur bean ríṛ náe mbéarṛaó clann;

Buó ḡnátae leir na tṛeomib beitṛíṛeac éigín do mārṛaó aṣur
u'ite oirde fṛéile Mhártain. Thápla, an oirde reó, náe raib
le mārṛaó aḡ mnaoi an tṛíḡe aet muc bṛeac, aṣur nioṛ maic léi
rín do tṛeunam. Aet buó mian leir an mac béile maic do beit

(a) Aliter, tṛéiríṛeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

† *Literally:* Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρος ἢς ἢ δζεστος.*]

‡ *Literally:* I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally:* I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally:* Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige ašur éuaib ré i bfolac ar éul an tige, t'acraig ré a šur
ašur toubairt ré tó šlór špánna uaebárac an rann ro—

Mire Mártan deaig Dia,
ašur ar šac reab buaimm feóil,
Mar nár marb tura an múc breac
Marbfaib mire tó mac Cormac óg.

Tó ršannraigeat an máctair, óir faoil rí šur b'é Naom Mártan
reim tó bí aš labairt, ašur marb rí an múc.

Aš ro ršeul tó ršriob mé ríor o beul míceáil míc Ruairí
“ an file ar cónasé Muiš-Eó,” mar leanar.

“ Bí beirt ršairt aš ršairtceóracé, don lá amáin, ašur conn-
aige riad [aš] tigeacé 'na n-ašair leat-amaoán naé raib don éiall
aige, acé bí ré an šearr-moballac [šéir-freagaréac], ašur ašra
ceann tó na ršairt leir an brear eile, 'cuirpib mé ceirt ar
Ómarmuio anoir nuair éuicraib ré i nšar dúinn.' 'Ír fearr
tuit a leigean éart' ar ran fear eile. Nuair éainig Óiarmuio
i n-intig (?) [= i nšar] tóib, ašra ceann tó na ršairt leir, 'lar-
amaoio oiré [= ríarpuigimio tóir] cat é an uair béiréar a éaint
aš an bpreacéan tób' ? Déar Óiarmuio ruar ann ran ašair
ar an ršairt, ašur 'innreócaib mé rin tuit,' ar reirean

Nuair éómnócar an t-iurac [t-iolar] ar an nšleann.

Nuair štanfar an ceó tó na énuic,

Nuair imteócar* an traint tó na ršairt

béir a éaint aš an bpreacéan tób.

'Noir,' ar ran ršairt eile, 'nár brearr tuit éirteacé le
Óiarmuio !' ”

Aš ro rann eile tó ruair mé ó'n mBárlaigeac—

Šeallraib an fear breušac

Šac [a] breutar a éroide,

Šaolpib an fear rannac

Šac a šealltar šo bfuig.†

Aš ro ceann eile ó cónasé Muiš Eó—

An tó léigear a leabair

A'f naé šcuireann é i meabair,

Nuair éaillean ré a leabair

Bionn ré 'na baileabair (?)

* “acé šo n-imeig,” toubairt mac ui Ruairí, acé m léir óam rin.

† = šo bfuigpib ré šac mó šealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid 'l'"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *reatb* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁŠAN AN OÍOMAIS,
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN,
CONÁN MAOL.

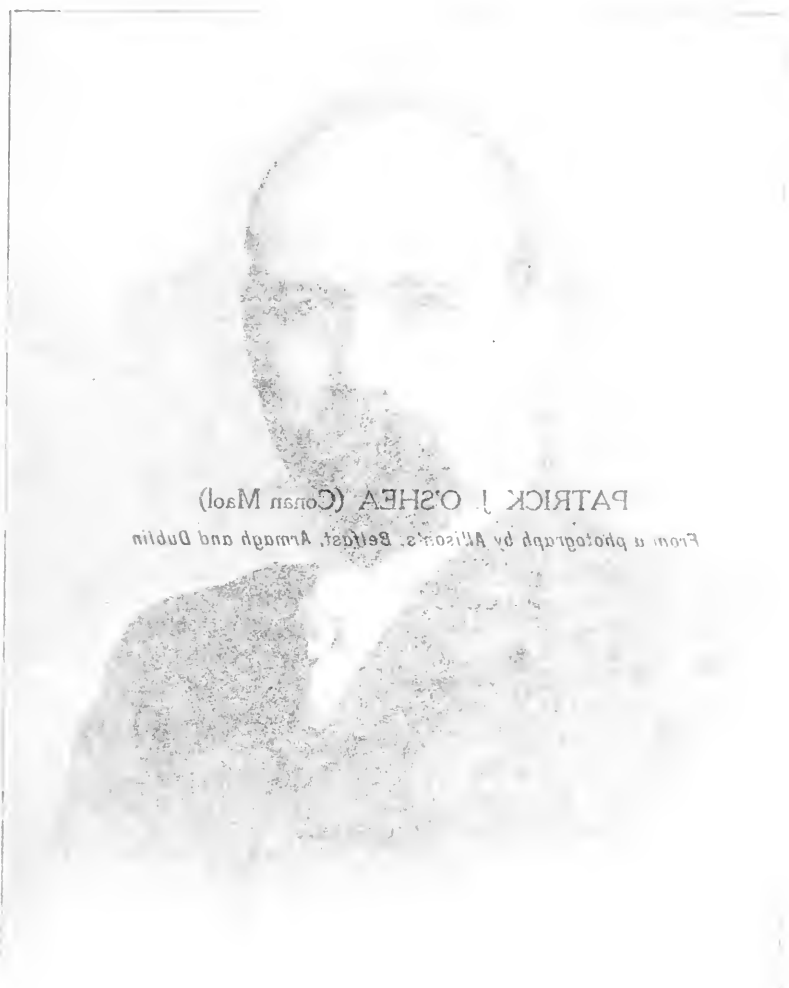
Cair: I.

bile na coille:

Ir iomda fear sairdeamail do h-oilead i n-illad ó Coin Cúlann anuar go dtí Seáshan an Oíomair. I bfuad iní na cian-taib do muagad ann thall naoi n-íallac, ní cúmactac do bí i t-teamair. Ir minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i m'breatain a corrdairt rúto. I gceann d'á turpuid eus ré leir mar cime buacail óg d'ár b'ainm 'na diair rúto pláruig. Do b'é an cime úto an Tailgin sup inuir na t'raoite roim nae a teact: Tá a éú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibid fór imearf Saebeal, aet oáta Néill naoi n-íallacis ir beag nac bfuil a ainm dearmadota. Ar a fon roin ba móir le ráto an ní úto lá, 7 ar a learraca d' fár an aicme ba cumaraisge 7 ba calma d'á raib i n-éirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féirir ar b'ruim an doimain. Cuairtois 'rcair na seirioe eile, féac imearf aicmib abur 7 tall 7 ní bfuigfir fir u'don éinead amáin do b'áilne t'reac, do ba calma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcoimairle 'na na ráir-fir do fíolrair ar fearo na gceadota bliadán ar an b'féirir uarail rin muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaoe móir timcheall eirinn daire i n'donar ar lár macaire, gan baint le n-a neart aet amáin na tuilleóga do rgiobad de 7 ro-ceann d'á gágaib do b'uread le h-áir iarract, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fearo éiríre éeac bliadán d'á mbargad féin i gcoinnib na gcuairtoe úto do táinig ó thall naoi-n-íallac; 7 ir é mo tuairim ná buairíde coiríoe oréa rúto muna mbéad sup eirígeadur i n-ágar d'á éile.

Ní raib fear ar an gcead ba mó eail 'na an Seáshan ro do tuadmuit. Éireannac 'na ballaib do b'ead é, éom maic 'na loctuib 7 'na éiríuib fearamla. Ní raib fé éom glie i gcoimairle 'na éom gáir-cuiréac i gceirt le h-aoe Ó Néill u'foglumir elearíoeac muagla i dtí Clíre, bairmuigan Sapanas. Ní raib bun-eólar eogair aige éom clíre le h-éogan Ruad, aet níor fáruig don tuime aca ro é i n-gairge, i n-íom, ná i n-garad d'á tír. Tá don ríad amáin ar a ainm. U'follirí



PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)
From a photograph by Allison's Belfast, Armagh and Dublin

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From a photograph by Alison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin





SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais go poileir an ríál roin dúinn go h-ácarac, mar ba beas oíra Seáḡan Ó Néill. O'fuaasais ré bean Calbais Uí Uóinnaitl, deirbhíúr do Tígearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir dóic le n-a lán úsuar sup éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ir fuasac náe raib ré cóim h-olc leir na Sapanais féin ar an gcuma sain, áet amáin go n-aoimócaó reiréan a úroó-éleacáaó mar níor ba fímineac é, áet fear fírinneac ná ceirfeao a éaim:

Caib. 2.

ÉIRE LE N-A UINN:

Ní feacaio inir fáil lá fuaiminir fiam [ó ḡab reóita na Noimánac i gcuan ar "Tráig an Uainb" le Diarmair na nḡall inir an mbliadain 1169. Táinis na Noimánais go Sapaná ó'n úfpaing céao bliadán roim an am roin, fá rciúrúḡao liam buaótaig, 7 do rḡaipeaoar na Sapanais i n-aon úruigín amáin. Bí na Sapanais fá coir ḡan móill 7 Noimánac 'na ríḡ 7 'na buanna oíra fearoa. Níor ba óala roin o'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rin an oara Hanrí go oí an t-oétmáó Hanrí bí ríḡte Sapaná 'na "oígearnaib" ar Éirinn. Ní raib ré i mirneac aon rí aca Rí Éireann do ḡlaóaoó air féin sup ceap an t-oétmáó Hanrí sup cóir oó féin beir 'na rí oáiríuib ar Éireannaisḡ:

Ar an aóbar roin cuir ré ḡairm rḡoile amac go raib ré ríacéanaac ar táoiréacáib móra Éireann cnuinnúḡao ar aon lácar go mbponnfaó ré tíoasail 7 talam oíra.

Do b'é nó r na otaoiréac roin go oí rúo beir 'na ḡcinn ar an oíreib 7 ríoinneao a oíreibe féin do tóḡbáil. Bí Ó Úriain mar céann ar Muinir Úriain, Ó Néill mar céann ar Mhuinir Néill, 7 mar rin oóib. Cuirfí an t-oétmáó Hanrí deiréao leir an nó r roin fearoa, 7 o'á réir rin cuireann ré rósra as ríall ar áro-taoiréacáib Éireann náe úruil uair áet ríotéain do óéanaó leó, 7 go nóéanfaó ré tígearnaí móra oíob, 7 go mbponnfaó ré talam na ríreibe oíra áet ḡéilleao oó. Do ríacétnuig na taoiríḡ. Do réir nó r na h-Éireann an uair rin níorb' leir an otaoiréac talam na ríreibe, áet leó féin 7 leiréan i oteannta éúile. Bí reiréan mar céann oíra mar o'áruigéaoar féin é ar cóinḡeall go otabarfaó ré ceant oóib. Ar an aóbar roin bíoar raor 7 ní leóirfaó an taoiréac a ḡcuro

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

èomh d'án le tarb tána: Deir Seághan mar f'laic opainn 7 caic-
fir lapa nuas an oetmáth Nanpi gheasath leir."

Cualair Conn Ó Néill an còsarnac 7 do goill ri air.
Cualair ré fir as eaint le céile 7 faobair 'na maðar. "Ir
annra leir an mac togartha, Matú an fearthorpa, 'ná Seághan
a mac vliptineac féin do eus a bean-tigearna óó, an bean ir
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i mátair Seághan ingean an gear-
altais, lapa Éille Dapa, an fear ba éumáctaisge i n-Éirinn.

D'iarr an t-oetmáth Nanpi ar Conn a oisre v'annmúgath.
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinneas darrún Dúngearainn de Matú
láitpeas. "Caicfeas-ra mo céar v' fásail," aoir Seághan.
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapa i rúlaib a míc. Connaic ré an
ghuaim ar an tpeirb. "Deir Seághan mar oisre orm," aoir
ré fá d'eiréas, tar éir móran tafaint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar Sapaná 7 fuair ré i san moill mar
ba maic leir na Gallair an leatrgéal eum muintir Néill do
éir ar céarab a céile. Cuireas fíor láitpeas ar Conn Ó Néill
i gcómair páraim do baint de i ótaob ílatú do ví-láitpuasath,
dét ní maas ré riap ar a gellamaint do Seághan 7 buailéas
vá glar i mbailé-ata-elias é.

Caib. 4:

FAOBAR CLAIRIOMH:

Do b'laom Seághan an Dìomair fuar 7 glaothair ré ar a
muintir eirge amac, le n' acair v'fuarglath. Míor v'fearr leir
na Sapanais gnó bí aca. Seólas fluas ó thair go cúise Ular
i gcómair rimaic do éir ar an bfeas ós baot ro, aet do táimis
reiréan ariar optha go h-obainn, do gab ré tpiotca, 7 bíotéir
as baint na fála v'á céile as teicéas uair. Do gléasath fluas
eile ar an mbliathain do bí eúgaimn (1552), aet do tiomáin
Seághan poimr ias 'nór rgaata gabar. Bí fear i n-agaib na
Sapanas an cor ro. Sgaileas Conn Ó Néill le tí píotcána
do tócanas aet ba beas an maicéar é. Do b'lair Seághan an
Dìomair fuil.

"Caicfeas an fear mórtóalac borb ro do corg," arsan fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

onad ó Sapaná, 7 do cóirigh 7 do gléar pé ríóigeadó láirí. Bí a gcumairt ó tuairt i n-airdear mar do buaileadó Seághan leo 'ra n-áit náe paid comne leir, baimeadó pé seir arda, baimeadó pé se arda, 7 úrúiradó pé leir so d'án, míocúirdearac.

Bailis Macú úrean de'n tpeir, mar do lean eir aca fá na b'ac-ran, 7 do gluar pé cum cabruadó leir na Gallair, aet o'eatuis Seághan 'na tpeir i lár na h-oróce 7 do éir pé ar Macú so taparó. "Óeánfam daingean i mbéatpeirpoe cum a rmaetuisge," aoir an iuirpe William Úrabaron. Úrur Seághan irteac oirca inr an tóin neam-éiróenuisge úo 7 do mill pé a b'urúhóir. Úrur pé ar an gcuma gceatna irteac ar úrean eile do luét conganra Úrabaron coir Doirpe 7 do rgar pé iad. Míor b'iongnadó sup éamig eagla ar na Sapanacáir 7 sup rgein-neatdar leó ar n-air so baile-ata-eliat.

Leigeadó do ar fearó éeirpe mbliadóan 'na óiaró rúo (1554-8), aet ní paid aon fonn ruamúir ar Seághan an Diomair. Cúimnig pé sup le n-a fínnfear cúige Ulat. Bíó an lám láirí i n-uacóir, aoir pé leir féin. B'eadó pé maetanae ar na taoirig eile géilleadó do. Dá mb'eadó pé cóim glie le h-aoó ó Néill do óeánfadó pé ceangal 7 caparóir leir na taoirpeacáir borba úo i n-ionad do éur o'fíacáir oirca géilleadó do.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iapla nuad Úreirí, leir náe géillfearó pé féin i n-aon éor do, aet léim an fear taimteac tpeir, 7 do b'eigean do mac Uí Riagallair beir umal do fearó. Míor mar rin de ó Dómnail i oTír Conail. Mí mó 'na géill an élan Dómnail ó Albainn o'áitig na gleannra coir fairrige i n-Dontuim, aet eus Seághan aóaró oirca so léir iuir gaeóil 7 gail. Míor eirig leir so mar inr an iarpac do gúiró pé cum elanna cruada Tír Conail do tabairt fá na maóair, mar p'ead Calbac ó Dómnail i gan fíor air 'na éabán ir oiróce ag baile-aóaró-éaoin 7 ba beas nár mill pé Seághan. Do tuit a lán o'á éur fear inr an ruagadó obann úo, 7 do éail pé airm 7 capail, 7 'na meap a eac éiorúub féin. Do b'e an t-eac cogaró úo an capail ba b'eadó i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugtaoir uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air arí i. Míor éur an bac úo cois ab'ead leir an b'fear gcumapac n'án.

Do tuit Macú i ngrágar éigin le eir de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadóan 1558, 7 do gúir na Sapanair iarpac ar an gcóir do éur i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt pé náe paid aon baint aige le bár Macú 7 so gcairfíoir beir fára leir an b'fearaí roin. Fuair Conn ó Néill bár ar an mbliadóan do bí eúgan. "Ta an bótar péiró do Seághan aoir," aoir an tpeir; "ní beir iapla mar éeann oirainn a tuitleadó."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Caid. 5.

Ó Néill Ulaó:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaiógis, a Seághan an Diomair! Tá an leac piosáda ann ag feiteam leat leo' coir deir do bualaó uirte mar shiúdeao do rinnreap níste rómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulacóg, agus do rineao ríac bán dípeac éirge mar cómarca coiraim eirte d'a éirib; buateao clóca spéarao ar a flinnednaib eumapada 7 catbárr ar a ceann. Caiteao ríupéir a coirpe riap rap a gualainn. Capao míle cláró-eam ór eionn ceann 7 dúirígeao mac alla na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle ríomnac—"Ó Néill abú! So maíro ar b'flait a toga!" Do tairnim an grian ar ceannaisge d'atamail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amartpac arda fé mar éualaoar ualparcag an mactipe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc.

"Do b'ónóirge uim beit am' 'Ó Néill Ulaó' 'ná am' ní ar Spáinn," arfa doó tír eógan tamall maí 'na díaró rúo. "Ír mó le h-Ulaig an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánaig," arfa an ríomroóir Mountjoy.

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Caid. 6.

"DEARBÓRÁTAIR TAITÍS DÓMHAIL."

Caitleao Máire, bainpíogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí Eilip 'na h-ionao. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríbe éiríbe 7 na ríapada ppáir an bean ba mó inntleacé le n-a linn. Do érom ní féin 7 a maíaltar láirpeac ar cur irceac ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionao i n-Éirinn. Gluair fé ó éualao go dúntoatgáin 7 cuir pógpa cum Seághan teacé 'na gáor. Níor leis Seághan air gur éualao fé an pógpa acé cuir fé euirpeao cum Sydney teacé cum a tíge 7 beit 'na ádair baírtebe d'a mac ós. Níor díultag an fear-ionao do 7 do fearaim fé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na éiríbe reo," arfa Seághan. "Ní éarvuirgeann uaim cómpac le Sárana má leigtear tom, acé má euirtear oim, bío óraib féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotéain ar fearó tamall i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionas go h-Éirinn. "Ní béad am' fuaimear," aoir pé, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh rluas le h-aíar an gnotha. Fear fealltae, boib, glie, do b'ead Sussex ro aet ní raib pé cóir gléar-inntinead le Sydney. Do eabruig Calbae Ó Domnaill leir, 7 mar an seáona elann Domnaill na hÁlbann, i nAontuim. Do searán Seághan-an-Diomair go rabtar as cur ari gan éur. Bí a éurige as dul eum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear. Tasaó teactaire Elíre 7 féacáó pé. Níor éur Elíre ruim 'na éur cainte aet leis pí d'á fear-ionas gluaireadé ó tuaró go h-Árto-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Íreab Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill pul a raib corinne leir 7 do rgiob pé leir sean Calbae Ó Domnaill 7 a bean ós, an bean úto d'fás an ríal ar a ainm. Do éur an cleap cogaró obann' roin meapbail ar na Tír Conaillig 7 do toéur Sussex a éann le cansear. Car Seághan ó deap fá mar do béad pé ar tí iarraide do eabairt fá Baile-áda-Cliaé. Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaóib Seághan ar mium an eic rin ar éann úreama úirigieadé u' Ultaeab. Níor tuig Sussex ead é an fuadar do bírá Seághan. Fá deiréad do ríuró pé go raib Seághan 'na gliaice aise 7 do beartuig pé innt dó. Do úruró pé míle fear irtead go Tír Cógain as epeada 7 as corsear, 7 u' fan pé péin coir Árto-Maca as peiréam le Seághan. Baigis an míle fear na céadta ba'úiba, na eoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 do gluaireadair ar n-air go buacae. "Féac Mac-an-Íolair," arpa uime éigin, "cá Seághan an Diomair éugab!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an láair úto aet céad 7 píde mariead 7 d'á céad coiróde, aet sairgíuig blorubéimeada do b'ead iad. Bí cinn 7 cora 'na seápnánab ar an macaire úto fá éann uaire an élois, 7 an fuigleae beas epeáda, rcolleá, as rseinnead go h-Árto-Maca, na biailib faobraea d'á n-searparó 7 d'á n-éirleae, 7 an sair-caea uaimnae úto—"Lám deapig abú!" 'na secluarab. inpreann Sussex péin le epáó epóide an raon-matoma do cuiread air.—"Ní raib pé i mínead aon Éireannaig raib fóir fearam am' aiair-pe, aet féac innti Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise aet a leat n-oirleat fear uim, as brúéad irtead ar mo aum breas ar macaire péir leatán. Do suirófinn eum Dé rail d'fásail air 'na leiréir d'áit gan coill i ngiorraet epí míle dó le ríad do eabairt d'á éur fear. Mo náire é, u'fóbar ná fáspató pé aet dóm' arim beó i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beas náir rernae pé mé péin 7 an éur eile amae leir ar uaimsean Árto-Maca."

Ní éomparó Sussex ar Tír Cógain do epeadé go ríal arí. Cuir an bupleae úto rseannparó opca i lúntuim 7 u'iair Elíre ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám veap̃s abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

Iapla Cilleòara, bràcair Seághan an Dìomair, pìòtèáin do deánad. Cuir pì teacetaipead mairteamnair cum Seághan 7 cuirpad cuise teacè so lùnòuin le labairt léi. “Nì còrròcò cor,” aoir Seághan, “so òtugaid arn Sàrana a mbòtar orèa ar ùlad.” “Bìod mar rin,” aobhairt Èlir.

Nuair do mheà Sussex ceap ré a èleap feill do cur i bperòm: tã a rshíobinn féin cum Èlir mar fíadhaire ar an bfeall. 1 mí na lúgnara 1561, rshíobann ré cum na bampiozna rin sup tairis ré luac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do Miall liat, maorciže li Néill, ar còingeall so muirbheòcò ré an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur d'èalòcò ré leir tap éir na bearta,” aoir ré. Nì fíor dúinn an raib Miall liat dárírib, aet žibé ršéat é nì èloirtear sup žnìò rē, iarraet ar Seághan do dúnmarbúgò.

Caib: 7:

seághan-an-dìomais 1 lùnòuin:

Rinne Iapla Cilleòara pìòtèáin ioir Ó Néill 7 Sàrana, mar ba mór le n-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladòr ardon anonn so lùnòuin, nòeipead na bliadna, 7 žárda žallòglac i n-éinfead leò.

Dubairt le Seághan nác bfillpead ré ar air so deò, toirš so raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na còmar aš Èlir, aet bì muinigin aigerean ar a teangsa liomta 7 bì dóic aigse nár mheà ré ruam, n-aon cùmanžac.

Dean uallac do b'ead Èlir: Bì pì dactamail, žruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla žlara aici, an t-éadac ba breagda 7 ba dáoire le pášail uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le n-í féin do còpúžac so minic 'ra ló. Péacòž do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, aet bì epiòre an beatašais alicta, žan truaš, žan truašmèil aici, 7 innctin 7 aighe tap mnáib an domain. “An labairtair bēapla cūici?” arpa duine éigin le Seághan. “Nì labórad so deimhin,” ar peirean, “mar leónpad an teangsa duairc žrānna poin mo còrrāin.” Bì ffrancir 7 Spāmir 7 lairdeann aš Seághan i dteannta a teangsa binn blarua féin. Dean teangšac do b'ead Èlir leir, 7 dubairt sup páruis Seághan 'ra bffrancir i 7 sup eitš pì còmpad leir 'ra teangsa poin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Noctas beag iní an mbliadhain 1562 do buail pé irteac
 so reómha píosacda Élip. Bí sír calma pé troigste 7 níor mó
 na curdeacda, so móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatár
 láirteac náe maib ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághain-an-
 Diomair. Tugann rctáir na Sapanac cúntur ar a énairt 7 ar a
 éruit. “Bí falluings buirde-dearjs do déanmúr d’aoir ar rileac
 riar ríor so talam leir, 7 spuasjs fionn-rusd so cipineac, com
 arpac tar a flinneánais ríor so lár a dromas, rúla glara riadaine
 aise d’féac amac oir eóm lonnrae le sac spéine; coirp
 fuinnite lútmair aise 7 ceann-aigste d’an.” Bí na céadta as
 iarraird padairc d’fásail air féin 7 ar a gallóglacda. Deir a
 cuairijs so padadar ro ceann-lomnoéta, foitc fionna oéta,
 léintecda lúirjs ó muneál so glún oéta, cpoiceann mactíre
 tar guailmib sac sír aca, 7 seáir-éuag cata i lám sac don aca.
 Níor b’ ionntaib fearjs do éir ar a leiréirib ríú. Ir deall-
 pacac so padadar i mbuigsin ártomaca. “Úmaluigiró!” arpa
 Seághan de gút glórac 7 ní maib an focal ar a véal nuair do
 bí na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin. Stao pé i seómhsar do’n
 éatsoir píosacda mar a maib Élip, asur i éatungste ar nóir
 péacóise, do érom pé a éeann, do érom pé a glún, 7 do fearamh
 pé annrom eóm díreac le gáinne. D’féac pé féin 7 Élip toir
 an dá rúil ar a éite. Labair sí i laireann leir 7 d’fheasair
 reirean i so binn-buacrae. Do moir pé a móirdeac 7 dubairt
 pé sur dail a rseim 7 a éruit é, mar ba mín i a teanga le
 mnáib. Níor luis rúil Élip maib ar a leiréir d’fear 7 ba dhinn
 léi é beir ’sá bpeasac. Do tearbáin sí d’ó i n-aindeoin a
 cómhairleoiri sur éairn pé léi, sír so maib na cómhairleoiri rin
 ar tí a éirí foia do d’óirac. Dubpadar leó féin so maib
 speim aca anoir nó maib air, 7 sír sur éusadar na coingil d’ó
 ná bainrde leir ar a éurur, meapadar, mar ba sháac, an glar
 do bualar air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do bupreac,” ar
 Seághan so d’an. “Leirfear ar n-air tú naip éigin,” ar Cecil
 leir, “aet ní fuil don am aipste ceapungste ’ra coingseall
 roin!” “Meallac mé,” arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail pé
 irteac so ládar Élipre 7 d’iarr pé coimhir uirte. “Ní leómtear
 don bárdainn do déanac duit,” aoir sí leir, “aet cairp
 panamaint asainn so fóil.” Ní ríor cionnur do meall Seághan
 i: Ba maib léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meaptar so maib pasar spáir
 ainmíre aici d’ó, 7 ir é iongnac sac leirteóra sur rgaol sí
 naic é pá deirac ar seall so mbéac pé úmal d’í féin ainm 7
 son haint ’sá fear-ionac i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear so maib
 eagla uirte leir d’a seuirteir i seuirteac é so n’óanpac
 munnir Néill fíait de Coirdeatbae lúneac Ó Néill ’na ionac

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

• Do b'annra léi Seághan 'nā eipean. B'i Sussex a's coşaint a tseangán le buile coirş ná'p bainead an ceann de colainn Seághain i lúntuim, 7 cúip ré rşeala cum Elípe so raib ré leatca ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seághan i t'á feabhar i a h-inntleact 7 sup şnít pí pí ar Ulaó de. O'iarp ré ceao uirte é meallao so Baile-áta-Cliaó i şcoir şpeama t'páşail aip. áct b'i Seághan ró-amharac 7 níor şab ré i nşaoir oo Baile-áta-Cliaó, şíó sup şeall Sussex a tseirşríur mar mnaoi tó áct teact t'á feicrint.

Caib. 8:

ním 7 fuil.

Inp an mbliadain 'na tóiaró rúo (.i. 1563) do érom Sussex ar cúip irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirşe pá talam oo tóeanao ioir é féin 7 Elíp. Do cabruis sean-námairse Seághain, na Tír-Consailis 7 Albanais Montuim, le Sussex, 7 do şluair reirşan ó tóiaró so h-Ulaó inp an ábpán 1563, áct má şluair oo şnít Seághan liaşróó coirş de féin 7 t'á şluas, 7 b'i Sussex an-buiróac so raib ré 'na cumar teicéao le n'anam. Şşriob Elíp cum Sussex ríotóain oo tóeanao le Seághan, mar náe raib aon mair tó tseit leir.

Do şnít Sussex ruo ar Elíp, 7 ar an am şeáona cúip ré réipin ríotóana cum Seághain—ualac fíona mearşuirşte le ním. T'óit Seághan 7 a linn-tişe cuio t'e'n fíon 7 t'póbaip so mbéao ré 'na pleirt. B'i ré a's cómpac leir an mbár ar feao t'á lá, 7 nuair oo táinis ré cúise féin níor b'ionşnaó so raib ré ar tsearş-tarao le feirş 7 sup şléar ré a buiróan cum coşaró. Leis Elíp uirte so raib pí ar buile i tóaoó an feilt-beart úo 7 oo şeall pí so tóabarrao pí ceart tó áct a fuaimhear oo álacao. Do şlaotóar pí abaile ar Sussex. Leis pí uirte sup mar páram oo Seághan é, áct oo b'é an cúip oo b'i aici ar Sussex sup meao ré. Do fnaíom pí ríotóain 7 caraoar mar t'eoao le Seághan aip, 7 b'i ré 'na ríş t'áipirib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leirşao tó. áct mar rin féin b'i a fuao t'o'n şall cóm şéar 7 b'i ré riam. T'á cómarpa roin cum ré carpleán ar bpuac loea n-óeac. Ueap tashapta oo b'eoao é 7 eoap ré sup beas ar na şapanais uabape an carpleán rin 7 oo bairt ré aip “Fuao na n'şall.” Tseirşear sup eoap ré an uair reo ríóşáct na h-Éiríann oo

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabáil éirise féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanaó amac airtse. Aét níor éabruis na h-Éireannaigh leir. Do rísiob ré cum fuí na fíam e as iarraid congnam airt. “Má éusann tu dom ré míle fear ar iaraét,” ar reiréan, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an tóirí reo irtead ‘ra bfaipise.” Do gceobad ré a deic n-oiréad rom i n-Éirinn féin d’a mb’áil leó eirise leir, aét níor éorruigeadar cor.

Cait. 9.

LÁM DEARG ABÚ!

Muna gceabruisíó Éire linn, marí rin féin caiteam out ar aghar. Bí an Clann Dómnail reo i n-dontuim ó uair 50 h-uair as cabruisíó leir na Sapanais. Amáranna do b’ead na fíam calma úo. Tángadar ó Albain ar éiréad Éirinn lí Néill 7 a aétar, 7 do éiréadar fúta i n-dontuim 7 i n-dalrúda. Ní raibí leághan páirta ‘na aighe rat do bíodar ‘ra tír. Do géill-eadar dó 7 do cabruisíó leir don uair amáin, aét ní raibí don ionntaib aise arda. Dubrúdar leir náe raibí don rímaét aise opta, 7 náe raibí ré rímaétanae opta cabruisíó leir, aét le n-a tóit féin. Do fíoraid bainruogán Éirí íad i san fíor. “Sead má’ ear,” aoirí Seághan leo, “gheadar líb abáile. Ní fuil don gúó agampa díb fearda.” Aét do éirí na h-Albanaigh colí opta féin 7 dubrúdar leir 50 bfanrúdar marí a raibí aca san rípleádaéar dó rom. “Do buadmar ar t’atáiríre éeana 7 ar Sussex ‘na éeanta,” aoirí na h-Albanaigh dána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Díomair a éora ar Mac-an-Éirídar, baibí ré a fíuagíte timéall airt 7 do búr ré irtead 50 h-dontuim ar nór tuinne fíarise. Buail na h-Albanaigh leir i n-gleantáirí ‘na n-oiréad n-oiríseada 7 do fearúad cat fuítead eatorpa. Tá rean-bótar dia éuar de’n baile rin Dún-abann Duinne, i gceonae dontuim, 7 do éirí Seághan-an-Díomair a ead éirídar, Mac-an-Éirídar, ar éor-in-áiríse tar éorpaibí Albanae ann, 7 pá meádon láe bí Clann Dómnail ‘na rímaibí rínte timéall airt. Do marbúisíó annrúo donsur Mac Dómnail 7 readé gcead d’a éirí fear, do gabad 7 do gonaó Séamur Mac Dómnail, 7 do éóg Seághan leir Somairle buiríe, an ríaríad eile bí opta. Do b’féarí díb d’a tógrúdarí a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám deap̃s abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 speadaó leo ar a fúige, 7 do b'féarri uó roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buirne úto do máirb le feall é féin uá bliadaim 'na diair rúto.

Mí maib ré an uair reo aét oét mbliadna uéas ar fiéto u'aoir, 7 ní maib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. leis na Sapanais opta so maibatar so móir leir. Uí átar opta ar ucúir sup mill ré Clann Uóinnaitl ó Albain 7 do gáirteatar leir. Tuig Seághan so uian maib iao. Mí gan fáé do cúmaó an fear-focail úto—"uianntán maib gáirte Sapanais." "Ir maib an iur," ar riatóran, "Clann Uóinnaitl do beir elaoiróte mar níor b'fiór uóinn eá h-am do éabróeatar leir na h-Éireannaig, aét mar rin féin beir O Néill mó-láir ar fear anoir."

Ir truaig ná'r gúto ré caratar le taoirdeacáib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionaó roin érom ré ar a éur u'fiacáib opta gúilleac uó gúbe ole maib leo é. "Cairéto taoirig Conaet a gáim bliadantamail do éabairt uóimra mar ba gnáeac leo do muigib illaó," ar reiréan. U'eirig na Conaetais é 7 p'reab ré so h-obann i láir éigearna Éloinn Riocáir, an fear ba éreire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puim uair. Do éreac ré Tír Conaitl inr an mbliadain gceatna (1566), 7 éaimis r'ganhiat ar Sapan. Do gúioraó Clir iarla fearu mumeac, Maguirir le h-eirig 'na aghaó, aét do meileac an Maguirir fá mar do meilfeac uó múilinn uórnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Artoiririr arir ar Éirinn an uair úto i n-ionaó Sussex, 7 bí aine maib aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teacairé maigalair u'ar b'aimm Stukeley éirge le h-áiréam air beir réir. "Na h-eirig amac i raíar na Sapanac 7 gceobair gúbe níó do teapuirgeann uair," ar Stukeley. "Uéan-par iarla Tír Coigam uíot má'r maib leat é." Cuir Seághan r'pánn ar 7 labair ré so neamaeac. "Ureágan ir eac an iarlac roin," ar reiréan. "Do gúibeabair iarla de mlae Cáiréais i gúirge Muimán, 7 tá buacáillí aimirge 7 rin carall aghamra acáeóim maib u'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé éroacó nuair do bí gúeim aghaib oim. Mí fuil don múnigim agham ar buir ngeallamna. Níor iarpair ríotéam ar an mbainmuigam aét u'air ríre oimra i 7 ir ríbre féin do buir 7 na Sapanais ar an iúbar 7 ar Uóinroima 7 ní leirgeat uóib teacé ar h-air so uo. Mí leóimraíó Ó Uóinnaitl beir 'na flait arir ar Tír Conaitl mar ir liomra an áir rin fearra. Na bíóó don meapóeall opt sup liomra éirge illaó. Bí mó fúirreap roimam 'na muigib uiré. Do buacáir i lem' élaréam 7 lem' élaréam do éomgbeacó i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland. English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Síod go raib Sydney 'na fear an-míreamail, tréan, bí a giorde 'na béal aise nuair d'innir Stukeley dó an cómpadó roim. "Muna ndéantar áit iarraeet beid Éire iméighe ar ár lámh. Is le n-ó Néill Maó go léir 7 caitear é coris," ar Sydney le n-Éire. "Duail é láitear," ar ríre. Do feól pí oream Sapanac anall 7 do bailis Sydney fip ar sae áit i n-Éirinn, Sapanais 7 Éireannais, mar ip iomda taoiread do cabruis leir. Do bí euid aca leirgeamail go leor eum an gnóta aet do b'éigean dóib beartúgar oíra eum cabarita le Sapaná fá mar do gnóidó inoiu.

Tácar éúgar, a Seághan-an-Díomair, a marcais an élaróim géir, gléar Mac-an-Íolair, 7 cóirig do buirdean beas laod. Ní fuil acaid aet neart buir geurleanna féin, mar náe bfuil cabair 'na congnam dóib ó éinnead larmuic.

An pádail do goiréide ar éeanntraib na Sapanac timceall Baile-aéa-Cliac. Do léim Seághan ircead innce ar nóir cóirniúge do raob 7 d'arraig ré i go ballaíde Baile-aéa-Cliac. Tug ré iarraeet fá óaingean na Sapanac i nDunóealgaín 7 bí bpuigean áir aise le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear ró-maíe do Seághan annró, 7 cuiread ar gcúl é le tuad, aet d'imir ré éirleac ar fluaigheib Sydney put ar óruio ré leir. Lean Sydney ar acaid. Do gluar ré tré Tír Cógain, 7 ar roim go Tír Conaill, i n-anóeoin Seághan, aet do lean reirdean sae órlac te'n tréige é 7 ba beas an ruamnear do tug ré dó ar fead an cuipuir. Níor éarabáin ré puam nóime rin cleara cóirpaic níor feáir 'na an uair reo. Bí Sydney 7 a fluaig lionmair epáiróte cuirleac ó foíganna obanna Seághan. Do óruio ré i nglár dóib lámh le Doirpe 7 tug cae dóib. Bpuigean saes do b'ead i, mar do éuit a lán fear ar sae taob, 7 fámluis Seághan go raib an huad leir, aet fáire go bráe! féac an oream ro as teae amair ar—na Tír Conaillis éruada fá Ó Domhnaill do bí i gcóim-núide 'na cóimib—7 bpuirad ar Seághan fá óeiread.

Do óruio ré leir ar gcúl go bealaige Tír Cógain as trannan ar Sydney. Bí ré cóim neameaglae roim, 7 cóim muinígneac roim ar féin go raib fáitíor ar na Galluib teae 'na goirpe 7 do gluaireadair oíra go Baile-aéa-Cliac áir san puinn do báir a ucuipuir aca. "Cuiread puam mo lámh oíra fóir," aueir Seághan. "Ní fácaó aiet aca ar n-air muna mbiaó na cuirpéis rin i oTír Conaill; tá fáite beac annróim aca am' épáó 7 am' éealís le fáda, aet bain an éluar díom, go múeapó iatran ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Ilugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Caib. 10.

SĠAMAILL AĠUS BĀS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgac féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na sgeola. Dúodar as cabrúgac le h-Ó Dómnail i san fíor, 7 'sá ġríorac i sgeomib Seághain. Aotú vo b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail vo bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar eallacac Calbac le déideannaisge. Níor b'fuláir do'n triac nuac ro éacé eisin vo théanac i otopac a maġla, mar ba ġnácac le ġac flait an uair úo. Bpír do' ipceac go Tír Eóghain ar ópúgac na Sapanac 7 vo épacé pé an taob éiar éuaró oi. Vo dúib 7 vo deapġ as Seághan-an-Diomair. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallaisġ, díotparó Ó Dómnail ar an ġeorġairt peo!

Vo éipá troigtheaca 7 mapacġ as tual ar ġac áipó pá déim tġe mórí Beinnboirb poim eipġe ġpéme i otopac na Dealtaine inġ an mbliadain 1567. Érom na com mórpa ar uail le teapbac ar teacé na pluasġ, 7 as lúacáil 7 as epóacó a n-eapball, mar vo fíleacdar go mbliacó reilġ aca mar ba ġnácac. Rit an fiaó puacó 7 an macéipe i b'póac inġ na coillcib móir-ociméacail mar fíleacdar poim leir le tuigpint an ainmíde go paócar ar a otopir.

Ní raib dúil i pealġ as Ó Néill an cop ro, mar bí deabad ar eum Ó Dómnail vo épacóacó, 7 vo buail pé féin 7 a plóigacéacó epí mile fear riap ó éuaró. Déapacó daoine pípceógaá go raib na cáġa as rġpéacáis ór cionn tġe Seághain-an-Diomair an máidean ro, 7 náir éualacó pé ceól na eualce ná píobapacacé an loim duib inoiu.

"Nác dān iac na Tír Conaillġ peo, 7 nác móir an tpuasġ oóib heit 'sá ġcup a plġe a mapóca," ar peiréan, nuair vo éonnac pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buidean beas ġuóce ar áipó an ġáipe ar an otaob éuaró o'ibéap ġúilġ i n'Óin na nġail.

Bí an taotoc epáigce ar an inbéap 7 vo píuó Ó Néill ġup tainm éipm vo bí ann i ġeómnúide. Níor mar rin vo Ó Dómnail. Bí áitne máic áigepéan ar an áit úo, 7 vo éogacó pé i i ġeómaip é féin 7 a éuio fear vo éopaint ar Ó Néill, mar eipġeann an taotoc go tuiġ 7 go h-obann annpúo.

Aġup péac i n-áepann le ééile an plioéc vo táimġ ó beirt mac Néill naoi nġiallaisġ—na Tír Conaillġ ó Conall ġulban 7 na Tír Eóghainġ ó Eóghan, é piúo vo bpír a époide le bpón i noiair Conaill nuair vo mapbúgacó an cupacó poim.

Deipócar nác raib don fónn bpuiġne ar Ó Néill nuair vo

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghén, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

éannaic pé an fhuas beas do bí ag Ó Dóinnail 'na éoinnib, 7 sup b'féar leir dá ngeillfóir, aet mar rin péin do bheartuis pé a euid fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúrait pé 'na n'preamaib 7 'na n'óirumaib tairna an éuar fairrige iao. Tus Ó Dóinnail foza feargac fá'n gceao euid do fpoie anonn 7 do b'ur pé iao. Muna raib mópán fear aise, eait f'adais do b'ead iao go lóir. Rinne pé mar an gceadna leir an dajna eipe calma. "Cait fear iao do éur ar poim," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail pé é péin ag ceann cóir capall, aet do p'ead marcais líi Dóinnail amac ar los air 'nór gáta gaoite, 7 d'á feabar é Seághan-an-Dìomair 1 ar éisim do bí pé 'na éumar cois do éur leó. D'ead pé timéall air. Bí euid d'á d'preamaib meargta éiré n-a éile 7 a tuitlead aca rgarra ó n-a éile. Níor tuis Seághan fáe an mearbútail go b'eadar pé an tairde ag eirge rgeoin ag teat ar a euid fear, 7 Ó Dóinnail le n-a buircean laoc ag eir opca go dian. Níor meac eirde Seághan n'p an amsar úto, 7 do érom pé ar éirlead le n-a marcais go fiaóan, 7 a buil ar éorandáirde annro 7 annro ag glaothac ar a éimpeadna a gceut fear do éoirúgac. Do gnió pé péin iarraet ar an fhuas do bairúgac leir i n-easair éoir, aet ní raib flige éum eapac aca, 7 bí euid aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an tairde ag pómar timéall opca. Fír ó lár tuata do b'ead a b'p'móir. Táinis rgeoin níor mó opca 7 b'p're uar.

Bácaó 7 marbúgac t'pí écaó uéas fear aca. Do b' cat uerpeannac Seághan-an-Dìomair é agur an tubairte ba mó do tárluis ruam dó. An méro a éuaró t'p'earna flán tar m'bear miltac Súnis do teideadair leo, agur do rgeoin a b'laic ruar coir na habann ag eapacac áta, agur doirn marcac leir. Do t'earbáin Tír Conallac d'áir b'ainn gailcabair ac 'p'an abann dó ó mite ó páir an buataó agur do tuis Seághan Ó Néill a eul ar Tír Conail, allur air, a t'earga agur a eapbail éom te, t'p'm, le r'méapóro teime, agur enap na r'górnaiz le buairdite aigne.

Bí Ó Dóinnail 7 a fáir-fír go meirpeac, 7 a d'eimnte enám aca d'éir an buair, aet ní raib fíor aca go rabadair ag uéanac oirpe na Sapanac, obair do t'p' ar na gail rin ar feac éuis bliadna uéas poime rin, gró sup eaitleadair na miltc fear 7 dá milliún púnt éirge.

Caó do uéanair Ó Néill illac anoir? D'p' leabair na t'p're Ollamain go raib pé éatcprom 'na éann uar éir b'p'ighe áirpe an gáir, aet ní fuil 'pa méro rin aet coir eante. Bí an eipac úto r'pó-aigeancaimail 7 r'pó-láir 7 g'p'oirde 7 a g'copp éum epomac ar flubairgeat agur ar éneadais 7 ucaob b'p' ad don b'p'ighe amám. Ní raib pé dá fíccac bliadna d'áir f'p' 7 bí m'p'ead an leomain i g'comhruide aise. U'arrr euid d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oiriseada coisear air gèilleadh do Sàpna aet nìor b'è rin intinn Seághan i n-aon eòr. Sgaoi pé Somairle buirde do bí mar ùime aige le d'á bliadhain, 7 éuir mar teadairpe go Cloinn Dóinnail i n-Albain é as iarraidh conganata oiréa. Do ghealladar do í, 7 ghníò pé féin 7 gáirí marcad ionas comne leo i mDunabann Duinne, i n-dontuim. D' úmhuiseadar go talamh do 7 gléaradar pé ríó i gcábhán fairsing do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, d'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataoíir ó Clíre do éualaidh ead do bí ar ríub i as Seághan. Ní fuil aon ríubínn le págail do dearbhuig ann sup eus an captaen Pierce úo díol fola do na hAlbanais, aet tá mpar gáir as gac úgudar air.

A Seághan-an-Dìomair, tá do ghnó deánta.

Deir do námarde féin amain, go raib do lám láirí mar ríad i gcóinnuird as an bfeair la, 7 nác raib gairíde ná fear mí-miasalta ió' ceannraraib leó' linn. Deir ríad, leir, sup b'è do ghnáe san fuirde eum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deiréad, as boet ió' Cíoró, do éruinnígead ar do táirpís. Aet tá deiréad leó' féilead 7 leó' gairge láiríde, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíorad as cogarrais le Captain Pierce inr an gcábhán. Ní éoiríir uail de éonair asur ní lean-fair an ríad ríad ére coiltib enó na Tríúca go deó aír. Ní éoiríir ríuagte tír Eóghan do gáiréata nìor mó, mar tá ríde Albanad ar do eúl a san ríor ríut 7 Pierce d'á ngmogaó sup marbhuigir a n-aíreaca i mbuigín Sleanna raire. Ríead ió' fuirde ó'n mbóirí ríon a Seághan-an-Dìomair 7 ríad ríá tíar díot mar tá an ríleas i ngíoríad órlais deó' órom leatán.

Asur líúéann an coirpíun amuir ar Spút na Maoile, 7 búrpeann na tonna bána ar an ríráis le fuaim coir Dunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annrúo eapn eíóe i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Dìomair 'na éoíla le bpeir asur ríí éeat bliadhán.

“Seáet mbliadhna Seapceatt eúic céo
Míle bliadhán ir ní bréce,
Co báir tSeááin mic mic Cumn
Ó tóiréet Cíoró hí eolainn.”

Éós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirínn 7 báinead an t-éatad daor de eópp díeannata líí Néil. Fuair Pierce a míle ríut mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainmogaí, 7 buairead an ceann eairíeac úo ar díorí ar an rínn do b'áirde ar eairíeáin Dáile-déa-Clíad.

THE PROUD SHANE

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THE PROUD SHANE

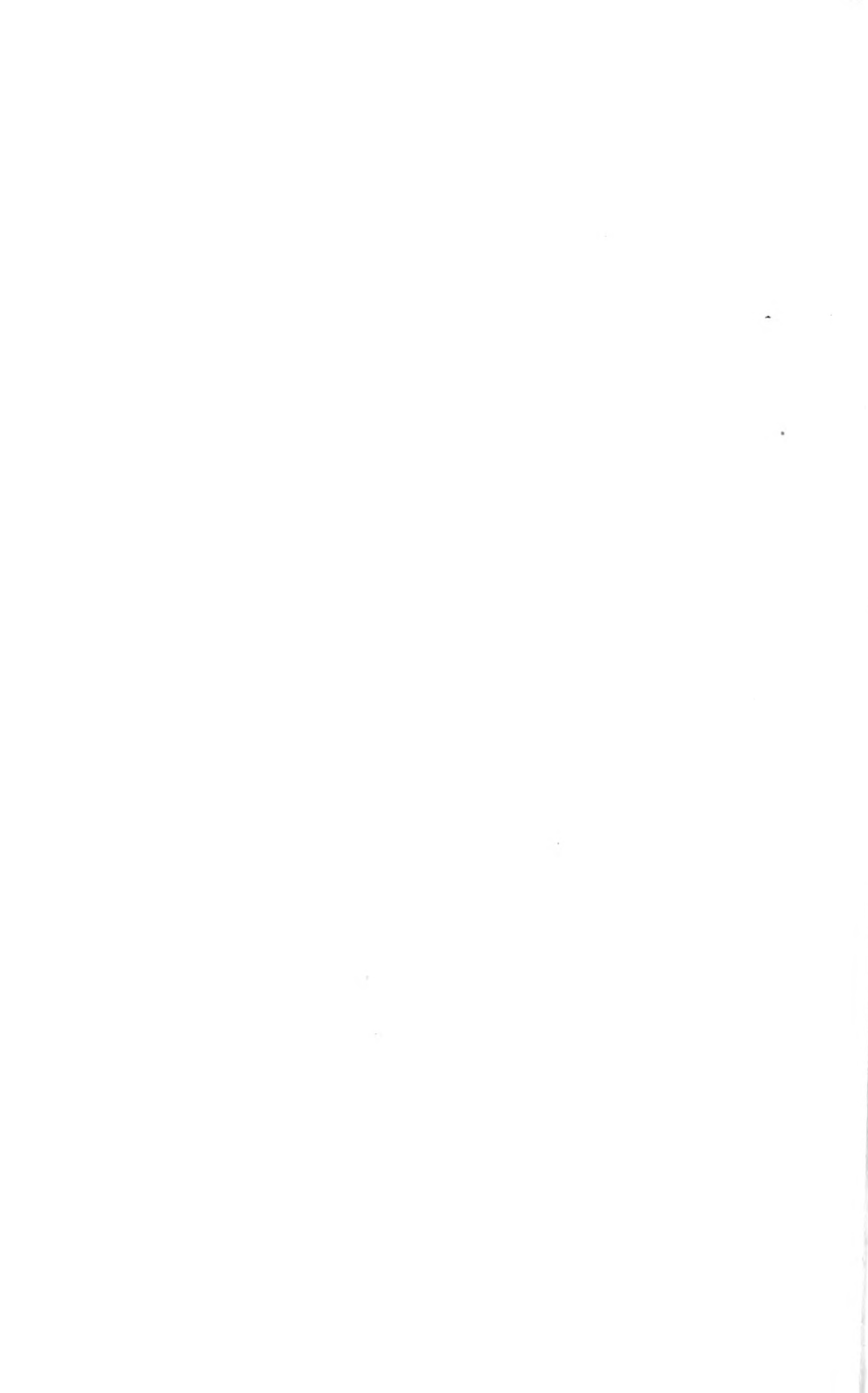
THE PROUD SHANE

THE PROUD SHANE

THE PROUD SHANE

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING
SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original



as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(D) CAILÍN NA MBRÁDTE.

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Bí cailín fao ó i tici na mbráidte agus ní bíod aon teóra leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cup poimprí le déanamh.

Ir cuma cao a beaó san déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó pé san déanamh arí feaó ráite, nuairí déarfairde leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fíeasra bíod aici i scóinnuibe: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráidte arí tóir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráidteib eile.

Aon lá amáin a táinig fean-bráidteir éuca ó mainirteir eile, agus, nuairí a éuala pé an t-ápo-molaó arí cailín na mbráidte, "Beirí fíor asam-ra," arí reiréan, "an bfuil rí éom maic agus veirtear liom í beirí."

"Cosar," arí reiréan le ceann de na bráidteib, "abair leir an scailín teacé irteacé i feómpa na leabair agus, nuairí a beirí rí irició ann, abair léi supí ceartí oí na leabairí a nise."

"Agus cao éuige go scuirfínn obairí óinrige marí rin poimprí? Beaó feartí uirtí agus b'féidir go bfeasraó rí rínn. Ní fuirte cailín marí i 'faóil scailíam óuit."

"Déan ruo oim," arí an fean-bráidteir.

Oo glaoúig pé arí an scailín agus ní raib rí i bfeas as teacé, agus, nuairí a táinig rí, dubairte an fean-bráidteir léi go bog péio: "Cloirínn supí anaóailín éú. Ir móir an t-iongnacó liom, a b'píro, na leabairí feo beirí san nise asac fíor."

"Bíor víreac éun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a áair."

"Ó ní fábaó óuit é, a b'píro," arí an bráidteir eile go feartí. Ó 'n lá pain go tóí an lá inoíu tá Cailín na mbráidte marí ainm arí éinne a bíonn "éun é rin déanamh" i n-ionacó é beirí déanta:

(F) AN SAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháill.

Tamall maic ó pín anoir bí óaoine 'na scóinnuibe i n-oileán beas i n-íóctar na hÉireann agus ní raib aca áct an fáeúilg. Marí scail arí go mbíod óaoine raibíre as teacé arí euaire arí

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine boéta ná raib uata aet an Deanta d'fógluim agus go mbeoip raibib go deó. Leanann an galair céadna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beir aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Aet cá raib an bheara le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fíor aca go raib bheara i n-Éirinn, aet eualadar go raib an bheara doib' fearr 'ra dothan i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an bheara.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóig leat sup go hAimeirice a bí ré ag tuit. Bí an lá 'na lá raoinne ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus eionna, go dtí port na hÉireann agus cuirtear an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáid ba mó ar an oileán.

D'fás teachtairne an bheara plan aca agus d'imtigh air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra catair bí bheara aise, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aise fíllead a baile. Bí ré cuirtear go leor ó beir ag coirtheacht, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féir an Clotaigh i n-aice na fairsge, fuir ré fíor.

Bí na focail go cruinn farta aise, 7 le heagla go mbead riad cailte aise, bíod ré ag rád mar raoinin "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an ainmriar fliuc agus bí féir an Clotaigh bog. Go deimhin, bí sí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boét ag tuit trarna, eadair ré ar lár agus d'fóbaip do beir báidte. Tarrainis ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tirim. Aet, mo éreac ip mo cáir! Bí an bheara cailte aise.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair d'innir ré a rgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buaidéarta go leor, agus 'ré tubairt gac duine aca leir féin sup móir an truaig nac é féin a cuirtear go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aet ead a bí le deanam anoir? Bí an bheara cailte i bfeir an Clotaigh agus b'féir go mbéad ré le fágáil fíor.

Do gluar peirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báid go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an bheara le n-a goir. Ceapbáin ré dóib cáir cailt ré an bheara i lár na féirte.

Éromadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taoragad agus níor b'fada dóib ag gabáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," anfeachtairne an bheara, "gao mara," "gao mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEAL.

ní macaíó mire go bpáé ar gcúl
 nia r eigin beiré úmál daoib 'r móir mo leun,
 muna dtis liom riúbal, muna dtis liom riúbal,
 muna dtis liom riúbal ar mo páipe-re féin.

Éáinís an tsaíonóna teit, 7 fín mé riar ar banca bpeáís féir, ar
 éaoib an bótair, ásur níor b'fada sup éuit mo éotlaó orim.
 Ásur im' éotlaó éonnaire mé aiplins.

Do bí mé áz riúbal, marí faoil mé im' aiplins, i dtíri anaitéirio
 naé raib mé ariamí poimie reó i n-aon tíri éorimíul léi, bí rí éom
 bpeáís rin. Bí bóirpe caola ró-riúbalta áz tul tríó an tíri
 áluinn reó, ásur do bí páirceanna glara ásur féar bog uaithe,
 ásur h-uile róiré bláé t'á b'facaíó ríul ariamí, áz fár ar gac aon
 éaoib de'n bótair. Áét do bí an bótair féin cam corriac élocac,
 ásur bí rpprílleac áz réiréacó ari, do loit ásur do dáil ríile
 na n-daoine do bí áz riúbal ann.

Ásur níor b'fada go b'facaíó mé fear óz lúctmar láitíri amac
 póimam, áz gabáil an bótair marí do bí mé féin. Ásur éonnaic
 mé an t-ósgánac ro áz fearamí go minic éum an púdaíri tíim do
 bí t'á réiréacó ari an mbótair do éuimílt t'á ríulib. Ásur do
 bí an bótair éom h-ahíreíó ásur éom élocac rin sup éuit ré
 anoir ásur arií mar bí ré áz riúbal. Ásur an uairí deiréannaic
 do éuit ré níor féacó ré éiríge no go t'áinís mire éom fada
 leir, ásur éugar mo lám tó sup éós mé ar a t'á éoir arií é,
 ásur duháirt mé leir go raib ríul ágam naé raib ré gortuigíte.
 U'fpeasairí reiréan de b'riaéraib binne blarta naé raib ré gortuigíte
 go móir, áét go raib faicéoir ari naé deiréacó ré go
 deiréacó a airtíri an lá rin, marí do bí an bótair éom garí ásur
 éom éruarí rin. Ásur t'fíarppuig mire t'á an fada do bí le tul
 aise. Duháirt reiréan náir b'fada, áét sup mian leir tul go
 baile-móir do bí cúis míle amac uainn, tul éáinís an oróce ari,
 óir burí mian leir puo le n'íte, ásur leabuir, fásáil, ásur gan
 an oróce do éaitéamí amuig ari an mbótair fíatáin rin.

Ásur nuairí éualáirí mé rin do bí iongantar orim, óir bí t'á
 uairí de'n lá ágáinn fór, poimí luithe na g'éine, ásur b'fóruir do
 duine ar bíé do bí éom lúctmar láitíri leir an ósgánac rin cúis
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin. t'á b'fásfadó ré an t'pocóbótair ásur
 t'á riúbalfadó ré ari an macaire b eáís réirí do bí le n-a éaoib;
 ásur duháirt mé rin leir.

“Ná bíóirí iongantar orit fúm-ra,” a deirí ré, “óir ní féitíri
 le duine ar bíé in ran tíri reó an bótair fásáil. Éom élocac
 enapac corriac ásur acá an bótair, éaitéirí duine fanamaint ari.

'AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

'THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

“Má fásann pé an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire breáí péir, íocfaid pé ar go gearr. Tá luét gearra ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír seo, faigtiúirí mórna tuisa. Is iad na faigtiúirí seo do punne gac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus is oile do punneadar iad, aet má fásann tuine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leanfar é leir an gearra tuisa ro, agus beirte air, agus tiomáint nómpa é, go gcuirte ar an mbótar aipir é, gan buídeacair dó.”

“Aet,” ar fa mire leir an rrainnfar, “ní féidir go bfuil an oiread sin de faigtiúirí tuisa ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbail na mbótar do rmaetuisa agus do fáruisac mar sin. Mac mbíonn luét-riúbail na mbótar níor iomaadaila ná an gearra tuisa ro, agus nac bfeadfaid ríad an lám uacair fásail oirra, agus bfuilte ardeac, in a n-aimhdeoin, ar an macaire mín áluinn sin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar gearra púdarac poll-líonmar ro?”

“O’feadfaid sin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rrainnfar, “óir bíonn fíde fear láidir ar an mbótar i n-geair an don g ríad áimín, aet acá ríre tuisaídeac gearra ag an gearra tuisa, ann ran ríreir or eionn na mbótar, agus is dóig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre o’fásbail, agus tar éir gac oile agus doéir agus doéir o’á uacann oirra ann rna ríreir miltedac miltuige reo, ní’ an eirde ná an coráirte aca iad o’fásbail, agus is dóig gur ab é sin mar gearr ar an tuisaídeac do gearr na tuisa tuisa. Aet is é an ríad is iongantais aca uile, nac bfuil in ran gcu o is mó de na faigtiúirí reo aet coráirte eacra faigtiúirí; is gearraíde gan bfuil gan ríreaint iad, aet is dóig le luét-riúbail na mbótar gur fuil agus feoil iad, agus go loirte ríad an tuine fásfar an bótar le n-a gcuirte ar.”

Do riúbail ar ar n-geair le éirle ann sin, 7 níor bfuil go ríamair eom fáruisde sin gur b’éirle tuisa ríreir ar an mbótar, agus do gcuil an ríre agus an tuisa oirra go móir. Tuisaíre mé ann sin leir an gearra, “Ní bíonn eom tuisa ro dá mbeir deo uirge gearr.”

“Tá tobair breáí ríre-uirge,” aubairte ré, “fá bun eirann breáí úbail, ceatnaíle míle amac nóiminn, aet tá ré ar an tuisa ardeir de’n éirle, in ran macaire, agus ní oirreannac é tuisa eom ríad leir.”

Aet do gcuil an ríre oir eom móir sin go tuisaíre mé, “Cairde mé ól rí, dá maróirde ar an móir mé. Treoiríre mé go rí an tobair ro.” Táiríre ríreir ar an gearra, agus tuisaíre ré, “Is i mo eomairte tuisa gan tuisa ann, aet má rí éirle tuisa, ní bfuil mé éu. Fásfaid mé do eirdeacra nuaíre

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiuefar mé éom fáda leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ní marbódáir tu mipe."

T'éirigeamair ann rin, agus fíuclamair le céile, go bfacamair epiann móir áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll fíde péirre arcead ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an élarde do bí ar éaoib an bótar, agus éonnaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge t'á rseicead amad fá bun an épiann áir áluinn, agus éonnaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beasa agus úbla leat-apuir agus úbla móra deapga lán-apuir, as fáir le céile ar an sepiann rin. Aét do bí an oipead rin de rmaet agus de rpanniat ar éaoimib na tíre rin náir baimead oipead agus don uball aca, agus ba léir éam, ar an bfeair fáda fáramail do bí éart timcioll an tobair éaoim-áluinn rin, naé tóaimis don éuine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair éonnaic mipe an méad rin do seir mo épiorde i lár mo éleib, agus dubairt mé 's or-áir, "Bainir mé cuir de na h-ublaib rin agus óirair mé mo bótar de'n tobair rin, má'ré an báir acá i n-éam éam."

Agus leir rin t'éirig mé de léim áir éatrom aérad de bárr an élarde-teópiann agus arcead ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair éonnaic an t-óganaé an nír rin, do leir ré orna ar, óir ba bóig leir sur b'é mo báir do bí mé t'á tóirigeaet.

Agus nuair éaimis mipe leat-bealair íoir an seilairde agus an tobair, t'éirig rairgíurí túb, mar beir armaet áirbéal úr-áiranna, ruar, ar an bfeair fáda, agus do tóg ré élardeam móir le mo éeann do rseicad, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éualair mé ar mo éil an rseicad do éuir an t-óganaé ar an mbótar ar, le teann-fairéior. Níor lúga 'ná rin an fairéior do bí orim féin, óir ní raib arim ar bit ágam le mo éoraim. Aét do érom mé ar éloic máir móir do bí fá mo éoir, éom móir le mo éoir féin, agus éus mé toga upéair de'n éloic rin leir an rairgíurí áirbéal. Do buail an éloic é, mar fáoil mé, i seairt-lár a éadain, agus éuair pí amad éirí a éeann, amail agus naé raib ann aét rseile. Agus ar an móimio níor léir éam éuit ná euma an rairgíurí, aét do bí ruo gan éuit ann amail plám de'n éeó, agus do leag an éeó rin, agus do rsear ré ann ran rreir, agus ní raib éadair éatrim-pe agus an tobair. Éus mé ann rin naé rairgíurí ná feair éogair do bí ann, aét ruo b'éagaé 7 rseile do rinnead le épiordeaet, éum na n-éaoine do rpanniat ó'n tobair. Cuair mé go tci an t-uirge agus níor bac ruo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus t'ólar mo fáir ée, agus dar liom-ra go raib ré éom máir le pion. Bain mé úball móir deapga de'n épiann ann rin agus t'itear é, agus do bí ré éom míur im' beal le mil. Nuair éonnaic mé rin, glair mé ar an óganaé agus dubairt mé leir "teat ar ac éusam, óir naé raib éadair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a baeat.” Com luat agus eug ré rin fá deapa, táinig ré féin arcead tar an glaire, agus é fá eagla móir, agus fuinn ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na h-úblaib, agus fíneamar riap le céile ar an bfeáir bpeáig bog, agus tóruigeamar as eaint. Agus d’fíarpuig mé d’é ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge d’a bfuil ar an domán i.”

Tórais ré ann rin as innpint rgeula na tír rin dām, agus toubairt ré, “Tá an tír peó ’na h-oileán, agus do éputais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riap de’n domán, an áit a shabann an shian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úipe i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus veir tura sup tír iongantae i, aet ni tuisgeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, Vanba agus Fódla agus Éipe.”

Nuair eualair mé rin, do eug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géasán de’n épann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bforáilt mo fúile dām, riú mé mo luide ar an glaire ar taoib an bótar, roir bail-at-elias agus bótar-na-bpuighe, agus mo éapa Diarmuid bán ’s am’ fátao i m’earna-eaib le marie. “’S miro tuit veit dul a-baile,” doeir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom. Ni fácaio mac mátar ariam a leiteio d’airling agus éonnaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bpuonglóir d’ó, ó tūr go veiréat.

“Maireat! mo sháó tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péir, “agus b’fíor do bpuonglóir. Fáit agus file tu,” doeir ré. “Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “míniú dām é.”

“Ir ar éalan na h-Éipeann do bí tu gan don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “aet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-Éipeannais uile as riúbal, ar na bóirpib do pinne na Saepanaig le n-a geuro tligte agus le n-a geuro fáiriún féin, agus rin bóirpe nac féirp le Saeréal riúbal orra gan tuipluigat agus gan tuitim, gan doéar agus gan uólár. Aet má éréigeann riad bótar an tSaeparaéar agus an Véarladair, agus iad do dul arcead ar a maéaire bpeáig feurmaidir féin ni veit’ riad as riúbal go éuarat ar peat an lae iomláin, mar an t-Éipeannae boet rin do éonnaic tura, le leabur agus le ruipear d’fáigil ran oirde; aet do fácaoir fá d’ó níor faire, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nac leigseat na sháruat tuda rin do na daoimib d’ól ar, nac tuisgeann tu sup tobair na glan-Saeréitge é rin, agus eia bé Éipeannae óirar deó ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a beal, d’a neapteuat agus d’a fionn-fuapat. Agus an raiéoir tuid rin d’éirig roir tura agus épann na h-úball, b’ é rin an fáiriún Saepanae, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é t'ímtiúg ré ar amarc mar ceó, óir tigeann na fáiríúin mar ceó, agus má éorann tuine é féin oirra imtígeann ríad mar ceó arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connaic tu ar an gcéann arís áluinn, rin é an toraó atá ag fáir ar mácaire na Saeóaltaí, agus má fáigann na Saeóeil na bóiteir ír ar éirí na Sacpanaig iad le dul ardeac ar a tatalam féin aia, na h-úbla rin náir blar ríad le dá éad bliadan bainirí ríadfarís go tuis iad. Agus ag rin tuit anoir, a Éraoibín, mar míni sim ré t'airtíngs," ar ré.

"M' anam a Úia, a Úiamuir," ar ra mife, "níl do fámaíl de míniúteoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an éad airtíngs eile béirdear agam ír éugad-ra tuitfar me. Ír fearr ná Daniel tu. Bhorcuig ort anoir agus béiríom do dul a-baile."

T A D H G S A B A .

CAIBIDIL I.

Bí Tadhg Ua Úroin 'na saba, agus bí a éaróca ar éaoib an bótair i n-aice le Úroicead na Seadóige, veic míle i ttaoib tair do Cill Áirne.

Seadóige maic do b'ead Tadhg. Ní raib 'na párróirde féin, ná b'féoir i gCiappairde, fear do b'féoir a éirfead crúó fá éapall ná clár ar éadca. Aet mar rin féin, ní raib Tadhg san a loédaib féin. Ír dóca náir éainis riam lá donais ná marraib ná reicirde Tadhg ar rraio Cill Áirne, agus ír ró-annam a bí ré ag teac abailé trádénóna san veit rúgac go leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá n'éarfaó don'ne le Tadhg ar maidin lae an donais, "An bfuilir ag dul go Cill Áirne iníu, a Tadhg?" 'ré an ffeasra a seobad ré, "Ní ffeadar," nó "b'féoiríom uom"—'ran am éadóna ag bualaó buille dá cárrú ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ír dá mbéad ré ag ráó, "Ír móir atá fíor uair."

Iluir a bí lá an marraibí ann bí 'fíir ag sac uile tuine goe raib gno aige ar an gcearócam go mb'feoiríom do ffeasra ra bail dá mbad maic leir a gno veit déanta i gcear. Ír íomda rgeal speannmar a bí ar fuair na párróirde timéall Tadhg agus a éuir oibre maidin lae donais, mar ar éuir ré tairnge i mbeo, lá, i gceapall Seagáin léit, agus mar ar póll ré ar móir veuacal clár a bí aige dá éur ar éadca le Uomnall Ua Úruigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, Δ Cpaoibin , how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beas 'na cónnairde i mbéal na Seadaige darbh ainm dó Míceál Crón, aet níor tugadh suam air aet Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéad don gnó as Míceál na gCear ar an gceartó-dain ní fárdéad don lá dó dul ann aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aise go raib Tadós as dul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod maraó Cill Áirne ar an Satharn asur bíod donad ann an céad Luan do'n mhí, mar atá anoir.

Mairin lae donais bí Míceál as an gceartó-dain éun ríoníní 'fásáil dá mbea, asur cónnaic ré ná raib puinn le déanamh as Tadós.

"Ír dóda, Tadós," pra Míceál, "go mbéid t ar an donad."

"B'féidir dom," pra TadóS. "Bí Séamur Táillúra as ráó liom iníod go mbéad ré as sa áil roir timéall an t-don uair déas, 7 dá mbad máit liom dul leir go bfaiginn marcaidheacht uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá n ríeal," appa Míceál, "ní'l don máit dom mo déadua a bheir anuair éun é 'cup i o íeo."

"Ní'l, go deimín; táim san sual, asur caiteir m dul a t'iarrair beagáin suail asur árbair ia painn."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gClea as dul baile do ear ré i tead éun tise ílilb óis, fei meoir beas eile bí 'na cónnairde i n-áice e Míceál féin.

"Cá rabair, a Míeíl?" appa ílilb.

"Bíor as an gceartó-dain as féa aint an mbéad an sabá ullam i mbárad éun pionnai 'cup im' b'áca. Bí TadóS as tachtant oim é 'cup éuise iníu mar ná raib móráin le déanamh aise."

"Nac b'eit ré as dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Éuala é as ráó go mbéad iadail air an t-aral a cup go Cill Orslan a t'iarrair beagáin suail."

"Ír mai liom sur sabair irtead éugam. Bíor as eaint le Tadós árbuáó iníod, asur 'ré duabair ré liom ná bead am aise don ní a déanamh lem' déadua go dtí Dia C'aradain reo éugainn. Tá an amfir as pleamhuáó uaim asur san puinn déanta asam. Sé ír feárr dom a déan m mo éé éda a bheir éuise anoir ó tá casol as an ngaba. Ní b'íó don'ne as teadé éuise iníu."

Do déas Míceál a píopa, asur t'untis r' air a baile.

Nuair t'fás Míceál an ceartó-dá, asur ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh as Tadós éuair ré irtead éun é féin a bearrad 7 a glanad i gcomair an donais. Ní raib r' aet tead-bearréa nuair do cup ílilb a éeann irtead an uorap s ráó, "Bí ó Dia annro."

"Tis 'r Muire duit," appa Tadós, aet ní ó n-a époirde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aise náir éaimis pílirib san shó; “ir dóda go bfuilir as toul a p an tpráto.”

“Nílim, go déimhin; tá a mialaire de shó aham ná pprátoiseacht,” arpa pílirib.

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar éaoib an teampail, a pílirib.”

“Má ’reath féin, ’ré r ceart dom mo díceall a déanamh an fáto a-dim ar an rasoal ro, 7 anoir baó maire liom dá gcuirfeá mo éeáda i tpeo dam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-shódaé.”

“Ir truaig liom, a pílirib, naé féirir liom don ní a déanamh leó’ éeáda inoiu—ní l don shuail aham, asur tá iacall oim toul go cill áirne dá iarrair.”

“Ní gábadó duit don tpioblóto a beir oir mar gceall air rin; tá málin shuail ra tpucaill aham.”

“Oroé-éiríe oir féin ir do éeáda,” arpa Caothas a n-a fíacalaid. “Cao tá le déanamh ar do éeáda, a pílirib?”

“Tá clár a éur air, éuaró a éur ar an roe, 7 é ’éur beagán ra bpo. Teartuigeann beagán éuaróe ó bair an cóltair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanamh do’n raca.”

“Ní l don éuaró aham aet don rmuicín amáin a gceallar a éur ar rann-airin do Seaáan Séamuir,” arpa an Sabá.

“Tá lán mo uócan éuaróe aham-ra ra baile,” arpa pílirib.

“Bí-re as baint an tpean-cláir do’n éeáda; bea-da ar n-air leir an gcuair san móil.”

“Buir maire liom, dá mb’féirir liom é, do shó a déanamh inoiu, aet do rsoil cor m’uirp nroé nuair a bíor as cup iarainn ar roe le Seaáan bpe c, asur beir iacall oim cor nua éur ann. Bíor éun cor a bpeir abaire liom inoiu ó’n donacé.”

Fear beas canncaraé do b’eath pílirib óg. Connaic ré go maire sur a t’iarrair leir-rséil do déanamh do bí Caothas Sabá, asur bí a éeal as éirge.

“Sé mo tuairim, a Caothas,” ar rair-an ra beiréath, “naé bfuil don fonn oir m’obair do déanamh. Baó éoir go mbéath mo éur airgto-re éom maire le hairgeath illicil na gclear, aet cím naé mar rin atá an rseal, asur ó tá mo éor ar an mbótar tá shuibne eile ’ra párróirde éom maire leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga iuto; nílim-re a’ bpaire ar do éur airgto, a rganpóir! Beir leat do fcan-éeáda pé áit ir maire leat,” arpa an Sabá.

“Ir maire é mo buiréadar, a Caothas; aet ir dóig liom go mb’féirir duit rannairin ’ra baile ná beir ro’ maipín laeairge ar práto cill áirne, as caiteam do éow’ airgto 7 do fláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-ainm an oiabail! Ní hé do éur airgto-re a bim as caiteam, a rppáinlógín. B’féirir naé é gae don shab beath éom bog leat ir bior-ra as déanamh éuiróce toot’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúsaó fean-iappainn. Iméig leat anoir, agus b'éiríodh go faicte fean-éiríodh éapail ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhán Caois an doiar.

Bí pílíbh as cup de sup bain pé amaé ceapóca áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an saba bí i n-áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maic ó roim 'n-a púntíreac as Caois Saba. Ó t'pás pé Caois bí pé tamall dá ainm i gCorcais g bliadain nó dó i nAlbain. Duacail eallmair do bí ann g ceapócaíde maic. Coisan Ua Laoisair do b'ainm dó. Bí maib móran fáilte aise roim pílíbh nuair do éannaic pé é as teacé, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aise roimhir nuair t'innir pílíbh do ar an gcairmir do bí roim é féin g an fean-saba.

Dubairt an saba ós le pílíbh go maib eagla air ná béad caoi aise ar don ní do téanam le n-a céacda go t'í deiréad na reatmaic. Míor maic leir pílíbh t'eiteac, acé bí púil aise ná béad pílíbh fáilte le feiteam com fáda rin agus go mbéad pé as b'eit a céacda leir ar n-air go t'í Caois nó go t'í saba éigin eile, acé ní maib don maic dó ann.

"Fásfa-rá annro mo céacda," arfa pílíbh, "dá mb'éigean dom fúireac leir go ceann coisctíodh ó 'nriu, g car éir an doiré b'eit a fuairear ó Caois Saba an lá ro ní baosal dó go b'acé arir pingsinn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a pílíbh," arfa Coisan, "cá a fíor agat go maic nac b'fuit Caois mó-burdeac díom-rá i t'caoi teacé annro, agus ní'lim a fáó acé an fíunne nuair a deirim go mb'fearra liom go móir ná fásfa-rá ceapóca Caois éun teacé éun mo ceapócan-rá."

"Ar an fíunne ir córa nac a b'eit," arfa pílíbh, "acé deirim leat muna mbéad don saba eile ar ro go eadair Corcais ná faictead Caois Ua Uroim don ní le téanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarín féin as Coisan Ua Laoisair. Bí maib do élaic as Caois Saba acé don ingean amáin. Bí maib pí acé 'n-a gearr-eaile as tuit ar r'gail nuair do bí Coisan 'n-a púntíreac as a naicair. Bí r' ana-éanamail ar Coisan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Duacail g'ráomair p'ubáilceac do bí ann; níor b'fáir leir b'eit 'measg duacailí eile mar é féin 'ná b'eit i láir r'gata páirí agus gleó aca do éiríreac allairí opt. Mar g'eall air reo ní maib leant 'ra baile san b'eit éanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus bíodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair t'pás pé Caois Ua Uroim. Ua mó an t-uaignear do bí ar Heilí bis a' saba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair t'iméig Coisan, agus éaom pí go fúireac 'na t'iaid.

T'pás Heilí ruar 'n-a eailín deap g'rártamail. Do eailceac a m'cair nuair bí pí reat m'biaóna téas t'áoir, agus ó b'ar a m'cair 'pí Heilí bí mar bean-tíge as Caois, agus ní n'p'oe a fáó go maib pí 'n-a m'naoi-tíge maic. Bí maib ar p'obal na Tuairé

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feap ba deire rtocha 'nád acairí Neilli, agus ar fion go raib Taois 'n-a gaba, agus san cpoiceann ró-geat air, ní raib léine an tras-airt féin níor gile 'nád a léine ar maroin Dia Domhnais.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eogan Ua Laoisair abaithe go n'oubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir uóig liom go raib ríre ar an aigneab céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n tpean-gaba. Ili raib don deabab air cun cleamhnair do déanam dád ingin, mar bí a fíor aise go maít go mbéad ré an-leactlámad san Neilli, aet i n-a aigneab féin baó maít leir, dá mbéad fonn pórtca uirru, go mbéad Séamur Táilliúra mar élamain aise.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gceartúcan, a píop 'n-a béal aise agus é as réitíeab na mbuile do'n gaba, nó a' bualaó dó nuair do bí Taois as cup cnuabó ar painn nó as déanam cnuó do éapail, 7, ar nór Taois féin, bí an-uúil aise i ríaríreabac. Bí tri rabailíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar éaet na máirta. Ní raib pílib i bfaó tar éir iméaetca nuair do bí Séamur Táilliúra as a tpucaill as uopar an gaba.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arpa Séamur.

"Táim i ngorraet dó," arpa Taois; "níl agam le déanam aet mo bpoá do cup oim. Bporcuig oir, a Neilli; tá an bpoá rin maít go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo éapabac? Ná bac leir a' ríatán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tupa a' teacé linn, a Neilli?"

"Nílim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féirir ar ball go raíamín féin le coir máire cpoín, agus béir a' t-apal agaimn."

"Ir feárr duit teacé linn-ne. Dá olcar mo éapail, ir feárr é 'nád apailín máire."

"Go raib maít agat, a Séamur. Do gellar do máire fuireac léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; ní'l puinn le déanam agam-ra ar an donac."

"Deaca duine a toir," arpa Séamur, agus ar píubal leó.

Nuair a bíotar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, "ar buail pílib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cao 'n-a taob?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foin le n-a éaetca. Do gellar uó, tá reactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin"; aet ní béab ré pártca san teacé éugam ar maroin, agus mé tar éir micil na gcleap do leigint abaithe mar gell ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac re reab agaimn le 'n-a éeile go rabamair apson feargac. U'áruig pílib a éaetca leir, agus ir uóca ná béir rtaó leir go mbuailfeab ré ceartúca Coíamín Ili Laoisair."

"Raib míceál na gcleap as an gceartúcan ar maroin inriu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

“Παὶ βρῦντι... τὰν εἶρ ἅ παῖδ λεὰτ σο παῖδ εὐν πυθ εἰσιν το
 θέαναν τε 'n-a ἐεάεθα.”

“Ὀιοθ γεαλλ,” ἀρρα Σέαμυρ “συπαῖδ ἐ μίκεάλ το εὐρ ἰ
 γεεανν πῖλιβ τεαέτ ἐυσατ.”

“Ἀρ μ'αναν ἡ ταν ὁμοιέ-νι ἀρ μ'αναν, σο μὲν'φείτοιρ σο βρῦν
 ἀν ἐεαρτ ἀσατ, ἀσυρ μάρ' μαρ πιν ἀτά ἀν ῥεαλ νάρια φαθα σο
 βραζαῖδ μίκεάλ τοπαῖδ ἅ θεαζ-οιρβεαθα. Οὐδαρτ τε μίκεάλ πέιν
 να παῖδ δον ἑυαλ ἀγαμ, ἀσυρ ἐυζ πῖλιβ μάτιν ἑυαλ 'n-a ἐρυεαλλ
 τειρ. Ταν ἀμπαρ 'ρέ μίκεάλ βυν ἅ' τυβαρτε.”

“Ὡ ἐυρπινν ἐαιυρ ἐ.”

“Ἦρ τοῖς ἡομ πέιν νὰ βεαῖ πέ ράρτα ταν βεῖτ ἀς θέαναν
 μιορταυρ ἡμεαρς κομαρραν,” ἀρρα Ταὸς.

“Ἦρ πέιρ οὐτ πιν. Ἀρ ἐυαλαῖτοιρ εαθ το θεῖν πέ ἀρ Ὀμνναλλ
 Ρυαῖ ? Ὡ Ὀμνναλλ ἀς οὐτ τε ροκ σο τοῖ ἐεαρτοῦα να ἐεαρταῖζε
 νυαυρ ἐάμης μίκεάλ να ἡεαυρ πυαρ τειρ, ἀσυρ ἐ ἀς οὐτ ἅ ὀ'ιαρ-
 αῖδ παῖλ μόνα ὀ'n βπορταε.

“Ἐὰ βρῦντ τὺ ἀς οὐτ ?” ἀρρα μίκεάλ.

“Ἐάμ ἀς οὐτ τειρ ρεο σο τοῖ ἀν ἐεαρτοῦα εὐν ἐ εὐρ βλῦμπε
 βεαζ 'ρα βπόθ. Ἐάμαοιθ ἀς ἐρεαβαθ πῶμειν να ἡελοῦ, ἡ ἡ
 ἀνα-θεαεαυρ ἰ ἐρεαβαθ τε ροκ ἀτά βεαζάν ἀρ ἅ βπόθ.”

“Ἐαῖ το ροκ 'ρα ἐρυεαλλ ἀσυρ τὰν ἡρεαῖ ἐὺ πέιν. Ἦρ μόρ
 ἀν νι ἀηρό να μαρεαῖθεαῖτα.”

“Σο παῖδ μαῖτ ἀσατ, ἅ μίκεῖλ ; ἀσυρ β'φείτοιρ ὁ ἐάμ λεα-
 τῶμαδ σο βραζαῖδ ἀν ροκ ἀς ἀν ἡεαυρτοῦαμ ; ἀβαυρ τε Τομάρ ἐ
 εὐρ πέιρ-βεαζάν 'ρα βπόθ.”

“Θεάναθ ἐ πιν ἀσυρ φαῖτε,” ἀρρα μίκεάλ, ἀσυρ ὀ'ιομπυῖς
 Ὀμνναλλ Ρυαῖ ἀβαυρ. Ἀέτ εαθ το θεῖν ἀν ἐεαυρθε ἀέτ ἅ
 παῖδ τειρ ἅ' ἡεαθα ροκ Ὀμνναλλ το εὐρ βεαζάν εἰτε ἀρ ἀν βπόθ, ἰ
 ρηῖζο σο παῖδ ἅ ἐεάεθα σο μόρ νίορ μεαυρ νὰ βι πέ.

“Ἐὰ εἰτε βι μίκεάλ ἅ ὀ'ιαρπαῖδ ρλεαζαῖν εαλλ ἀρ ἀν ἡεορτ
 μὲυρθε. Ἐαρ πέ ἡρεαῖ ἰ ντοπαρ Σέαμυρ ἡλαοι. Ὡ Σέαμυρ
 'n-a φυῖθε ἀρ ρτοῖ ἀρ ἀζαῖδ ἀν τοπαρ ἡρεαῖ ἀς εὐρ ταοιβῖν ἀρ
 ἅ βπόις. Ὡ βι ἀν Ἐὰ σο ἡαν-βροῦαλλαε, ἀσυρ Σέαμυρ ἀς εὐρ
 αλλαιρ θε, το βαιν πέ θε πέιν ἅ περῖβις ἀσυρ ἐποῦ πέ ἀρ ἐρυεα
 ἐ ἰ τοαοιβ ἐιαρ το'n τοπαρ. Το θεαυς μίκεάλ ἅ πέιρ ἀσυρ βι
 πέ ἀς ἡεαῖλ τὰ εὐρτο βρεαυρταῖθεαῖτα, μαρ βα ἡνάεαδ τειρ. Τὰρ
 εἶρ λεατ-υαυρ νό μαρ πιν το ὁμυρ πέ πέιρ ἰ n-αεε ἀν τοπαρ.
 Ὡ'φαν πέ ἀς ἀν τοπαρ ταμαλλ βεαζ ἀσυρ ἅ ἐάμ ἀρ ἀν λεατ-τοπαρ.
 Ὡ'φεαδ πέ ἀρ ἀν ἡεαῖα, ἀς λεῖζιμτ αιρ σο παῖδ νῆμπε αιρ. “Ἦ
 ἀμλαῖθ,” ἀρ περῖεαν, “το εὐρ μῶμπε ἀνονν μέ ρεαῖαμτ ἅ βραζ-
 αμν ἡεαῖτ να πυθα πιν (ἀν περῖβις) εὐν ἐεαρτ το εὐρ ἀς ἡορ
 ἀνν.”

“Ὡ Σέαμυρ ἡλαοι ἀρ θεαυς-βυιτε, ἀσυρ ἐέμ πέ 'n-a φυῖθε,
 ἀέτ μά ἐέμ βι μίκεάλ ἡμῖτε. Το ἐαῖ Σέαμυρ ἅ ἐαυρ τειρ,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow."

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionat Mícl do bualað leir an gearrúir, d'aimpíð ré corcán móir bí ar iaráct ag a mhnaoi cún ollan do dactusað. Uíuil eógan na laosaíre 'na ceapdaíge maíe?"

"Cá b'fior d'ain-ra roin," arsa Cath, 7 ní go ró-mílir; "áct ní dóis liom suíab é feabhar a ceapdaígeáct' acá ag tarraic na n-daoine éuise; 'ré a curo bladaíre meallann iad. Bí an teanga go fleanam rian aise. Bað cuma liom dá gcuirfeadh ré ruar do féin ag Oíroicead na leamhna nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ir dóis liom-ra suir móir an náire do teáct 7 ceapdaíge do éur ruar éom áccumair uain agus cá ré 'noir."

CATHIOL II.

CARTAR NA DAOINE AR A ÉILE,
áct ní CARTAR NA CNUIC NÁ NA FLÉIBTE.

Nuair do buail an beirt CILL Áinne b'éigean dóib deoc beít aca i dtíð Séamuir Uí Uíuigín 'ra Spáio Nuair, agus níor b'fada dóib go raib bpaon eile aca i Spáio na gCeair nuair capad orra beirt nó trúir eile agus tarb orra. Ní raib leat an lae caíte nuair bí an gaba rúgað go leór.

Ní raib Neillí i bpaon ar a' rpaio suir cónnaic rí a hatair agus é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio do bí rí féin agus an cailín eile ag déanam a ngnóca. Nuair do bíotar ullam cún teáct ábail do deim Neillí a díceall a hatair do meallad léi, áct ní raib maítear di beít a tacht air; d'fan ré féin agus Séamuir ar an rpaio go dtí tuitim na hoirdce agus go raibadar apoon ar meirge nó i ngiopraet dó.

Bí capailín beag cnearta ag Séamur Táilliúra. Bí an bótar píer agus an oíde geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt párt leir an méir do bí díca aca nuair fágadar rpaio CILL Áinne bead an rgeal go maíe aca, áct ní raibadar. Nuair tángadar go Oíroicead na leamhna bí deoc le beít aca, 7 nuair bí an gaba ag teáct amac ar an tcrucail tuit ré ar fleairg a dhroma ar an mbótar, agus 'fan am céadna do éur ruo éigin an capall ar rúbal. Cuair an pot trearna láime Cairð. Do rgead an fear uáct éom géar rin suir rí na daoine amac éuise, agus nuair cónnadar é rínte ar an mbótar faoileadar go raib a lám b'irte, áct ní raib.

Ba móir an ní go raib an doctúir 'n-a cónnaide ar éaib an bótar ag Oíroicéin na Spioicéise; bí ré ag baile. Tar éir féadaint ar lám an gaba 'ré duhairt an doctúir, "Ní'í don énam b'irte, áct beir ré tamall go mbéir speiróm asat ar éarúir, a Cairð." Do b'fior uóran; bí an gaba ráite gan don ní do déanam mar geall ar a lám.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'ρ na bápac tap éir lae an donais, asur doaine as teacé so tci ceárhoa Táos bi ré buatharta so leór. Cuir ré rseála cun saba na ceapaisge bi an-muinteartha leir i gcóinnaithe, as féadaint an gcuirfeadh ré a mac éirse ar feadh feachtmaine cun so mbéadh am aise ar fear éisim eile do folácar.

'Sé an ppeasra nuair an teactaire so padthar ró-leat-lámae ar an sCeapais, acé b'féidir i ndeireadh na feachtmaine so mbéadh an fear ós ábalta ar toul ar feadh lae nó dhó cun cabruadh le Táos.

"An ppeallairín rušais," arpa Táos, nuair a éuala ré catoubairt a duine muinteartha, "cá fíor asam-ra so maic cat tá 'n-a éeann; acé béir an rseál so cruair órm-ra nó paróeath-ra é." Nuair éuala Ceógan Ua Laošaire cat do éuit amac ar áair Neilli níor b'fao so maib ré as dothar tise an saba. Ní maib móran fáilte as Táos moimír, acé rap ar fás ré an teinteán bi taob eile ar a' rseál.

"Ír cruas liom," arpa Ceógan, "cúpa beic mar 'taoi, 7 san don'ne asac acé tú féin. An féidir liom-ra don níó do théanam duit?"

"Ní feathar," arpa Táos; "ír dhóe do bfuil do dhócin le théanam asac féin, asur béir níor mó asac anoir ó táim-re mar a bfuilim.

'An té bíonn fíor buailtear cor air,
Asur an té bíonn ruar ólcar doé air."

"Ní béir i b'fao fíor, le congnam Dé; asur mó lám ír m'focai duit nac bfuil don traint órm-ra obair a bheic uait-re. Mar a bfuil don saba eile asac fíor cuirfeadh-ra mo p'pinnctíreac éusac san moill."

"So maib maic asac," arpa Táos, as cur láime rlan amac asur as bheic speim daingean ar lám Ceógan.

Nuair bi an saba ós as imcheac rug Neilli ar lám air asur dothairt "Mile beannaec ort. Díor a' cuimneam ort; bí fáil asam leat, acé bí eagla órm dá tciocfá féinis so mbéadh m'áair ró-foirgeac leat, mar bí fíor asam so maic ná maib ré ró-buirdeac díot."

"Ní móir ír féidir liom a théanam, acé théanrao mo dhíeall; asur cá 'r asac-ra, a Neilli, so n'óeapainn móran ar do ron-ra."

"Táim so han-buirdeac díot, a Ceógan," arpa Neilli, 7 luirne 'n-a cionnaeairb.

Cuair an saba ós ábailt 'r níor b'faoa tap éir imcheac' do so tciáinis Séamur Táillúra irceac. Bí Neilli as an dothar.

"Canar cá t'áair, a Neilli?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Τὰ ἴ’ ἄσας σο μαῖτ’ cannor τὰ ρέ, ἃ Σέαμυρ. Τὰ ρέ ἴ’ na λυγε ἀρ’ ἃ leabairṑ ἄσυρ τὰ easla oim ὅσο μβέιρ ρέ ann ὅσο fóill. Duail ruar cūige; táim-re ἄς toul ἃ ὀἰαππαιṑ cana uirge ó’n abainn.”

Ὅ’fan Σέαμυρ tamall maῖt ἄσυρ nuair bi ρέ iméighe to ḡlaod-ais Ταὺς ἀρ’ lleilli cūn deod uirge ruair to tabairt tó. “Suir ἀρ’ ἃ ḡcaṑoir ὅσο fóill, ἃ lleilli, ἃ cūro; τὰ ruo éisin ἄsam le pátó leat.”

Ὅσο ruir lleilli ἀρ’ an ḡcaṑoir ἄς taoib na leabta, áct ḡan cūinne aiei cat to bi ἴ’-a céann.

“Τὰ easla oim ὅσο μβέαθ im’ maῖrcíneac, ἃ lleilli, ἃ n-eapball mo paoḡail; áct bat cūma liom tṑ ḡfeicinn tupa ἄσυρ to teimteán ρéin ἄsat. Ir tóca tṑ μβέαθ ὅσο paḡinn-re cūinne uait ann.”

“Τáim pátca map ἃ ḡruilim,” ἀρρα lleilli; “ἄσυρ ὀtaoib tupa beṑt iṑ’ maῖrcíneac, ní map rin ἃ βέιρ an rḡéal ἄsat, le congnaṑ tṑ.”

“Ὀ’féoiri rin, ἃ ḡrátó; áct map rin ρéin bat maῖt liom tṑ ḡfeicinn tṑ pórca.”

“Ní’l don fonn pórca oim-ra, ἃ átair, ἄσυρ tṑ μβέαθ ρéin ní anoir an t-am cūn beṑt ἄς cūmíneam aṑ.”

“Τáim-re toul ἃ n-aoir, áct bat móri an pátam aḡuṑ oim é tṑ μβέιτṑ-ra ἃ ὀ’ait biḡ ρéin. Τὰ ρeṑm beas deap ἄς Σέαμυρ Táillúra, ní’l cior tṑom aṑ, ḡ τὰ fíor ἄsam náṑ ḡruil cailín eile ἴ’ra parróirde to b’feáiri le Σέαμυρ ἃ beṑt map mṑnai aḡe ἴ’ná tṑ ρéin.”

“Τáim an-buṑdeac to Σέαμυρ. Ní le hearbairṑ mṑná tṑge ἃ βέιρ ρέ ἄς pórátó; tugann ἃ mṑtaṑ aṑe toṑ na buairṑ ἄσυρ leatann ἃ beṑrḡíuri an t-aoileac ἀρ’ na pátai. An bean-tṑeabta áta uairṑ anoir?”

Ὅ’orḡail Ταὺς ἃ púile. Ní paib don cūinne aḡe ná beáθ ἃ inḡean pátca le Σέαμυρ to pórátó. Uain ἃ nuubairt ṑi an t-anát de ἄσυρ ní paib’ fíor aḡe cat to b’feappa tó to pátó áct ἃ ḡceann tamall nuubairt ρé—

“Ṗaoileap, ἃ lleilli, ὅσο paḡair ρéin ἄσυρ Σέαμυρ Táillúra muṑteapṑa ὅσο leóri le éile.”

“Τáimíṑ, ἀρ’ fon náṑ ḡruilim pṑ-buṑdeac de ὀtaoib oṑpe an lae iṑtṑ.”

“Ḗou é an leiḡeap ἃ bi aḡe aṑ?”

“Τṑ μβέαθ ρέ ἴ’ra baile ἄς tabairt aṑe tṑ ḡnó ρéin, ἴ’-ait ba cṑpa tṑ beṑt, éiocpá-ra ábaile liom-ra, ἄσυρ ní βέιρṑtṑ map átaoi iṑtṑ.”

“Τaoi pṑ-éruairṑ ἀρ’ Σέαμυρ boct, ἃ lleilli. Cíṑeann tṑ ḡup minic ἃ taḡann ρέ cūn congnaṑ ἃ tabairt toṑm-ra nuair ἃ bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

ἀς κυρ ἱερμῶν ἀρ ποταῖβ νό νυαῖρ ἀ βίονν οβαῖρ τῖον μαρ ριν
 ιοῖρ ἰάμ' ἀγαν."

"Ὁ'ρεαρρα τὸ ζο μόρ αἶρε ἀ ἐάβαιρ τὰ παῖρθε βεας ταῖαν.
 ἡδὲ μινε ἰθ' βέαι 'ἀν τέ βίονν 'n-α ὁροῖρβίρεαδ τὸ πέιν,
 βίονν πέ 'na ρεῖρβίρεαδ μαῖτ το na τασῖν εἰτε.'"

"Ἰρ βεας ἀ ρασῖν, ἀ ἡεῖλι, nά θέανpά μω ορμ."

"Ὁαθ μαῖτ ἰον μω ἀ θέανῶν ορτ, ἀ ἀταῖρ; ἀτ μαρ ἀ μβέpθ
 ἀρ ταῖαν ἀ' τωμῶν ἀτ ε πέιν ἀμῶν nί θέινν μαρ ἐεἰτε ἀγε
 Σέαμυρ Τάλλιpα."

Ἦ n-α ἰνν ριν τ'pῶς ἡεῖλι ἀν ρεόμῖα, ἀγυρ το ζοῖ ρί ζο
 ρυῖρεαδ ἀρ ρεαθ τῶμῶν.

Νυαῖρ τ'pῶς Σέαμυρ τεαδ ἀν Ῥάβα βί ρε ράρτα ζο τεόρ. Σαοῖ
 ρε nά παῖβ ἀνοῖρ τε θέανῶν ἀγε ἀτ τωλ ἀγυρ ἀν "pάῖρεαρ"
 το βρεῖτ ἀβαῖτε τεῖρ ἔνν ἡεῖλι ἀν Ῥάβα το pόραθ. βί ρε ζαν
 τοβας ἀγυρ ἔαρ ρε ἰρτεαδ ἰ ριopa Σεαζῶν ἀν ἰεαpα ἔνν βῖνῖρε
 τοβας το ἐεανῶν.

"ἀν ριop," ἀρρα Σεαζῶν ἀν ἰεαpα, "ζυρ ὅρῖρ ἀν Ῥάβα ἀ ἰάμ
 ἀς τεαδτ ὁ ἔλλ ἄρῖνε ἀρῖρ?"

"ἡῖ' ρε ριop ἀγυρ ἡῖ' ρε βpέαζαδ," ἀρρα Σέαμυρ. "ἡῖ' ἀ
 ἰάμ βῖρτε, ἀτ τὰ ρί ζοῖρτῖζε ἐοῖν μόρ ριν ζο ὅρῖν εαζῖα ορμ
 nά βέῖτ δον μαῖτ ἀνν ζο τοδ. τὰ ἀν ρεαρ βοττ βυαθάρτα ζο
 τεόρ, ἀτ 'ρε ἀν μω ἰρ μὸ τὰ κυρ αἶρ ἀνοῖρ, ζαν ἡεῖλι βεῖτ
 pόρτα."

"Ὁ'ρεαρρα τωῖτ πέιν ἰ pόραθ, ἀ Σέαμυρ. ἡῖ ρυῖλῖρ νό τὰ
 μῖνῖρε βεας ἀρῖσι ἀς τῶς, ἀγυρ τὰ ἡεῖλι 'n-α εαῖν ἐαῖν-
 μαρ."

"Ὁ'pέῖοῖρ ζο b-pόρpῶν," ἀρρα Σέαμυρ, ἀγυρ τ'ῖντῖς ρε αἶρ
 ἀβαῖτε.

Ἰά ἀρ na βάρας βί ρε τεαττα ἀρ ρωο na ραρρῖοῖρ ζο παῖβ
 ἐεανῶν θέαντα ιοῖρ Σέαμυρ ἡ ἡζῖν ἀν Ῥάβα.

ἀρ ρεαθ ρεατῶμῶν ταρ εἶρ ζοῖρτῖζε ἰάμῃ τῶς το ὅεῖν
 ἐοζαν ἡα ἰαοζαῖρε ἀγυρ ἀ pῖντῖρεαδ οβαῖρ ἀν τὰ ἐεαρτῶαν ἔνν
 ζο ὅρῖν τῶς Ῥάβα ὅς ὁ ὅαῖτε ἀν ἡῖνῖν. Ἰρ βεας ἰαετ
 ρῖτ na ρεατῶμῶν nά παῖβ ἐοζαν τῶμῶν ἀς ἐεαρτῶαν τῶς
 ἀγυρ τῶμῶν βεας ἀς εαῖν τε τῶς πέιν ἀγυρ β'pέῖοῖρ τε ἡεῖλι.

Νυαῖρ ἐάμῖς ἀν Ῥάβα εἰτε ὁ ὅαῖτε ἀν ἡῖνῖν τ'ῖαρ τῶς ἀρ
 ἐοζαν τεαττ ἀνοῖρ ἀγυρ ἀρῖρ νυαῖρ ἀ βέαθ ἀμ ἀγε, ἀγυρ ἐάμῖς
 ζο μινε. Νυαῖρ βῖοθ ἀν βεῖρτ ἡ τωῖνε ἀα ἀρ ζαδ ταοῖ τὸ'n
 τεῖνε ἰρ μὸ μω το βῖοθ ἀα ἀς κυρ τpέ 'na ἐεἰτε, ἡ ἡεῖλι ἰ μῶν
 ἀ ἡζῖντῖς πέιν τῖντῖν na εἰρῖνεαδ. Νυαῖρ ρυῖρ ἐοζαν ρζέαῖα
 ζο παῖβ ἐεανῶν ρεαῖρ ιοῖρ ἡεῖλι ἀγυρ Σέαμυρ Τάλλιpα βί
 ἰονζῶν αἶρ, ἀτ τὴν αἶρτ ρε τεῖρ πέιν μῶ'ρ μαρ ριν το βί ἀν
 ρζέαῖ nά παῖβ ρε ἐεαρτ τὸ-pan ἀ βεῖτ ἐοῖν μινε ἰρτεαδ 'p ἀμῶδ ἰ

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

οτις na ceápuóan. O'imétiς lá nó 'óó map peo 7 Ἰάν tuḡap aς
eoḡain ap an geápuóain. Appa Taὺς le Neilli:

"A bpeaca tú eoḡan moiu nó moé?"

"Ní pēaca," appa Neilli.

"Tá pūil aḡam naé bfuil aon ní aip. Ní paib pe annro 'nir ó
aḡpuḡaó 'noé; ní pēapap cao tá á coimeáó."

"Ní'l pīor aḡam-ra," aubapit pīpe, aét bī aīmpap aīci, map
euala pī pḡeál an éleamīap.

Ip 'óóca ná paib eoḡan pō-papca i n'aigheáó. Bī ponn ip pait-
ceap aip. Baó maīc leip tuḡap 'óo éabapit anonn zo ceápuóain
taὺς, aét map pīn pēin bī beaḡán náipe aip ḡeilleáó zo paib
buaḡapit aip. Bī pé aς obaip zo 'oian, aét ba euma 'óó beīc
'oīomāoin nó ḡnóḡaé, nīor b'pēoip leip pōpaó Neilli 'óo éup ap
a éeann.

Trápnóna an tapna lá, nuaiḡ 'óo bī 'oēipeáó le hobaip an lae
aḡup an ceápuóca 'óūnta, buail eoḡan tpeapna na páipceanna,
aḡup bī pé aς eup 'oe zo 'otániz pé amaé ap an mbócap i n-aice
tiḡe na ceápuóain. Bī Neilli aς an 'oīap.

"Cannor tá t'áaiḡ, a Neilli?" appa eoḡan.

"Tá pé 'oūl i bpeabap. Tap ipceáé. Ní'l pé leat-uaiḡ ó bī
pé aς eaint opit. Bī ionḡnaó aip zo paḡaip éóm paḡa ḡan bualaó
ipceáé éuḡe."

"Ní béaó aς 'oūl ipceáé anoir, a Neilli. Ta 'oēabáó opm."

"'N é pīn eoḡan, a Neilli?" app' an ḡaba.

"'Sé, a áaiḡ."

"Cao 'n-a taob naé bfuil pé teáét ipceáé?"

"'Oēip pé zo bfuil 'oēabáó aip, a áaiḡ."

"'Abaip leip teáét ipceáé. Tá ḡnó aḡam 'oe."

'Óo buail eoḡan ipceáé.

Appa an ḡaba, "Cá paḡaip le pēactīmāin? 'Bīor éun pḡeála
éup anonn éuḡat pēacaint cao a bī opit."

"Ó! mī paib pīoc opm, aét zo paḡap an-ḡnóḡaé, aḡup ḡup
paḡileap zo mbéáó puo éiḡin eile būp ḡeup tpe 'n-a ééile 'ná
pīb a beīc a cuimīneam opm-ra."

"'Aét zo mbéáó mo lám baeáé plán aḡam aīp, aḡup buī'oeácap
le 'oia tá pī 'oūl éun cinn zo maīc, ní béáó aon ní aς eup buaḡ-
apca opainn."

"'Zo 'oēimīn, ní éūp buaḡapca an pḡeál aḡaib, aét a málaiḡc,
aḡup zo n-éipḡiḡó būp bpōpaó lib," appa eoḡan, aḡup toét 'n-a
epoī'oe.

"'Apū ḡoo é an pōpaó?" appa Taὺς Ἰάβα.

"'Né bfuil Neilli aḡup Séamup Táilliúra le beīc pōpca i
noīaó an éapaḡip?"

"'Pīappaiς 'óo Neilli pēin an pīor é nó bpeáς."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“An fíor é, a Neillí?”

“Níl, ašur ní b'éó d'ó,” arsa Neillí, ašur amac an doirar léi.

Ar feadh tamamll níor labhair don'ne do'n beirt focal.

“B'féidir, a Táóš,” arsa Cošan, “d'ó tábairpá Neillí tábairpá?”

“Sé ir fearra tóit an éirte rin a éur éurí féin.”

Ašur do éur, ašur ní gábad innpint caó é an freasra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an párróirde aš magad pá Séamur Táillúra; aet fuair ré rtoróigin beas ó Sleann na sCoileac ná raib ró-ós aet d'ó raib fíde púnt rrréó aici.

Τ Δ Σ Ρ Δ :

Altairín—deafness.

Rabalíni bó—miserable cows.

Ar tógáil—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Šac ar a feadh or šac ie feadh—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ir šairpó = ir šairp = ir šoirpó—soon, **very soon**.

Ar m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

páirpár—dispensation from banns.

múiple beas aipzúo - a little lump of **money**.

Toet 'na éporúe—a load at his heart.

Sean-špóša—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΩΡΑΙΣ.

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΔΩΔΑΜ,
 'Σ Α ΕΥΗΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ,
 ΟΕ ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
 Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΤΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΡΪΙΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΤΟ ΕΡΪΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
 ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΜΪΣ',
 ΤΟ ΤΥΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΤΕΡΑΤ,
 ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΜ ΑΝ ΎΑΙΜ.

ΝΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΙΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΕΡΕΙΤΕ,
 ΒΥΘ ΜΟΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ,
 Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΟΡ ΑΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΙ
 ΑΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ ΤΟΜΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΑΛΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΜΝΝ.

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΑΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
 ΙΛ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΑΣ ΕΕΙΛΙΘΕΑΤ ΤΑΜΑΛΛ,
 ΤΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΒ ΜΟΡΑ ΤΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
 ΑΣΥΡ ΤΡΪΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΕΑΡΜ.

ΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ !
 ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΛΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
 Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
 ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΙΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΟΙΡΕΑΕΑ ΜΟΡΑ,
 ΔΕΤ ΤΥΙΛΤΟΕΑΤ ΤΟΙΒ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΜ ΤΑΜΑΛΛ,
 ΣΑΕ ΝΙΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΟΡ,
 Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally* : O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ'έλαις αν λά δ'ρ νίον έός μέ αν πάλ,
 Ἰο ζυρ ιτέαθ' αν βάρη ανη αρ έυρ τύ ούιλ,
 Δέτ α άιρ-υ-μς αν έειρτ, ανοιρ πέιθ μο έάρ,
 Δ'ρ τε ρρυέ ης ηςμάρη ρλυέ μο ρύιλ.

Ιρ τε το ξμάρη το ξλαν τύ Μάιρ,
 Δ'ρ ραορ τύ Οάιβιθ το μιννε αν αιτμήε,
 Το έυς τύ Μαιοιρ ρλάν ό'η μβάέαθ,
 'S τά εροέυςαθ λάτοιρ ζυρ ραορ τύ αν ζαουιθε.

Μαρ ιρ ρεαεάέ μέ ηαέ ηθεαρηα ρέορ,
 Ἰά ρόλάρ μόρ το Όια ηά Μυιρ,
 Δέτ ράέ μο υρόιν τά μο έοιρεαέα ρόηαμ,
 Μαρ ρέοιλ μέ αν ρέορ αρ αν μέαρ ιρ ρυιθε.

Α Ρις ηα ξλόιρ τά λάν θε ξμάρη,
 'S τύ μιννε βέοιρ δ'ρ ριον θε'η υιρς,
 Λε βεαζάν αρήιν το μαρ τύ αν ρλυαζ,
 Οέ! ρρεαρθαίλ ρόιρ αςυρ ρλάναις μιρ.

Ο α ίορα Ερίορτ α ο'ρυλαινς αν πάιρ,
 Δ'ρ το αόλαέαθ, μαρ το βί τύ ύμάλ,
 Cuiusm cumpiur* m'anama αρ το ρζάέ,
 Δ'ρ αρ υαιρ μο βάιρ ηά ταθαίρ οαμ εύλ.

Α Βαιρπίοζαίη ράρρηταίρ, μάταίρ δ'ρ μαίςθεαν.
 Σςάέάν ηα ηςμάρη, αιησεαλ δ'ρ ηαοή,
 Cuiusm coraint m'anama αρ το λάιη,
 Ο τός μο πάιρτ, 'ρ βέιθ μέ ραορ.

* "Cumpiur" ι ζConnaέταίβ, ι η-άιτ "comaipe," .7. ούίονηη.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while longer, beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the blood of grace wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from dr wringing, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
 The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
 O King of the Right, forgive my case,
 With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
 And David was saved upon due repentance,
 And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
 —O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
 By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
 I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
 With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
 Who madest wine of the common water,
 Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
 Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
 Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
 I place myself in Thy gracious hands
 Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
 Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
 I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
 And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water: with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Nóir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,
 'S ír gearr an rpar go dtéigim i n-úir,
 Aet ír gearr go veirpeannaic ná go brát,
 Agus fuasraim páirt ar Rí na nDúl:

Ir cuaitle san máit mé i scoimeall fáil.*
 No ír corúit le báo mé a éall a rtiúr,
 Do bpurfide arceac a n-aghair carraig 'ra 'brraig!
 'S do veirdeac dá bátao 'rna conntaib fuar.†

A íora Críort a fuair bár Dia n-Doine,
 A d'éirig arí ann do mág san loet,
 Naé tú tug an trlige le aithrise do déanam,
 'S naé beag an rmuaineac do pinnear ort!

Do ápta, ar dtúr, míle 'r o'c sceud,
 An fice go beaet, i sceann an do-déas,
 Ó'n am tuisling Críort do reub an seatao,
 Go dti an bliadain a nvearhaio Reachtúraig an aithrise.

* Aliter, "Ir cuaitle cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrise. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "veirdeac 'gá bátao 'r a éallpeao a rnaím"; aliter, "reol," aliter, "ríubal"; aet d'ághaig mé an líne le comfuaim do déanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrsa as teannas lib,
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas asuib i bpaobas gear,
 I' gearr uair an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coimneall le múcaó eus lúiteir larta leir,
 Aét téiríó ar buir nglúnaib a' r iarrmaíó aécuinge,
 Suidíó an tUan 'r béiró an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuman tre laraó 'r an Chúir d'á pléiró.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofaio
 So leasgar dóib deacmáó a' r cior dá réir,
 'S dá tuasfaide dóib congnam a' r éire [to] fearam
 Uheiró' sárhoiró las a' r sac bearna réiró.
 Uheiró' Sall ar a s-cúl, a' r san teac ar air aca,
 Asur 'Orangemen' bhrúigte i sgiúmar* sac baile 'sainn
 Ureiteam a' r Júry† i rtaeó cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacfana marb, 'r an éróin ar Shaeócal.

* Sghíobta "ingheoin" 'ran MS. mar labairtear *s-Connactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coiréionn aét veir an Reachtúraí "Júry" le "comarda." no com-fuasim, do déanam le "cúl" asur "bhrúigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis da plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Kee-ah dair play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are atoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.†

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Déiró aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaríaca 'r euitheácta,
 Ói a'r imirte a'r rḡóirte t'á réir,
 Déiró maire 'ḡur bíáct aḡur fáir ar éirannaib,
 Snuaḡ 'ḡur rḡar aḡur t'ḡúct ar feuir.
 Feiciró ríḡ fán a'r neamh-áirḡ ar Shacranaig',
 Áir náimairḡ le fán aḡur leaḡaḡ a'r leair (?) oirra,
 Teimnteáca enám ann ḡaé áirḡ aḡ na Catolcaig',
 'S naé rin í ḡan brabaé (?) an Chúir t'á pléiró.

Ir iomḡa fear breáḡ faoi an t'ráct ro teilḡtē*
 O Chorca ḡo h-innir 'r ḡo Baile Roireré,
 Aḡur buacaitirḡe bána le fán aḡ imḡeáct
 O r'ráir Chille-Chaimnḡ ḡo "Dantirí Baé."
 Áct iompócairḡ an cáirḡa 'r déiró láim máirḡ aḡainn-ne
 Seairfáirḡ an máḡ ar éláir na h-imirḡe,
 T'á b'feicirinn-pe an r'ára o Rhoircláirḡe ḡo Biorra 'rria
 Sheinnirinn ḡo Deimín an Chúir t'á pléiró.

*Láiríreair an focal ro mar "eilíctē." Ir focal coirḡionn i ḡConnaéctairḡé.
 Ir ionnann "bí ré teilḡtē" aḡur "Chuaḡ b'feirḡeáirḡar na cúirḡe 'na aḡaḡ."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their rognish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
 Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé*.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
 It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé*.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé*.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé*.

Éirighíde ruar, a' r gluaighíde uile,
 Téiríde ar an gcnoc asur glacais buir ngleur,
 As Dia tá na grápa a' r b'éirí ré 'n buir gcuirídeacta,
 Bíod' asuib meirneac, ir b'peáig an rseul é.
 Shóctócairí ríob an lá ann gac áiríob de Shacranaig',
 Buailiríob an clár 'r b'éirí na cáiríobíob teact euguib,
 Ólaíde ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Raifteiríob,
 'S é cuirídeact' d'aoib baili ar an gcúir t'á pléir:

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery ; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS:

(Leir an Reáctúir.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde réleucta,
 Do réir mar rḡníod na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baogal

Má ḡéillimid do'n rḡmhorctúir naomta.
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a b'ad fuar,
 ḡiorrann ré ó'n t'roct—"foundation,"
 Aet an áit a ndeactaid an t-aol ni corodaid cloct ar corod',
 Tá an árraig faoi 'na fuide nacl bpleurḡfaid.

Ir ríorfuide rean an Chúirt do raitead tabairt anuar
 Aet 'ré mearaim-re ḡur nio nacl réitir,
 Tá naoim beadar le n-a b'uacl ḡur Cúirt [do] ceur an rluag
 A'r conḡbóctaid ríad na h-uain le céile.
 Adaltanur 'r t'úir do t'oraig an rḡeul ar t'úir,
 ḡur hannraoi an t-Oet do t'reis a céile,
 Aet díogaltar iut a'r fuais ar "Orangemen" go luact
 Nacl b'fuair auaim an "consecration."

* Ir corḡmúil go raib an t'rean-árraigḡiaet reo i ḡ-cuimne ḡ an Reáctúir.

nuair áillḡear an leóman a neart
 'S an r'óctanán b'racl a b'riḡ,
 Seinnḡrú an élóirḡeac go binn binn
 Ioir a h-oet ḡur a naoi.

Ir corḡmúil go mearḡann re an rḡníobctúir ḡur rean-árraigḡiaetla le
 céile! Labairḡear "baogal" mar "baogal" ann ro, aet "naomta" mar
 "naemta." Tá b'p'raet ré o'á p'ann deunfaid ré "baegal" de "baogal"
 ḡur "naomta" de "naomta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

As éiríse d'aoib 'r as luíde, rnuáiníodó ar an nís,
 Do éiríse ar fad an cine daonna,
 I r ionda cor 'ran n'gaioit, aet ni lia 'nā 'ran t'raoḡal;
 'Sur i r beas an éaoi le' b'fuisimír réirdeas.
 Irbél do fáoil an easlaír eadairt faoi d'lige
 As cur anasair an beata naomta,
 Tá rí i n'gáibionn ríor a' r lúiteir le n-a taoib,
 'S íoc go cuairt faoi an "reformation." *

A Dha, naé mór an r'pórt an t'ream do fáoil ar n'odas
 Go mbuó éigin dóib a bóta do féunad,
 A' r William do tionḡain gleó a' r do cuir na Saedil d'a
 t'reóir
 Ni feicirí ríad níor mó é gleurta:
 Bainfeair clog 'ran Róim, beir teinnce cnám a' r ceól,
 Ann 'r saé beas asur [sac] mór tré éirinn,
 O táinig Seóirre i s-cróin tá Orangemen faoi b'pón;
 A' r san neart aca a r'pón do féirdeas.

A f'ora éurta i s'pánn ná feuc ar lár an t'ream
 Nár díol an bean d'oil tu ar don cor,
 Aet lúiteir 'r a d'lige cam 'r an bunad éirídear ann
 Naé oic an ceart go b'fuisíoir géillead.
 Má' r ríor do Orangemen ní' l maíe do'n éléir i s'cainc
 'Sa éroḡas ar rúo le léigead as éirinn
 Sur eugcór fionḡail 'r feall asur clíreath clainne Sall
 D'iompaig an Diobla anonn 'ran mbéarla.

* Tá dúil mór as an Reachtúrac, mar éiríodó, ann rna foelaib d'ro-glórac
 galloa go éiríodóir i n-"aion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceo fílióe de na
 Saedailib do r'píob i mbeula r'gáor na foela go ardeas ann 'r saé pann,
 beas-naé!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the world, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

When'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee !
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible. ‡

* Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration ; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. It is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualair mē, munab breus, so ttiucfair ré ran tréagat
 So s-cuirfirde máigirteir léigin ann sac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran scár aet rseim* as meallad uainn an tréio
 Asur diúltairid do gnotairid lúiteir.
 Creitid do'n éléir 'r ná téirid ar malairt féir;
 No caillfid ríu Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta,
 'S an long ro éair a léis (?) má téirdeann ríu ann de léim
 Iompóidair rí a' b'éir ríu fúite.

Altairid le Dia, tá an t-áir bairtíod fíar;
 'S congbóidair ré ar na caoróid gáirda,
 An ríocht i s-cac ná i ngliac nár díol an páir aríam
 Asur fearfair ré anáirid búrcáig a' r dálaig.
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ar n-iaig mar deirdear mairda alla ar fíad
 Bhéir' as iarrairid an t-uan do goir ó'n máair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallair deunfar a b'fíadac san cú san eac san
 ríam
 Le toir a' r cúmáct ríu na n-áir.

Ní'l fígeadúir láun na b'éirde ná gréarair anóirid a lae
 Nac mbionn as ríocad breus ar úgair,
 A mbíobla ar báir a méar, as deairbúgad 'ran éirde,
 Aet iocfair ríad i n-éir cúir.
 Fear san mairde san léigean a míngear daoid an rseul,
 Raifteirid o'éir le ar' duirad,
 '[S] aoir so flairdear Dé nac mairid neac so h-eus
 Bhéirdear as plé le leabhair lúiteir.

*= an focal béarla "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

* The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar sacṣanaib:

(leir an "nḡeagán ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An uair 'r an lá
Δ bḡeirimir Sacṣana
leagta ar lárl

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An lá 'ḡur an uair;
Δ bḡeirimir i
Δ'r Δ cḡoirde-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapta,
'S i cḡairōte ḡan bḡuḡ;
ḡan cor ann Δ lámāib
ḡan cor ann Δ cḡoirde:

bainḡioḡain bī innti;
bainḡioḡain ḡan bḡón;
Δēt bainḡimir oi-re
ḡo fōill Δ cḡóin.

béir an bainḡioḡain álunn
ḡo cḡairōte Δ'r ḡo túbac;
Óir ḡeobair rī cúitiusað
An lá rin, Δ'r luac;

luac na fola
Do óóir rī 'na rḡuēt,
fuil na bḡear bán
Δḡur fuil na bḡear túb;

luac na ḡcḡoirde rin
Do bḡir rī ḡo tiuḡ,
Cḡoirōte bī bán
Δḡur cḡoirōte bī túb:

luac na ḡcnām
Tá t'á mbánuḡað anoiú;
Cnāmā na mbán
Δḡur cnāmā na nTúb:

luac an ocḡair
Cuir rī ar bonn,
luac na bḡiaḡḡar
ḡḡoill rī le fonn:

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luad na mbaintreabac
 O'pās rí san rí,
 Luad na nḡairḡideac
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luad na nōilleaceta
 O'pās rí fá épāo,
 Luad na nōibirteac
 Cuit rí ar fān.

Luad na n-Inḡianac
 (Ṭruas a ḡcár),
 Luad na n-ḡirḡiceac
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luad na n-Éireannac
 Céar rí ar époir,
 Luad ḡac cinir
 O'á nḡearnair rí rḡmior.

Luad na milliún
 Do lúb rí 'r do bpoir,
 Luad na milliún
 Fá ocup ar anoir.

A Ṭḡearna ḡo ṛcuitir
 Ar mullaac a cinn
 Mallaac na nḡaoine
 Do cuit le n-a linna

Mallaac na ruarac
 A'r mallaac na mbeas,
 Mallaac na n-anḡpann,
 A'r mallaac na las.

Ni éirteann an Ṭḡearna
 Le mallaac na mōr,
 Acet éirṫir Sé coirōce
 Le orna faoi ūeoir.

Éirṫir Sé coirōce
 Le caoinead na mboet,
 'S tá caointe na miltib
 O'á rḡaoitead anōet.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireódair na caointe
 So Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go rroirfir
 Sae mallacé a éluar.

Béir cúmaé, an lá rí
 As sae uile deóir
 Long-cogair do báta
 'S an bfairrge mór.

Asur tuirfir, mar mallacé,
 So trom ar an lué
 O'fás airne 'na fárae
 A' r' b'fairs go boé.

CÚMA ÉRÍDE ÉILÍN:

Donnéad ua Daráin o'airfir, 7 taós ua Donnéad do éirí ríor.

A Dóinnail Ois, má éiríir tar fairrge
 Beir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,
 Ir béir asat féirín lá donais ir marair,
 Ir inéan Ríog Spéirge mair éile leaptá asat.

Má éiríir-re anonn tá comairé asam oir;
 Tá cúl pionn asur óa fúil glara asat
 Óa éocán déas ío' cúl buirde bacallac,
 Mar béad béal-na-bó nó ríor i ngarraite.

Ir déirdeanac airíir do labair an garar oir;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' éiríiréin doimín oir;
 Ir tu ío' "éasairé donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go rabair san éile go brát go b'fairs me.

Do seallair dam-ra, asur o'innfir bréas dam,
 So mbeiréa romam-ra as éirí na searac;
 Do leigear fead asur ríí éad glaothac éusac,
 'S ní b'fairs ann acé uan a' méirí.

Do seallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair tuir,
 Longear óir fá éiríir-reoil airíir;
 Óa baile déas do bailtí mairair;
 Ir éiríir bréas doilú corí taob na fairrge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-*ra*, ní nár b'féidir,
 So dtuibréá laimhinne do éroicean éirís *dam*;
 So dtuibréá bhróga do éroicean éan *dam*;
 Is eular do'n t-*rioda* ba *daoire* i n-*éirinn*.

A Domhnall óis, b'fearr duit mire *asat*
 'Ná bean uasal uathreac iomaireac;
 Do éiríodáinn bó asur do-*géanainn* cuigean duit;
 Is, dá mbaó éiríod é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oé, oéón, asur ní le hoerap,
 Uthearba bíó, *oige*, ná coúlata,
 Fá n-dearr damra beic tanairde tmuéalta;
 Déit gráó fíri óis is é b'reoir do follur me!

Is moé ar maidin do connac-*ra* an t-*oisfeap*
 Ar muin éapail as gabáil an bótar;
 Níor dhuir pé liom is níor éuir pé r-*róó* oim;
 'S ar mo éapó abailt *dam* 'r ead do *soileap* mo bótarin.

'Nuair téiríim-re féin do Tobar an Uaignir,
 Suiríim ríor as *deánain* buatharíca,
 Nuair éim an raogal is ná feicim mo buacail,
 So raib r-*gáil* an ómar i mbarra a *gruaóna*.

Siú é an Domhnac do túsar gráó duit,
 An Domhnac uireac joim Domhnac Cárta;
 Is mire ar mo glúimib a' léigead na páire,
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-*tabairt* an gráó' duit:

Ó! aóé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,
 Is tabair a bfuil asat do'n t-*raogal* do léir do;
 Éirís féin as iarrair uéirce,
 Asur ná gab riar ná amair im' éileam:

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat
 Inniu ná i mbáireac ná Dia Domhnais,
 Is oic an tréat do tús rí roga *dam*,
 'S é "túnaó an uorair é tar éir na roglá."

Tá mo éiríde-re com dúb le háirne,
 Nó le sual dúb a bead i gceáirdeain,
 Nó le bonn bhróige bead ar hallaib bána;
 'S sur deimr lionn dúb díom of cionn mó *fláinte*:

Dó bainr roir díom, is do bainr riar díom,
 Do bainr romam, is do bainr im' *diar* díom,
 Do bainr *sealac*, is do bainr *spian* díom,
 'S is ró-mór m'easla sur bainr Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmara.)

Beir beannaíocht óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a maireann de fíoríad ír a' r' Éirí,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 An áit úr 'nár b'áirínn binn-íúit éan,
 Mar fáim-éiríocht éoin a' caoinead' ádóat;
 'Sé mo éirí a beir míle míle i gcéin,
 Ó bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barrá bog ílim ar éoin-énoic Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro tít gac íléibe ann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Dob áir a coillte 'r ba díreac' réir,
 'S a mbíad mar aol ar máirínn geis
 Tá gíad a' mo éiríde i m'íntínn féin
 Do bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Tá garrá líonmáir i dtír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearadóin gíreíde ná claoirídead' ceoirta
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 M' fadóiríre éiríde 'r mo éimne íseal,
 Iad a' gíalladóirí fíor fá íreim, mo leun!
 'S a mbíadte d'á íreim fá éirí go daor,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fírríng' 'r ír móir íad éiríde na h-Éireann,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 A' gíreí meala 'súir uadairí a' gíluirídead' 'na ílaoí,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Rádaíocht mé ar cuairt no ír luac' mo ílaoí,
 Do'n talam' beas íluirí fín ír uad' do ádóat!
 'S go mb'íreann líom' ná uad' d'á uairídead' é
 Beir ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCADIH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air : "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land !
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart !—O my very soul's delight !
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an t-ruéct ar gceann ar aghar fada ann,
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Aghar tadhaidh rin nbla cuimh ar gceann ann,
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Bualar aghar rann i ngleannaidh ceo
 'S na rrocta 'ran t-rann ar labhairt ar neoin;
 A' r uirge na Siúipe a' bhuéct 'na rlois,
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.

I r oirgailte fáilted an áit rin Éire,
 Dán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Aghar toirad na rlaime a mbáir na tóire,
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Da binne 'nā meura ar téadaidh ceoil,
 Seinn 'sur gceimpead a laos 'r a mbó,
 Aghar tairnead na gréine oirca doirca 'r óg
 Ar dán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,

Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,

While the great River-voices roll their music grand

Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold

Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA.

(Coir na teineas: pes, nóra, sobnuir, síle beag, cáit ní bhuaicalla).

Nóra. A pes, innir rgeul tóinn.

Pes. B'ait liom rin! Innir féin rgeul

Sob. Níl don maic innici, a pes; b'feair linn do rgeul-ra.

Síle. Déin, a pes; beiróim do ana-focair.

Pes. Nac maic náir fadair focair aréir, 'nuair bí "Maora na n-Oét sCor" agam dá innirint!

Síle. Mar rin ní rcaoraó Cáit ní Buaicalla ac am' ppiocaó.

Cáit. Thuair o'íteac! Ní raar-ra aó' ppiocaó, a cáit lein!

Sob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocaó ac í dá leirint uirri.

Síle. Do bí, aróin; asur muna mbeiréac do raib, ní liug-fainn.

Nóra. Abair le pes nac liugfair anoir, a Síle, 7 inneóirí pí rgeul tóinn.

Síle. Ní liugraó. a pes, pé ruo imteóirí oim.

Pes. Má' ead, ruig annro am' aice, i tpeo ná feurairí doinne' cú ppiocaó san fíor dom.

Cáit. Bireacó seall do bpiocairí an cat í. A tóice bí, beiréacó rgeul breas agaimn, muna mbeiréacó tú féin 7 do cúro liugraige.

Sob. Éir, a Cháit, no cuirfir ag sul í, 7 beiróim do san rgeul. Má cuirtear fearis ar pes, ní inneóirí pí don; seut anóet. Sead anoir, a pes, tá sac doinne' cuin, ag brat ar rgeul uait.

Pes. Bí fear ann fao ó, 7 ír é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 spreairíe b'eacó é; bí tís beas deap clúcthar aise, aís bun cuic, ar ead na poitime; bí caaoir fúgán aise do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnat leir fúiré innici um éraénóna, 'nuair bireacó obair an lae epioénuighe; 7 'nuair fúiréacó pé innici, bireacó pé ar a fáraet. Bí meabós mine aise, ar epocao i n-aic na teineas; 7 anoir 7 aríur cuiréacó pé a lámh innici, 7 tógaó pé lán a uirri de'n mín. Bí bireacó dá coaint ar a fuaimhear. Bí epann uball ag fáir ar an tcaob amuic de tópur aise, 7 'nuair bireacó tapc air, ó beir ag coaint na mine, cuiréacó pé lámh 'ra épann ran, 7 tógaó pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 tóiteacó pé é—

Síle. O a Thiarcair! a phes, náir deap é!

Pes. Ciacó, an caaoir, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, san amhur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'fearr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de dhúine.

Sob. B'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirfinn pes i n-a fuíro inni, aís innint na rgeul.

Pes. Is maré éum plámáir tú, a Sobnuir.

Sob. Is fearr éum na rgeul túra, a Phes. Cionnur d'imtigh le Seathna?

Pes. Lá dá maib ré as déanamh brós, agus re ré n-deara ná maib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céipead. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an sreami déirdeanac curca; 7 níorb fuláir do dul 7 adbar do folácar pul a bfeutafad ré a tuille brós do déanamh.

Do glúair ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí rgeillinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré aet míle ó'n dtigh 'nuair buail dhúine boet uime, aís iarrair déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar pon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannair do márb, 7 tar éann do pláinte," ar an dhúine boet. Thug Seathna rgeilling do, 7 annan ní maib aise aet dá rgeilling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbéir do go ndéanfad an dá rgeilling a ghé.

Ní maib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 i cor-noctuihte. "Tabair dom consnadh éigin," ar riri, "ar pon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannair do márb, 7 tar éann do pláinte." Do glac triuaise bí é, 7 agus ré rgeilling bí, 7 d'imtigh rí. Do bí don rgeilling amáin annpoin aise, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a éumur a ghé a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup carad air leand 7 é as sul le fuact 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar pon an tSlánuigheora," ar an leand, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-ite." Bí tigh órta i ngar dóib, 7 do éair Seathna irtead ann, 7 éannuigh ré bpié aráin 7 agus ré éum an leimb é. 'Nuair fuair an leand an t-aráin d'ápuigh a deall; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do tar folar ionganac 'n-a fúilib 7 'n-a éanadair, i dtreo go dtáinig rgeannfad ar Sheathna.

Sile. Dia linn! a Pes, is dóca sup tuir Seathna boet i luige.

Pes. Níorb tuir; aet má'r ead, ba díceall dó. Chom luat asur d'feut ré tabairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an rabad dhúine túra?" asur is é rpeasra fuair ré: "A Sheathna, tá Dia buirdeac díot. Ainseal irad míre. Is mé an tríoimad h-ainseal sup agusair déirce dó anu ar pon an tSlánuigheora, 7 anu tá trí fuirde asat le fashál ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí fuirde is toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don éomairle amáin asampa le tabairt dhúit,—ná deapmuid an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Ašur an n-deirpú liom go bfaigead mo gúirde?” arsa Seathna. “Deirpú, şan aimpár,” arp’ an t-aingéal. “Tá go maic,” arsa Seathna, “tá cátaoir beas deap fúşán ašam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tashann arcead, ní fuláir leir puidhe innte. An ceud duine eile a fuidpíró innte, aet mé féin, go şceanglaíró pé innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” arp’ an t-aingéal; “rin gúirde bpeaş imtíşte şan cairibe. Tá d’á ceann eile ašat, 7 ná deapmuid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóigín mine ašam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tashann arcead, ní fuláir leir a d’orp a fácat’ innte. An ceud duine eile a cúirpíró lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aet mé féin, go şceanglaíró pé innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l fapş ašat!” arp’ an t-aingéal. “Ní’l ašat anoir aet don gúirde amáin eile. Iapir Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ip fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba d’óbaip d’om é deapmuid. Tá epann beas uball ašam i leat-taob’ mo d’orpúir, 7 an uile dailtín a tashann an tpeo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cúir i n-áipde 7 uball do pcatad 7 do bpeit leir. An ceud duine eile aet mé féin, a cúirpíró a lám ’ra epann poir, go şceanglaíró pé ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar p’irdean, aş pşaircead ar şáipíde, “nac ašam a beir’ an p’óipce oppa!”

‘Nuair táinig pé ar na tpietóib, o’feuc pé ruar 7 bí an t-aingéal imtíşte. Deim pé a maectnaş air féin ar fead tamail maic, 7 pé deirdead şip’ eall, duðairt pé leir féin: “feuc anoir, ní’p don amadán i n-éipinn ip mó ioná mé! D’á mbeirdead tpiúe ceangailte ašam um an taca po, duine ’ra’ cátaoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ epann, ead é an maic do d’eanşar şan dompa 7 mé i bpeo ó baile, şan biaó, şan deoc, şan aig şeao?” Ní cúipşe bí an méir’ rin eainte páirde aig ná tu, pé pé n’deapa ór a cómaip amad, ’şan aic a şaib an t-aingéal-peap şada ead’ duib, 7 é aş şlinneamaint air, 7 teine epaapa aş tead’ ar a d’á fúil ’n-a p’p’eadáib nime. Bí d’á d’áipce air map beirdead ar p’ocán şaibair, 7 meigíoll şada liaet-şorm şaib air, eipbóll map beirdead ar maşad şuaó, 7 epúb ar cóir leir map epúb şaib. Do leat a beul 7 a d’á fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do pcat a eaint. I şceann tamail do labair an p’ap’ duib. “A Sheathna,” ar p’irdean, “ní şad duit don eagla do beir’ oir p’óm-ampa; ní’lim ar tí do d’iogbála. Ba mian liom cairibe éigín do d’eanam duit, d’á nşlactá mo cómaipce. Do éloirdear tú, anoir beaş, d’á páó go paibair şan biaó, şan deoc, şan aigşeao. Tuib-painn-pe aigşeao do d’óctain duit ar don cóinşíoll beaş amáin.” “Aşur şpeadad tpe láir do pşairt!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a eaint d’ó; “ná p’euşpá an méir’ rin do páó şan duine do mitlead leo’ cúir şlinneamína, pé n-é tú féin!” “Ip eumia duit cia n-é mé, aet beupşad an oirdead aigşio duit anoir aşur ceannócaíró

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!--Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oipead leathair ašur còimeadofaidh aš obair eù so ceann trì mbliadhnan nòeas, ar an sgoingiolle ro—so tìtìdfeair liom an uair rin ?”

“Ašur m' àiréidighim leat, cà mašmaoir an uair rin ?” “Cà beas tuit an òirte rin do òir, 'nuair beidh an leathar iùighe 7 beidh m' aš sguairdeat ?” “Tàir sguiréirdeat—bìot ašat, feiceam an t-àirgeat.” “Tàir-re sguiréirdeat, feud !” “Do òir an fear dubh a lām 'n-a ròca, 7 càrraighe ré amadè rparián mòr, 7 ar an rparián do leis ré amadè ar a bair capn beas u'òr breasg buirde.

“Feud !” ar feirean ; 7 fìn ré a lām 7 òir ré an capn de pìoraidh sgeòrte sgeimeantla ré fùitib Sheathna buirde. “Do fìn Seathna a th' lām, 7 do leathar a th' lašar cum an òir. “So mèid !” ar' an fear dubh, aš càrraighe an òir eùighe ardeat ; “nìl an maršat o'èanta fòr.” “Bìot 'n-a maršat !” ar' Seathna.

“Šan teip ?” ar' an fear dubh. “Šan teip,” ar' Seathna.

“Dor b'ig na mionn ?” ar' an fear dubh. “Dor b'ig na mionn,” ar' Seathna.

[An oirde na thaidh rin.]

Nòra. Seath !—a bèg—tāmair an nro—ar'—cà raotair oim—bìot aš m'—bì eadla oim—so mberdeat an rgeul ar riubal roim, 7 so mberdeat euit de eallite ašam.

Beg. Am' b'iašar so b'famaoir leat, a Nòra, a laoiš. Nìl i b'at ó tainis Šobnuic.

Šob. Mar rin do bì eùighe ašam th' òeunam, 7 b'èighe doim—ra tul riap leis an im so beut an Šearpca, 7 'nuair bìot aš teat a baile an còmhgar, do euit an oirde oim, 7 seallam tuit sgar baineat p'ead aram. Bìot aš cummhušat ar Seathna 7 ar an òr 7 ar an b'ear nòub, 7 ar na r'p'eadaidh bì aš teat ar a fùitib, 7 mé aš m' ful a mberdinn u'òeanae, 'nuair eògar mo ceann 7 ead do e'finn aet an puo 'n-a fearam ar m' ašat amadè

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "*You* are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Söllán! ar an sgeuto amáire dá tucgar air, do tiubraimh an leabair go raib aóarce air!

Nóra. A tiamáire, a Sòbhuit, éirte do deul, γ ná bí dár mboothrao leot' sòllánaib γ leot' aóarceab. Aóarce ar an nSöllán! feuc air rin!

Sob. B'éitir, dá mbeirteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn magairt do beirteat opt.

Site. Feuc anoir! cia atá as coris an rseil? B'éitir go sumpreat Cár ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cár. Ní cumpit, a Site. Táir do' éailín maite anocht, γ tá ana-éion asam opt. Mo sgráó i rin! Mo sgráó am' éirte iteig i!

Site. Seot go tóireac! fan go mbeir fearis opt! γ b'éitir ná tóirpá "Mo sgráó i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoat, a éailínite. Mire γ mo sòllán ra nteár an obair reo. Car uait an rtoea roin, a pēs, γ rtaoile eugaimh an rseil. An bfuair Seathna an rparán? Ir iomóu tóime bí i muet rparán t'fagáil γ nac bfuair.

pēs. Com luat - tóirpait Seathna an focal, "dar bñis na mionn!" do táinig aóruat sñé ar an bfeair noub. Do noet ré a fiacla fíor γ truar, γ ir iat do bí go tóite ar a éite. Táinig róro epónáin ar a deul, γ do teip ar Seathna a tóunam amac cia 'co as sáirte bí ré nó as tóannuagat. Aet 'nuair t'feuc ré ruar tóir an dá fúil air, ba tóirp go tóirpait an rtaannat tóuna air a táinig air i tóirp. Do tóis ré go maite nac as sáirte bí an tóilmuineac. Ní fcaat ré ruam tóime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná iat, don fcaaint ba maituigte 'ná an fcaaint do bí aco, don élar eutain com tóir, com tóirp-asgainta teip an sclar eutain do bí ór a sionn. Níor labair ré, γ do rin' ré a tóirp i fan a teigint air sup tóis ré fcaat nteara an tóannuagat. Le n-a linn rin, do teig an fear tóir an t-óir amac aóir ar a bair, γ do tóirp.

"Seo!" ar teirp, "a Seathna. Sin céat punt asat ar an sgeuto rseilins eugair uait mion. An bfuair tóirp?"

"Ir mór an bteip i!" arpa Seathna. "Bat éoir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcór," arp' an fear tóir, "an bfuair tóirp?" γ do sgeuruis γ do bteirp ar an tóannuagat.

"Ó! táim tóirp, táim tóirp!" arpa Seathna, "go raib maite asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reot," ar teirp. "Sin céat eile asat ar an tóirp rseilins eugair uait mion."

"Sin i an rseilins eugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noetuisge."

"Sin i an rseilins eugair do'n mnaoi uapail tóuna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—Sec, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank *you*!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

"Ma ba bean uapal í, ead' do beir cor-noctuiḡte í, 7 ead' do beir tó mo rḡillings do bpeit uaim-re, 7 san aḡam aḡt rḡillings eile i n-a uiam?"

"Má ba bean uapal í! Tá mberdeas a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uapal do mull mife!"

Le linn na bpeacal rain do ráth' do, do táimis euit' cor 7 lám' aip, do rḡad an' oḡannatán, do luis a' ceann riap ar a' muiḡeal, o'peud ré ruar inr a' rḡéip, táimis oḡuud báip aip 7 elóth cuirp ar a' ceannaḡealib.

'Nuair' connaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táimis ionḡnat' a' eipóide aip.

"Ní fuláip," ar seipean, so neamḡuiread, "nó ní hé reo an céad uair aḡat aḡ aipeaḡtáin tead' eáipri rúto.

Do léim an fear' uub. Do buail ré buille dá' eipúib ar an uatalam, i' oḡreo sup' eip' an fót' do bí ré cor' Seathna.

"Ciorrḡad opt!" ar' eipean. "Eip' do beul no barḡfar eú!"

"ḡadainn pártuín aḡat, a' uaine uapail!" arpa Seathna, so moḡaíḡail, "ceapap so mb' éipri sup' bḡaon beas do bí ólta aḡat, o'ráth' 'r sup' eḡḡaip céad punt map' málaiḡt ar rḡillings tam."

"ḡuibrainn—7 read' ḡeádo dá' oḡioḡad' liom baint' ó'n uatáipe do rin' an rḡillings eáḡona, aḡt 'nuair' eḡḡaip uait' i' ar ron an tSlánuḡteóḡa, ní fétipri a' tairḡe do lot' eóirde."

"Aḡup," arpa Seathna, "ead' ip' ḡáth' an máit' do lot? Má' fuil ré eóim máit' aḡat tairḡe na rḡillings uó o'fáḡbáil map' tá ré?"

"Tá an iomao eainte aḡat—an iomao ar' fat. Oubap' leat do beul o' eipḡeáḡt. Seo! rin' é an rḡapáin ar' fat aḡat," ar' an fear' uub.

"Ní héitip, a' uaine uapail," arpa Seathna, "ná beirdeas uatáitín na haimḡipe ann. Ip' iomóda lá i' oḡrí bliadḡnaib' uéas. Ip' iomóda bḡós beirdeas uainta aḡ uaine i' ḡeaitéam an méit' rin aipḡipe, 7 ip' iomóda euma i' n-a n-oipḡeas rḡillings uo."

"Ná bíóth' eipḡ opt," ar' an fear' uub, aḡ eip' rḡuata ḡáipe ar. "Tarḡaings ar' eóim ḡeup i' n'éipinn 7 ip' máit' leat é. Héro ré eóim teann an lá uéirdeanad' 7 tá ré inoia. Ní beir' puinn ḡuóḡa aḡat de ar' rain amad."

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR OIA A BUIŌEACAS.”

Do tarruais ūarmuio a ūuioin ūub ūonn ar a pōca, 7 do ūin ēuige i, 7 ū'imētis 7 do ēuaid peirean annan 30 meatalacān teimead ūo bī ar ūarri na tṛāḡa, beirear ar mēatān airtī 7 rēioear, rēioear i 30 tṛēan tiuḡ tearuīde; acēt ūā tṛēine a anāl 7 ūa ēiuḡa a rēioead, nī maib maic ūo ann; rēioear arīr 7 arīr eile nīor tṛēine, nīor tiuḡa, nīor tearuīde nā ēeana, acēt ūo bī a ḡnō 'n-a fārac aih, mar ūo bī an tear ion ēas aih an rppṛēis. Beirear ar rppṛēis eile 7 rēiocear fūitī 30 fearḡac fūinneamail fīoēmair, 7 a fūile ar ūearḡlapad, 7 rēiteanna a mūnīl cōm acuiḡte rin 30 maḡuadair i peacēt a bplēarḡta: ūob' fānac ūo a rēioead aih. Beirear ar an rppṛēis 7 caitear irtead i 30mīleatān an ēuam i, aḡ maō, “30 rēioir mācāir an āiḡbeirpṛēora ēū mar teimr!” 7 tuiḡar buille ūā coir ūeir ūo'n ēuio eile ūo'n teimr 7 rcairṭear ar fūo an ūāin i. ūo cōnnac an ēuio eile ē ūipead ūonn le n-a linn rin, 7 ūo ēuireadair don ulaḡ-ḡāipṛēis aihān arca ūo tōḡfād na maib ar a n-uaḡib. ēiuḡio uile—an mēio a'p nac maib i n-a fearam ūiob—7 tagair i n-a timēioill, aḡ lūbaruais le leatān-ḡāipe 7 aḡ rcairṭad ar a lān-ūiēioill. Beirear ūuine ar rppṛēis, ūuine eile ar rppṛēis eile, 7 mar poim ūiob riar rīor 30 hearḡall timēioill, an ūeas 7 an mōp, an t-ōḡ 7 an t-aorṭa; 7 peo aḡ rēioead iad, ar ēnāh a nūiēill, aḡ tñūt le teimr 7 tear ūo ēur arīr i nḡac rppṛēis, 7 ē riar orpa, ūo bṛisḡ 3ur rḡar teoḡacēt le ḡac rmeacāio ūiob beas nac o lūib laḡair.

“Acā teime im' rppṛēis-pe,” arpa neac ēigin.

“Sēio leat a ūuacāill!” arpa ūomnall. “Cā ūfuil tú?—rēio leat 30 ūtagad ēūḡat.”

ūo lēim rē ūe lūit-ḡreib 7 tāmic i n-a aice—“Sēio! rēio, a ūuacāill!” ar rēirion, “7 nā leiḡ an rmeacāio ion euḡ—rēio!—ar ūo ūār rēio!”

ūo leiḡ an ūuacāill rcairṭa 7 ūo rṭop ūe'n tṛēioead.

“Tairbeāin orū, a ūuacāill!” ar rēirion.

ūo tuit an ūuacāill ar ūāinīḡ ḡāiprō; beirior fēin ar an rppṛēis, le amplaḡ 7 airc ēun ḡail, ūōḡtar a ūrōḡs 7 caitear an rppṛēis uad ū'iairacēt. Tuit rī ar an mbān; nīor ūrīr rī āiḡacēt. Cuirear a ūrōḡs i n-a ūeal le coir na pīopa.

“Tarruais! tarruais anoir!” arpa āillṭeoir ēigin i n-a mearḡ.

ūo bī rē ar buile,—beirior ar an rppṛēis le n-a lāim ēlē, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, lively, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

féithear cóm hairtinnneac roin i sup rppéac rí: Séithear aipí 7 léimear rmeacáir do'n deapí lapaip irteac i n-a uet, map do bí buillac a léineac ar leacac, 7 uógar é láirneac. Do con garb ré speim ar an rppéis áh, 7 brúgar an lapaip ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tapraigeap, tapraigeap; tapraigeap, ar cuma sup seáipí go raib deacac as éiríse go som glóimáir n-a flamaip-cíob of cionn a éinn.

Annpán do bí ré ar a coit: Do fúir na daoine go léir as bpeitmuíac ar an mór as luaríac of a gcómaip, 7 é as teac irteac go meap: Do bí Dóinnall as dúrac a píopa 7 san don duine as cup éiríse ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éiríse rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tapraíse ré i dáir nócíse ar éndá a díeill, acé níor b'fúir duit feucáint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teac amac aipí. Annpán do cup ré rímuíac ar féin, ip ríobéas náir ceangail a beal íocáip dá beal uacáip le doic tapraíse acé ní raib bríse i n-a gno.

“Fagbáir duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar fon Dé fagbáir!” ar feirion, 7 do luíse ré níor dúluíste ar an ocaprac; i n-garab beir as baint an tralacáip ar poll na píopa, ip amlaib bí re as a dainmuíac ann—san coinne leir san ainíreap. Faoi deiríob, 'nuair do fuaip ré an réan rígará le n-a fáocáip, 7 go raib as out de, dá éiríse luíse re éiríse, do cóse ré an uair ar a beal, 7 do glaoir go hairtinnneac ar duine éigin, réiteoir o'fagbáil do. O'iméise truír nó ceatáir de buacáillíob go raíse páir do bí lán de éráitníob, acé do bí ré ríeanní maí uairípan. O'fan feirion as feiríob oipa go oíocfaoir éar n-aip, anoir as cup na píopa ion a beal, 7 aipí as a baint ar, 7 aipí eile as ráac a lúirín innti o'feucáint a raib moáil an teap iméiste aipí: 'Nuair do éuair fuil éar feiteamíantap aise, do léim ré féin éar éiríse irteac; reo as cuapac é anonn 'r anall, 7 biop ar a fúitib le fagáir éun fagbála, dá mb'féiríob. Do bí raí ion áiríob aip fá ceann tamáill—fuaip ré bpoib cuibeapac reamáip, 7 do rácuíse i gcró na píopa é go taparab. Annpán éus ré foíse faoi n-a caprac, acé o'fan an bpoib map a bí, 7 ní cóipí-óacáir ar a lúitracáib. Do éréall ré an ac-uair, acé b'é an ríeal céatna é. I n-deiríob rípacá do, bup an tráitín go caillte aip, iríse i gcró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éoirí buile éar éiríse, ní raib fúlas (=fulang) na foitíne aise, 7 do éac an uair fá a upéap amac annpán mup móip. Ní raib méam ar donneac le beagla bupíse, map do bí foíse an eolap acá go léim ar Dóinnall, 7 cat é an fagáir b'acá é, 'nuair do beiríob ré amuíse leir féin. O'fan na daoine go léir i n-a fúir go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann pealaí, 7 ar an bfead ro bí an múr as dhuirim leir an tcríais go bog rít. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeirió na dála, do lion an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do phead Dóinnall i n-a coile-íearaí 7 do éit é féin ar a srua anuar ar éarín do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoc le fuirre, 'nuair seo ircead tonn eile, do éuair lea'rtuar 'oe 7 pul ra feud reirion cuineam ar don-níó (acé ar an múr) do reuab ar léi amac é ioir fut fead. Do béic 7 do ríreao ar éobair, iét ní raib bheir deaíar ar donne'—níó nár b'iongnad—dul b'íntar a éallte cun eirion do íarad.

“Cuirimir iarrair ar éirí ruar go tig Dáirmua léit,” arfa Diarar Paor.

“Buiréad re báitte pul a ríocíre leatíge ruar,” arfa Paoruis Buiré.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go ngréamócaí ré é,” arfa Miceál ós.

Le n-a linn rin do luig an báitteadán 7 do glaoir i n-áró a éinn 'ra suta as iarrair cabra, as ráó, “Ar ron Dé 7 raor mé! raor mé! a daoine, raor mé! ó a Dia, táim báitte! raor mé, raor mé órá!” Níor ríao ré do beir as callaíocé mar rin, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

“Raíao 7 ríámpao amac éuige,” arfa Diarmua Mac Amhlaoir.

“Ná teigí,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Raíao,” ar reirion. “Ní buiréad a cuillead as feucaint air anhran amuig, as faíadail báir ar ár scómaí.”

Rug Miceál Meata ruar ar b'ollac a léinead 7 duháir, “Máire, go deimín ní raíair, ír fada ruar go scuineadéann ar tú liogaint amac éuige.”

“Bos díom,” arfa Diarmua, “bos do s'reim díom.”

“Ní bograo,” arfa Miceál Meata, “ní beas a b'uil éallte 7 fain-pe iríis.” Díreac donn do béic Dóinnall de éolrígíao amuig. “Ní't donne' éallte fóir,” arfa Diarmua. “Bos díom, a deirim leat, bos díom;” acé ní bograo. Do rírac reirion é féin uad 7 do éit de a cuir éadais 7 do léim ircead 'ran múir 7 'ran múr; do ríáim amac cun Dóinnall do bí beas náé tabaíra 7 do rírac ircead leir é ar éuma éigin go t'í an t'íais. Cuir Dóinnall i laige 'mar ar go t'áinig ar an t'áilín tírm 7 t'í fan inné go ceann i b'rao. Nuair táinig ré éuige féin, duháir duine éigin leir sup éairt do buiréadár do b'íre le Dia i uéad nár bácaí é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reirion; “má táim rábáilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeachar, mar ní móir do bí ré im éiríam; o’fágsaó annran amuis mé go mbeirínn báite, múcta, 7 ir beas an gearraduaid do cuirpeao ré ar aileir, seallaim-re dúit; áct berbeao buirdeao do Oiaimairt MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan s’lánta, cuairt i n-einead a cailíte cun mé fáoraó. A! a óuine, má táim rábáilte,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeachar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Achar O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do pinne an oirgeo le Céitinn cum léigeannta ir luirgeaó do congáil beo i meafz na n-daoineao, go móir-móir daoine leata moga. Níor b’eao sup reirio Seatrún reanóar mó-beaó, mó-cinnce, áct sup cúir ré le céile i n-don bolz amáin na tuairgíre do bí le fagbáil ar éirínn in na rean-leabraib. Ní raib tuairg eile le fagbáil com deap, com fuinnce ir do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a reoláire foáanta ná raib eolar aige ar reáir Céitinn, ir ní raib eiríochuá doáanta ar reoláire i reoil go mbeao macraimail doáanta aige do’n “b’fóar feara.” I meafz na n-daoineao rímlíre ní leompaó doinne ampar do cúir ar an geunntar tuánn Céitinn ar fagbáil na n-éiríann le paríolan, ir leir an geur eile do’n treib rin tar leap. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup eirímeao Saóbeal glar le naáar nime, ir sup éneapuz Maoir a éneao ’ran éiríre le fearraib Dé. Bíodar na daoine reabuirge o’fírinne na ríeal rain, ir bí a n-ur-móir ’n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raib oán ná laoir gan tagairt éigin doir na móir-fairgíre ar ar éiríre Céitinn. Ir doísz linn muna mbeao sup ríríobao an “fóar feara” ná beao cuinne na rean-amiríre, ná ainmeaó na rean-plaite, ná éaóta na leomán leat com abairt i n-aigheao na n-daoineao ir bíodar leir-céao bliadán ó foin.

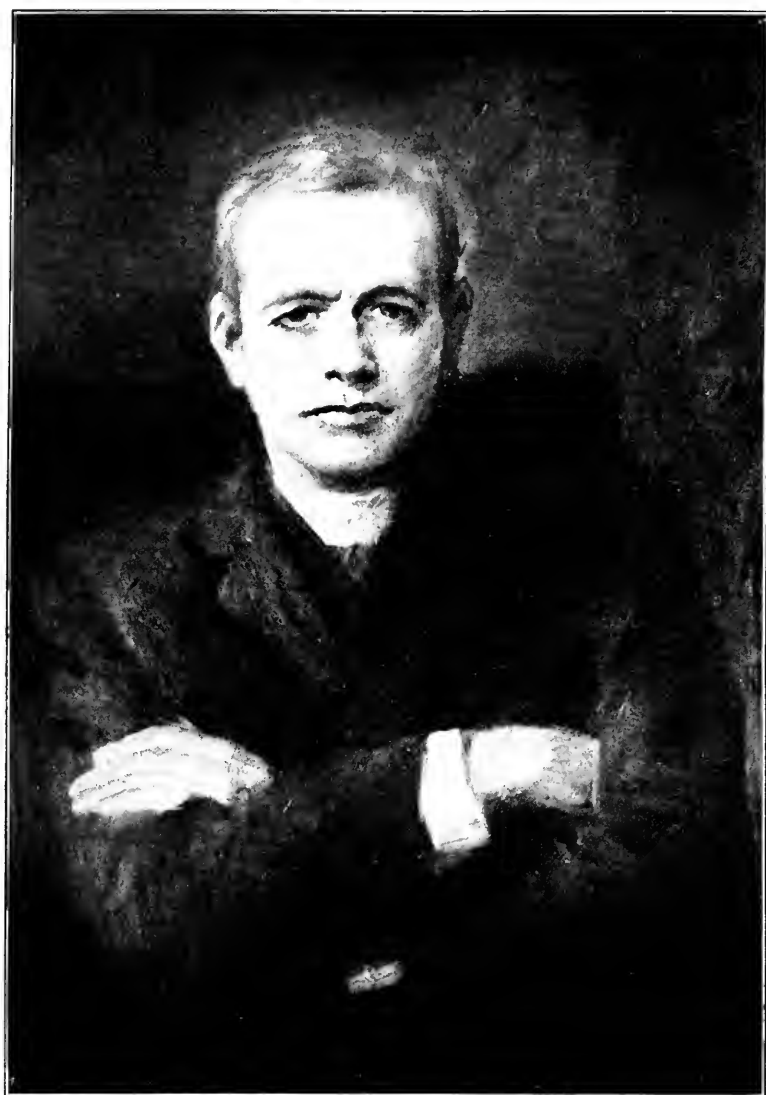
Ir fíor, go deimín, go raib na neite reo i leabraib eile ar ar éoz Seatrún iao, áct ní’l ur-móir doir na leabraib reo le fagbáil i n-don. Do cailteamar iao, ir tá an “fóar feara” ’n-ar meafz, gan focail, gan luir aig teapabáil uair. Tamail ó foin ir ar éirínn do bí duine uairt i gcúigeao Mumán ná raib a macraimail do’n “fóar feara” go ceanaimail i geomíeao aige. Bí



THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

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return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré aš na daoimib boēta cōm maīē leir na huairlib. Ir cuimīn linn féin fīgeadhōir boēt do mair i nIarl̃ar Āirp̃arīde, nāp mōr i tceannta dōēain na hoīdēe do bī 'n-a fēilb, do tairbeāin dom a mācraimail do Āitinn go ceanaimail, carpa i linn-ēadac, ir gan dul aš pāirce breit air, nā dīoēbāil ar bit do dēanam dō. Ba ſeall le leab̃ar naom̃ta ē ar a mear, ir nīor dīom̃adoin do bī an leab̃ar pain, mar ir blar̃ta epuinn do bī tuairp̃s ar ſac leat̃anac de i ſceann an fīgeadhōra, ašur ba dēacair āiteam̃ air go raib fūcal aēt fīpinne 'ran mēio do r̃p̃rīb Āitinn ar fēnniur fēar̃rao, ar p̃arcolan, ir an cūro eile aea. Tā cuimīne Āitinn pōr i mear̃s daoimead nāp lēiē, ir nā fēacair p̃am̃ a cūro raot̃air. Ir dōiē leir a lān go raib d̃raoīdēacēt ēiēin ar an ñuine, nō ſur ō neam̃ do t̃āniē ré cūm cunñtar ar fēan do t̃ad̃airt dūinn. Nī mōr an t-ionēñad̃ ſur ēp̃eio na daoine nāp dūine daonna Seatrūn. Do t̃p̃eib ſall̃ta do b'ead ē, aēt 'n-a dīar̃t rin bī ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoilicēac ō ēp̃oīdēiamac, ſaſar̃t, dōct̃ur Dīad̃ac̃ta do b'ead ē. Fēar lēiēanñta i l̃air̃oin ir i leab̃raib na n-āit̃p̃eac̃ do b'ead ē, ir cait̃ ré a lān dā ſaōēal 'ran b̃f̃raine: aēt 'nuair d'f̃ill ré a baile t̃uē ré ē féin ruar ar ſao d'ob̃air na hEāgl̃aire le dīoēñair ionēant̃aē ſur cuĩp̃eac̃ ruāēair̃t p̃eac̃ta air, ir ſur b'ēiēan dō dul i b̃p̃olac i ſcumar dōilb i nēleann Eat̃ar̃lac. Ir ē an puo ir ionēant̃aēiē i mbeac̃-air̃t Seatrūn go b̃p̃uair ré uain ir caoi ar na leab̃air do t̃eap̃c̃uē ſuāi i ſcōir a fēañc̃air, do bailluēad̃ an ſair̃o do bī p̃ān ir ruāē-air̃t air. Do ſiub̃ail ré go Connaēc̃air̃t ir go Dōir̃e, aēt nī mōr do mear do bī aš fēar̃aib ſl̃ac̃ nā aš Connaēc̃air̃t air. I ſc̃ionn t̃p̃i nō ceat̃air do bliad̃ant̃aib bī an "Fopur fēara" go lēir cup̃ta i ſceann a cēile aēiē (1631). Do r̃p̃rīb̃ōb̃ ré pōr dā leab̃ar dīad̃a, "Eoēair ſēiāc̃ an āir̃p̃inn," ašur "T̃p̃i b̃iōp̃-ſaōit̃e an ſāir̃p̃."

Dāla an "Fopur fēara," t̃op̃nuēann ré ō'n b̃p̃iōp̃t̃op̃ac̃, ir tagann anuar go 1200. Tā ré lān do fēan-p̃anñaib i n-a mb̃ailiē-t̃eap̃ ainmēac̃a na d̃t̃p̃eac̃ do t̃āniē go h̃ēp̃inn, ir i n-a ſc̃uip̃t̃eap̃ le cēile na hēac̃ta do b̃ain leo. Tā a b̃p̃uil i b̃p̃p̃ōr dē, leir, anñro ir anñp̃ū m̃ūc̃ta le ainmēac̃aib̃ t̃aoir̃p̃eac̃ ir fl̃ait̃ ir a ſc̃p̃aōb̃ ſeimeat̃ac̃. Nīor c̃eap̃ Seatrūn aon ñr̃ō ō n-a mēab̃air̃t féin; ſac a d̃t̃uēann ré dūinn—na r̃ſēal̃ta, na hēac̃t̃p̃ar̃īde, na ſad̃ā-l̃c̃air̃t, na hēac̃ta ar muir ir ar t̃ip̃—f̃uair̃t̃ ré iad̃ go lēir i fēanleab̃raib̃ do bī fā mear aš ollam̃ñaib̃ ir f̃āiōib̃. Nī punne ré aēt iad̃ do cūp le cēile ir d'āont̃uēad̃. Dā mbeac̃ ré aš āit̃-r̃ſp̃rīb̃ōb̃ na neit̃eac̃t̃ rin i ñuī, ašur a aēneac̃t̃ lān do lēiēann na h̃aim̃p̃ire fēo, nī'l d̃eap̃mat̃ nā go ſc̃uip̃fēac̃t̃ ré a lān dīōb̃ i leac̃-t̃aoib̃, do b̃p̃iē nā baimeann r̃iāo le f̃ip̃-fēañc̃ap̃. Aēt do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

repiob ré an “Fóruir Feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó foin, agus ní mionghaó ná maib an oipead sain amhair i ucaois bíunne na n-éadé ro an trát sain. Agus ir mar an geáona atá an rgeal as tíoréaib eile: Tá a lán éadé ir eadéa i reanear na Roina do épeo na Roinánaig so hionlán i n-aimpír bipsil ir Oibio—ná fuit ionnta déc úir rgealta na bpilead. Ar an nór geáona ní géilleann don rgeoláipe anoir d’éadéaib hengir ir hópfa agus dá leitéonóib d’éadéaib i reanear na bpeatame:

Adé ’n-a díad fin, ní ceart a deapmao so mbíonn bunadap bíunne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnat. Níor éum na pírlde rgeal ar uáir san deallpam éigin do beic air—*nee fingunt omnia Crete*—ciód so geuirtear leir i mte na mbliadan, i upeo ná haicneócaide é fá deipead. B’ote an bail ar trí ná beic úir-rgealta do’n tragar sain ejuinnigte ir meapgea tríó a eio reanear. Ba éomápta é ná maib píle ná fáid le rinreapaid i meap a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bpóllaé a euireann Seachtúan le n-a “Fóruir Feara.” O teadé an dapa hénpi anall éugainn ir moiné, níor gab for ná ruaimnear na huáoir Saspannaig déc as eir píor bpéaga ir rgealta aicpe ar ar nótéar. Sioporo de Dappa, Stanhupre, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab sain uile—ní maib uata déc rinn do eir fá éoir ar uáir, ir ó teip rin oíra, rinn do marluad i rártaib fallra. Agus tar eir ar bpeapann do bainc óinn, ba bpéaguis ir ba tapcairnisge do bíodar ’ná piam. Do eug Seachtúan fúca ’ran díon-bpóllaé le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a éile an páiméir marluigtead do eir an Dappaé ’n-a leabap, níor fás-ré puinn do Stanhupre san réabab, ir eíom é curpains a láimé ar Camden ir ar Spenper. So deimín ir geall le gairgíóad móir éigin é—le Coin éulainn nó Aicill—a eio airm gléapta ’n-a láim, éadé pláca ó mullaé cinn so eíoiséib air, ir é as gabáil le díosmair ir le dían-feirg ar na daoimib beaga ro do deapbuis éitead i geoinnib a dútéar, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar maipcean i ntiu, tabapad ré faobar bata uor na reanearóib atá anoir fá móir-meap, ar fíoupe ir ar íllac Amílaom, ir ar Hume.

Adéir ré ’n-a díon-bpóllaé:—

“Ní’l rtaipde dá rpiobann ar éipinn naé as iarpair loéca agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-geallaid agus do gaecealaid bíó; bíod a fíatnuire rin ar an ceirte do beir Cambpenfir, Spenper, Stanhupre, Hanmer, Camden, Dapclíó, Moripon, Uadír, Campion, agus gac nuad-geall eile dá rpiobann uirte o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

roin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an príomppolláin do ghló as rsgriobad ar Éireannaicib . . : : ir é do ghló enomad ar b'éarab fo-daoinead asur caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar otabairt maic-ghníom na n-uaral i n'earmnao, asur an méio a baineas iur na rean-šacóealab do bí as áitiugad an oileán reo ma ngabáitair na rean-šaili," 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an Herodotus šacóealac ar Seatrún, asur ir deimhin sup móp a bfuil do cópmáiteacé eacópca araon. Tá eaint Seatrún deap, rimpliúe, milir-briatrac, map eaint "Ácar an tSeancair." Séanair araon baot-foeail, neam-briogmápa, neam-šairmeamla, acé 'n-a n-ionao acá fuinneam ir taéac i ngac line dá rártaib. Cuipio araon irteac na húir-rséalta baineas le n-a oír, gan amhar do éur ar a b'írinne. B'é Herodotus an éeao rártaíoe do éur reanca na nŠpéigeac i n-easair ir i gpurinneas, asur eioó sup b'raoa 'n-a úiaó do rsgriob ré, b'é Céitinn an éeao reancaíoe o'óprouis ir do éeapcuis i plaéc, ir i n-easair reanca na nŠacóeal. Do bain na filioe—na Špéigis ir na Románaig—a lán ar rártaib Herodotuis, asur 'ran guma gceadna eus Céitinn innbeas i n'óeain oop na filioib Šacóealacá, o'áoasán ua Rataille, do Šeasán Clárac Mac Domnáil, ir o'eošan Ruao. Acé ní feicimio oiošair i otaob na írinne, ná fearis eum namao a éipe ar an nŠpéagac: bíonn ré eium, poeair, réim i gcomnuioe i mears rára ir úir-rséil, *et quidquid Grecia mendax aulet in historiis*, acé ní léigsead an Šacóealac fuainne do éeap ná do éail a éipe le n-a dears namao.

Obari léigeanca, doimhin ir eao "Tpi Bioy-šaoite an Úair," lán do rmuaintib oiaóa ir do máetnam šairmeamla i ar an beacáio oanna, ir ar a épioé. Ir ionganac ar éós ré ar rean-ušoarab ir ar oibreacáib na naom, asur ir blarta tá an obair ar fao poinnte i leabrab asur i n-altab. Acé ir trom, laioin-eamail an éaint acá ann ó éur go oiepeao, bioó go bfuil í larta ruar annpo ir annpúo le rseal beas šreannmair map an eacépa pain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obari an-léigeanca i noiaóacé ir i nópannab na nCaglaire ir eao "Coéair Šgiac an Áirinn." Ní léir oúinn aon ušoar eite éuireas an oipeao pain do éuairis ar neitib baineas leir an Áirreann, eom beacé, eom einnte rin i leaban dá méio. Acé 'n-a éeannta pain, tá an éaint eom rimpliúe, eom šreannca, eom binn, eom briogmair pain, gan laot-foealab ná páitib carca sup purapre o'aoimneac é léigseao sup i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimhir Céitinn anuas níor fgníobad a lán do phór buna-
dara. Do cuirtead ádhair eadairíde le déile agus ríealta ar
gníomhairíad ádair, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannra raim. Do luis-
eadaí na húdairí Gaedairíad ar ranna do ríeairíde, ir ba
míleir, doibinn a fceir dán ir amíad.

Sóir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamair.

(Le h-úna ní fíarceallair.)

Ní raib an rinnceoiríeact i bfaí ar ríubal nuair fíeamnuis an
Cneamair amad uata a fán-fíor oírb.

Suar an capán leir as déanair ar éairí na n-airíreac do'n
oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tulca.
Do ríad ré annrín. Sé gur érean láiríar an fear é, do bí an
soir as ceannad go daingean air, 7 níor míre do a ríeir do
leirgean.

Bhí an fceairí go háirí 'ra ríeir, agus do b'féirí an t-oileán
agus an fíaríre do fíeirín go glan ríeirí.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a éoirí amad, act
iríeir i fceiríe an tcean-fíar do bí anraí ar ríubal. B'amíar
nár airíe ré a éoirí deair ir do fámíre an doíar i n-a éiríeoll.
Ní raib a fíor act as Dia amáin caí do bí 'gá fíeairí.

Chrair ré a láma or éionn a éinn, agus doíreir or áirí :

"Líom féin ir ead é ! Líom-ra amáin ! Ní fíeir éan-bairí as
tuine ar bíe eile leir. D'íocar go maíe ar—go dain-maíe !"

Ar áirí leir airí as ríubal agus as ríe-fíubal, víreac ir dá
mbéair 'n-a airíeair ríeirí a éiríe do laíreíeair ar an nóir
róm.

Níor b'fáirí do as imíeair maíe rín go dtí go raib ré i nraí
do na hairíreairíeairíe:

Annróm do ríad ré go hobann, maíe ba dóir leir go fceairí
ré fíeir tuine éirín: Chuir ré éirí le híreiríeair air féin, agus
do b'amíar víeir asair víamrí go raib ré éinnce 'n-a éairíe.
Fíeir mná as caí do b'ead é, fán fíe.

Ar mbíeairíeairíeair do ar an áirí ar a d'áiríe an fíam, ba léir
dó, fíeairíeair beas airí, tuine éiríeair leasra leir an fceairíe.

Thíreir ré leir an áirí, agus víairíe ré fán móiríe gur b'í Máire
bhán do bí ann ríeiríe.

Ní raib a fíor áirí tuine ná d'airíeairíe do bíeir i n-a híeiríe,
agus do bíeair rí le neairíe fíeairíe nuair do leas ré a láma ar a
ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“ Nà corruis, a leanab. Nà bíod fairsdear oir, éor ar bit ! ”

Ní dubairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte.

“ Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríóir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oíche atá ann. Tá an comhluadar as fuireacht leat 'ra scir-din.”

Ní meafad éinneas sup b'é an Cneamhaire do bí as caint.

“ Ué ! a Shéamair ! an tura atá ann ? Nà bac liom ! Cailtí mé leisint dom' cúro bróin. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“ Aét dubhadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntas leir an turar 7 an airdear seo. Tuise nac bpanpá as do mádar 'ra mbailé 7 as peadar fáda ! ”

“ Tuise, a n-eaó ? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, aét cia an maít beir as caint anoir ? ” Ar an toirte, do fíil na deóra léici 7 érom rí ar sul ariir.

Níor cúir an Cneamhaire irteas uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aét nuair d'éirí rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fairsruiis ré tí cia an fáct tí beir as imteasct ar éireann.

“ Nà ceil orim éin-éad do'n fírinne ” ar' reirean ra deóir. “ Cao faoi ndeara go bfuil tú as imteasct uainn ? ”

“ Do bhrí go bfuil earbair aigrí orim ” ar' an cailín boét.

“ An t-airgead ! an t-airgead ! ” ar' an Cneamhaire go neam-foirgead, “ 'S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomnaithe ; aét bíod 'fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra domhan níor fearr i bpaó 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire freagra ar bit air, do bí an oirgead roin iongan-tair uirri.

“ Nac bfuil peadar asat ! ” ar' reirean “ agus nac leór duit é rin ? ”

“ Tá—peadar—agam ; ír fíor duit é, “ ar'ra Máire i ndeir-eaó na dálaé, “ aét—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin 'ran airgead ? Gabaim páruín asat, a Shéamair ; ní 'gá éarad leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“ Ní fuil focal bneise ann, a ingean ó. Ír mór i mo dúil 'ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aét ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam ruam. Uhi lá eile agam Uhi mé ós 7 bíor i nspáó com maít leat-ra, 7 b'féoir níor domhne 'ná mar atáir-re. Uhiór boét, 7 bí ríre boét, freirín. U'fágbair mo céad rlan aici 7 do baili-gear liom go haimpeicá le capnán aigrí do éur ar muin a céite 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. U'imtígear liom ríar sup fíroidear lartar na Stát n-dontuigte. Chaitéar poinnt bliadanta ann 7 d'éirí an raogal liom go seol. Ír

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a geibinn leidir ó Éirinn aet amán cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-Sean 'Sá mao go raib ri go maic, agus a leideirí rin.

"Don uair amán cuair bliadain earainn 7 san focal aSam uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic aipis 7 uairis aSam, tuis mé aSair ar an mbaile aipir. Oe? mo léan géar ir mo lomao luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais éaona cuiread na comuipain uilis nae móir, bliadain na gopta. Sáit-eaó irteaé le céile iao 7 n-éan-poll amán.

"Ó a Oha na nSáir! í as fasbail báir leir an ocpas ar taoib an bóair 7 mipe 7 bpaó uaiti 7 san rmeapóir eólar aSam ar a cár! Sire san ruo le cup 7 n-a beal aici 7 mipe éall 7 n-dimeipocá, mo póca lán go beal o'airgead."

Do famluis éadon an tfean-fir go militead fa folas na geat-aisge. O'iompuis ré uaiti beasán 7 érom ré ar amáre amac ear an bpaipise ó cuair:

Uhi a rior as Máire go raib ré as déanam mapanta ar uais móir bliadna na goptan ear 7 sCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis ri focal ar lár. Í n-a leabair rin, ir amlaib go ruis ri ar láim aipir. O'airis ri fuar san bpiis san fuinneam í:

Uhi an eailín as bailléir aet ní fuact na hoirde fa nDeapa é. Níor b'é an Cneamáire do bí or a comair aet tarbore o'airis cuici ar laeteanntaib a oise.

"A Shéamair boict! A Shéamair boict!" aip' rife or ireal. Níor cuir an Sean-fear éan-tfaim innti, aet o'fan ré as amáre amac do taoib an Ohá Uheinn Déas san corraige ar.

Uhiotar mar rin ar fead tamail maic aipir.

"B'féidir supab é an fát go bfuil uil aSam 'fan airgead," aip' an Cneamáire fa deirad, "sup iocar com daor rin ar. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo dá fuil—go deap, go deap 7 sCommaide. Ir mar rin a éim-re é."

Do érom Máire a ceann rior 7 póg ri a láim. O'airis Séamar deór as tuicim léiti.

Uhiotar aipion 7 n-a uoort go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bit," aipra Máire go haibí.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abpam tú? aet an tuigeann tú 'n-a éapc méad na boctanaéa a beap as goill-eaó ort anpao, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil tuine 'ra uóman a tuigeannr níor fearr 'ná mipe com érom 7 a bíonnr an sanntar 7 an boctanaéa as sabail do muinntir áipann—aet 'n-a uiair rin féim fanpaó 'ra mbaile 7 n-aimm Ué."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Ooh! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“T   go ma  ,” ar   an Cneam  aire.”

* * * * *

Ar ma  oin l   ar n-a b  rac   u   ar muinntear an oile  in i n-oidi  r    c  ile roir go dt   an f  n  n. U  i na curac  a i gcoir   m na gcail  n  i do b  i le dul   ar lear do b  reit ar boro an long-saile.

“Tuige go b  uil tura   s caoinead?” ar  a   eadar f  a  a nuair d’  r  uig M  aire U    n    su   c  m ma   le c  c. “I   muiro-ne    b  ar   s caoinead in do d  i  r.”

“T  im   s caoinead i n-oidi  r na gcail  n  i at   ar t   im  e  c  , uainn,” ar  a M  aire.

“An t   f  uib at   t  ,    M  aire? ‘Ar n   ,’ n   ceapc duit be  t   s fonn  a  r f  m inoiu    ualac ar mo   roide.”

“N     s d  an  m fonn  a  r’ f  c at  im, mui  . T   m’inn  inn rocair   sam ar fana  t leat, c  b   bo  t f  r  b  i t  , n   c  b   an f  a      a  t  im  o be  t   s f  iteam   le n-a c  ile.”

N     reir  e     eadar      uara f  m.

“I     s ma  a   f  m at   t  , t   m     s ceapa  .”

“N   hea   go d  im  n! N   d  an  ainn    le     o op   ar an dom  an.”

“  reir  m t   anoir, mui  . A  c n   tuigim an r    al   or ar bit  . Cao    tuig op   an t-    r  u  a   inn  inn’ reo?”

“A  rling    b  i   sam ar  ir,      he  a  ir, n   b  iongl  o  , mar a    r    . Shaoilear go raib tura io’ f  an-f  ar   ro  a g  n f  inn  am i do g    aib n   g  a   d’  imne’ i do   roide. U  i t   io’ i  r  a  e   ompo  am  il annro. U  i m  re t’  ir a  meir  oc  ,   l  ca f  o  a op  m    hata g    r  a go d  ar le r  b  n  i   sur    le     o  i eile, a  r  e   mo d    aint im’ r  p    n   sam    ‘   uile   ine  l ma  in’ im’ f  ilb  . U  ior-f  a   s g  b  il  t r  ar an b  i  r  in i n-aice na roil  g’    m     s te  c      baile. Capa   d  am ann  in t  , a  c n  or a  in t   m  ,   or ar bit  .”

“‘M  re M  aire U    n,’ a  ub  ar leat.

“‘N   t  ,’ ar  a tura go fear  a  ; ‘n   t   go d  im  n. U  i M  aire—mo M  aire i  —i n-a cail n   s f  a    mar,   sur cao mar g    l op  -f  a? Sean-d  an   o  am  il g    n  a t   at   c  r  uig  e mar     c    g i n  io  la  aib r    il. N   tura M  aire go d  im  n.’

“U’f    ar f  or i b  oll uir  e    b  i t  oib liom    do b’   rin an     o uair d’  ir    ar m   f  m aor  a g    n  a; b  i an ceapc     t.

“‘I   m  re M  aire U    n,’ a  ub  ar ar  ir.

“U’f     t   op  m ann  in ioir an t   f  il    an f  a    b  or mar aon leat n  or t  g t   do f  ile d  iom.

“‘I   a  la  r a  eir t  ,’ ar  a tura, ‘a  c n     reir  m t  —n   tura an M  aire    u  u  ar g    o d  i f  a   . Th  ior f  an roil  g   o b’f  ar  

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom i 'beic 'ná beic mar tura anoir. Ní aicnigim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'sá rábó rin, ar go bráic leat. Uníor fásta im' donarán go brónaé. Sin i an bhionglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-eac é ? ”

“ Ní fuil tú ió' rean-bean fóir, a rúim ! Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir daim-ra i, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort ranaéct 'ra mbaile ? ”

Níor méar Máire gur éapc ví rgeal an Chneamháire o'innrinc san ceao aici uairé. Mar rin adubairt rí :—

“ É rin agus ruadai eile.”

“ Buirdeacaf móir do Dhiá,” arfa Peadar.

* * * * *

“ Nac móir an t-iongantaf nac mbéiteá ag brait le do díol mná 'fagbáil ? ” adubairt acair pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a diadó rin. “ Nac deaf dactamail an eailin i Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabaiqe éiar i gCionn an Dhaile ? ”

Chuir Peadar eluar le héirteacé airt féin. Dá mba gur éuit an grian anuar ar an rreír ní cuirtead ré níor mó iongantair airt

Ní raib ré i n-innim oiréad le focai do rábó.

“ Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, freirín, euf fúit i n-áit ví féin. Ní raacáó beirt máigirteaf le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do méaf ar Mhac Uí Ohonnacáda. Ní fuil fóto talman aise, acé mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ir breas láirir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'eacó iao a reacé rinnirir roime.”

Níor féad Peadar focai do euf ar, agus níor éuis ré reair na ceirte éuise 'ná ar éan-cóir. Go deimin, níor éuis acé an oiréad le ceaf bróige, mar adéaracá, acé dá mbíod ré do láirir 'ra reomra beas taob éiar do'n éiróin rgaacám beas i n-a diadó rin ir dóca go dcuiseacé ré an t-iomplán go dianmáit. Ir rean-focai é, agus ir fíor, go dcairbeánann rraicéinín rreó na gaoite.

Ar baill nuair do bí an t-aor ós éior ar an Muirbeacé, reo é an Cneamháire irteacé eum acar pheadair agus mála aise i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarraing láin a glaiqe do píoráib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream rri pícto punnt ar an gclár or a cómar, agus reo é fóir 'sá rábó, agus é ag féacain go glinn gcar ar an bfeaf eile :

“ Ní cuiréó Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí bair a méire ralaiqe ar mo éuit airtio go deó. Dar rábó, ní cuiréó. Ir do'n gárbó agus do'n óise acáim 'sá acubairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widōw over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIÍM.

SIOCA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(ŪIRRGÉAL LE TOMÁR O N-DOODA.)

Ūiŋ aš fécáint timcéall oim an fáro do bí ré aš caint, aš bpeacnušad ar an reompa ašur an éaoi 'n-a íaib ré curta le éeile ašur 'šá fiarpuiše im' ašnead réin cá bfuair ré na rúšáin ar fáo nuair toubairt ré :

“ Tá tú aš déanaim ionšantair dem' éašlac ašur dem' aicill-ídeacé. Íléc deap-íamác an duine me ? ”

“ 'Sead, ar m' focal ; acé cá bfuair na rúšáin šo léir ? ašur már uaim atá annro, ar ndóig ní íaib éin-éaal leir an mbotán ro i n-éan-éor.”

“ Inneoraid mipe duit ar ball ; acé an mb'ait leat an uaim ar fáo o' feircint ? ”

“ B'ait liom,” arpa mipe, “ acé tá ré íó-luat fór an éor do éur fúm.”

“ Íl'í, íioc,” ar reirean, “ com fáda ír tá ré reo ašat,” ašur éoš ré maire éoire ó'n šcúinne ašur íin ré éušam é.

“ Rašamaoro amác šo fóill šo bfeiciré tú mo íiošacé-ra ar fáo,” ar ré.

“ Acé cá bfuair an maire éoire ? ” arpa mipe leir.

“ Cuirear le éeile i an fáro do bí tú ío' éoílad. Šab i leir annro anoir ašur tabair aipe do'n éoir.”

Éoš ré an tpuiréan ó'n mbóro ašur o' oršail ré doíar beaš éaoí leir an teallac ašur éuaómar ašon írteac. Íl'í fáca mé a leicéio de íaóare ó'n lá íužad me šo oí íin ašur ní fáca mé íaóare mar é ó íoin. Bí an reómpa beaš néanta šo oípeac šlan ar an šcaoi ééatona i íaib an ceann eile, acé do bí ré líonta íuar šo oí an doíar le íarímaib de šac cineál, ašur bíoíar šo léir éom šlan ašur éom íoillíreac íoin ír šur baíneatár an íaóare oíom, náé móí, nuair do éuaóar írteac ar oíur. Bíoíar ar éroéad aše ór cionn a éeile ar na ballaib éart timcéall an tpeómpa éom fáda ír b'féioir leir íuíše o' fášail oíob—šunnai šearpa ašur íioírtail šo leór, ašur a lán de élaíomíob ašur de bašneicíob—ašur bí éuro eile aca éruacéa i nšróšánaib ar an úílar. Bí úírnéir beaš, inneóin ašur úírlíri šabann i šcúinne, ašur binnre ašur úírlíri íuínéara i šcúinne eile. Bí an éear ašur an áit aš éríše níor aírteíše šac éan-nóimint.

“ Ír oíog líom šo bfuilim fá oíaoíreacé,” arpa mipe, nuair do éóšar lán mo íúí dé'n tpeómpa.

“ Íl'íur, máire, i n-éan-éor,” arpa an “ Šioblacán.”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hayropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hayropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do cuimil ré á go cineálta le n-a lámh.

“Féac,” ar feirean, “nac deap an úipilr i rin. Táinig ri o Amehoed agus do cuirfeadh ri piléar tré d’uine nac mór míle ó baile; aet éirimís an cúro eile aca arís. Sab i leir annro.”

D’fórgail ré doiar eile agus bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lámh o’ feireint bí ré com doirca roim. Níor cuim-nígear go rabdamar inr an uaim agus nuair o’ féadar amac doibhar.

“Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rinut gáire ar.

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arsa sué taob amuis d’iom. “há! há!” arsa sué eile. Annroim do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éimfeacht níor fuirde amac, “Ué! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agus mar rin leó ag rsiisireacht agus ag déanamh masairt fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gutaibh. Bíodar éir fúm, cuar or mo éionn, ar m’áirí amac agus ar gac taob d’iom. O’ miteigeadar uaim i n-áirí a céile agus o’ írligeadar fá deiríoch ar nór na raib ionnta aet rioparíac ag eiríoch i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mife gur baim ré ppeab aram. Táinig rsganníoch oim ar otúr agus ’na díarí rin táinig iongantár agus uacbhár an traos-aíl oim, ar nór náir féadar corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabdar im fearam ar feadh cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblaacán” ircead oim.

“Mac-alla,” arsa mife, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aige.

“Sead,” ar ré, “nac breag é?”

“Níor ariugear ruam roimie reo éan-ruo mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teadé ruar ar bí leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-mór ir dóca.”

“Bí eimnte de rin. Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bpuac gáca uacbháiríge agus má tá éan-óiríac amáin ann, tá ré ór éionn míle trois i n-íomíneacht. Ná téigir ró-fada amac nuair a bead ag cairbeánt na huaima duit, nó b’féidir go bfuigíteá dúdán io’ éeann; coinnis taob éir d’iom-ra agus ní beirí bagoal ar bí oir.”

Tós ré rlipeós giuimáire agus cuir ré rgoilt beag ’na héatán le tuais. Annroim ruair ré rop barríag agus rocuirí ré ircead ’ran rgoilt é agus éar ré an barríac i mbacall mar bead méaróis ar barr na rlipeóige. Nuair bí ré rocuiríge go daingean aige, éum ré an rlipeós agus an barríac i bpoa ola agus o’fás ré ann iao go raib an ola rúigíte ircead go maí ionnta. Cuasar fá n-éara lom-láiríac go raib ré ag déanamh tóirre éun na huaima do cairbeánt uam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tuibairt ré seo solas ár n-óráint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuathmar amac go bpuac na gága arís. Sae cor do cuirreamar dinn do cuir an mac-alla fheadra tar air eugaim. O’ ártuis an “Sioblaacán” an cóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bfuiginn maðarc maic ar an uaimh, agus do fear ré go dóna amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; aét, ar n-óig, mar aoir an pean-focal—“Neacn na taitige méaduißeann ré an taircúine.”

Cé go dtug an cóirre solas bpeas uair níor féadad puo ar bit o’ feirceint aét amáin poimnt beas de’n cappaiz ór mo éionn agus ar sae taob d’iom. Amac uaimh ní raib ann aét doiréadad t’rom tiug agus ir tóig liom féin náir deim an cóirre aét é do méaduißad. Bí ré com tiug poim sup faoilear go mb’ féidir liom é fheadrad le rgin, no mām de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as fiarpuige díom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amac, ead do bí foluigte taob t’iar de’n doiréadad, agus do bí ré com diaidair fheadradail rin sup cuir ré uadbar im éiride.

“Ní’ l iomarca le feirceint amac uaimh no taob tuar d’inn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “aét tairbeánrad mé duit anoir doimnead an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a glúimib.

“Luis ríor agus tairpains amac go bpuac na cairpse,” ar feirean, “táim eun an cóirre do éiréam ríor.”

Luisar ríor mar o’ ártuis ré agus ártuicad amac go hiaréad go raib mo éeann tar bpuac na gága. Do deim ré féin an puo céadna. Éit ré an cóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir t’rio an doiréadad. Bíor as bpaé sae éan-nóimint go mbuail-fead ré an tóim aét níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-puo d’inn. Bíor as faine air go dtí ná raib ann aét rpréad. Táinig pian im’ fúilib agus t’uóán im’ éeann ó beic as féadaint air, agus do éruicad go rmiop. Fá deiréad do éuilleamar maðarc air ar fear.

“Anoir, ead deir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irtead im’ éluair nuair bí an cóirre iméighe ar maðarc.

“Leis nam go fóill,” arfa mire, “go fceirfid mé leiréad na cairpse toir mé féin agus an poll uadbarad úo.” Agus do cuathar as lapadail irtead ran mboacán. Ní leirféad an eagla dām éirge im’ fearam go rabar ircis, agus bíor mar duine do bead i n-áirde ar luarván. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irtead im’ diair agus dún ré an doirar.

“Ir ártuicad agus ir mulléad an áit í seo,” arfa mire, “agus tá fceim im’ éiride le huadbar.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar tóir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpaó níor meara ná tá curá anoir, mar ir beas náir éiricad irtead ar mullad mo éinn ran gág an tairna huair do éangar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

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AN MAC ALLA:

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He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying:

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

naib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tós re anuas fíoil bí ar
craobh. De’n balla, agus éirí pé i gcóir í.

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar peirean.

“Taitneann go maí,” arfa mife, “tá rpeir móir agam ann i
scoinnuibe.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rseal,” ar pé, “seobair tú ceól anoir
nó maí.”

“Má tá pé mar an ceól do eus an mac alla uair ó éianair
ná bac leir.”

“Éir,” ar peirean, as leigint záire ar, “agus tabair do
bheit nuair táim críochnuige.”

Tornuig pé as reinn, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reáct-
maine ní féarfaínn tuaragsbáil éaric do tabairt ar an
scoinnfeinn t’éirig san uaim. B’áluinn an beirleasóir an
“Sioblaacán” agus bí pé ’n-a eumair, “ó neair na taitige,” ir
tódca, ceól do buairt ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiol.
Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn baigiste irteac i n-éan-
halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfeact, ní féarad
riac ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamairge do
tabairt uata ná an ceól do eus an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn
an oirde úd. Tós pé an craobh agus an t-anam aram. Níor
mótuigeair pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnid eile aet amáin
soibneair agus páram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as
reinn agus t’ fanfaínn annfóir as éirteact leir ar fead lae
agus oirde san beir tuirpeac de.

Nuair bí pé páirta eumair pé uair an fíoil agus tornuig pé as
caint ar ceól na héirfeann agus bí eumair móir agáinn mar gail
air. Caintéir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’air
leat beir as éirteact leir. Da liomta agus da léigeannta na
rmaointe do bí aige agus do euit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com
blarad le ceól. Ní naib pé dall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaoin-
eam, anoir agus aipir, an fáir do bí pé as caint, ar an gaeoi ’na
naib re as caiteam a éora aimpire agus as riarpuige díom réin
eao é an fáir bí leir. Bíor deimneac go naib pé leat-éadotiom
agus sup b’in é an éall go naib pé as imteact, mar a uéarfa, le
haer an traogail agus as eumair a muinél i gcontabairt; aet ní
naib níor agam an uair rin ar an méir ar éuair pé crío.

Níor leis pé dam dul ro-fad leir na rmaointib reo mar
tarpainis pé eirge feadóg agus tornuig pé as reinn uirru. Dá
feabhar an ceól do buairt pé ar an bfiol, b’earr ná rin react
n-uair an ceól do buairt pé ar an bfeadóg. Do páruig pé ar
gac uile nio t’airuigeair ruar go tici rin. Ní éuibrad éanair na
cruinne dá mbeirig go léir ’san uaim as cantain le éile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish *féil* from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uatha. Do chug an fearógs an mac alla amac i bfuad níor feara agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

“Cao deir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair rghuir ré dá feinneamaint.

“Ní fearar fós,” ar’ mairé, “ná fuilim fá d’maoideacht. Dá mbeinn as caint ar feara lae agus bliathna, ní fearfainn a innirint tuic an méad doibhir agus tairtinn agus páraim éiríde do chug an ceól úo dam. Ní’l éin-teacht ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámáir anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámáir i n-éan-éor,” ar’ mairé, aet b’féidir gur éirte dam a páo ná fuil éin teacht ruar le deaplamáacht an “fír i n-áirde.”

“Tá tú as caint so ciallmáir anoir,” ar’ reirean, as cur rghairte ar.

“B’féidir é,” ar’ mairé, “aet bíor éin a páo nuair bíor as éirteacht leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar’ reirean.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar’ eagla an plámáir—do éir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarpargháil do léigear agus do éualar so mairé i dtaob ceoil na n-áingear ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim éiríde n-éan-éor fós,” ar’ reirean, agus d’éiríde ré n-a feara.

Tornuig ré as amháin. Bí gur breas fonnmar ceoilmar as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor éail ré éanruo i dtaob beir irteig ran uaim. Ní fearar féin cia aca do b’feara éin an mac alla do taobairt amac—an fíoril, an fearógs nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i gcóimfeinn; aet ir d’óig liom gur páruig an gur orra so léir. Éualar trí éad d’aoine as gháil amháin i n-éirteacht éan-uair amháin i halla mór i mBaile-Átha-Clia; aet cé so raib an ceól agus an cóimfeinn so han-breas ar’ fad, ní raib éin-teacht ruar aige le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair chug ré uair “An Raib tú as an gCarraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an d’óro do éir ré ruar ran uaim as curteachtain leir:

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUGÁIN.

DRAMA AON-SHÍNÍ.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN, file Connacéac atá ar feadhán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOŠÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNA, inínean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARAINN, atá luathóir le Úna:

SÍGLÉ, cómharra do Máire.

Piobaire, cómharanna agus daoine eile.

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó shin. Tá sí ar
asur mná as dul tríd a céile in san tíg, no 'na fearaí coir
na mbaila, amháil asur dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe dea.
Tá Tomár O h-Annracáin as caint le Úna i bfiom-torac na
rtáir. Tá an piobaire as fársad a piobair air, le torusad
ar feinn air, acé do beir Séamús O h-Iarainn deoí cúige,
asur rtaoann ré. Tassann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt
amae ar an uirlár cum dampra, acé diúltann sí dó.

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'bothuad anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil
mé as éirteacé le n-a bfuil reirlean d'a m'ad liom. [Leir an
h-Annracánae]: Lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'm'ad ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boadé rin d'a
iarrad oir?

ÚNA.—As iarrad dampra oim, do bí ré, acé ní tiubrainn
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Ir cinnte nac tiubréad. Ir dóig, ní meafann
tú go leigpinn-re do duine ar bié dampra leat, com fáo asur
tá mife ann ro. A! a Úna, ní m'ad rólár ná rócamaíl agam le
fao go tóainis mé ann ro anocé asur go bfeacáir mé turá!

ÚNA.—Cao é an rólár duit mife?

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Nuair atá mairde leat-dóighe in san
teime, nac bfeáann ré rólár nuair dóirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ir dóig, ní'l turá leat-dóighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Tá mé, asur tá trí ceatramhna de mo
éirte, dóighe asur loighe asur caite, as tpoir leir an
raoíal, asur an raoíal as tpoir liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní féacánn tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don cúlár asat-
ra ar beacé an báir boicé, atá san teacé san téasgar san tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

bar, aet é as imteacét asur as píor-imteacét le fán ar fuo an tpaosail mhóir, san duine ar bit leir aet é féin. Níl maidin in san tpeacéimain nuair éirighim ruar nac h-abraim liom féin go mb'féarr dam an uair 'ná an reacrán. Níl don ruo as rearmán dam aet an bponntanur do fuair mé ó Dia—mo éuro abrán. Nuair toraighim oppa rin, imtighéann mo bpon asur mo buairpéaró díom, asur ní éumhigim níor mó ar mo ghéar-éirí asur ar mo mí-áó. Asur anoir, ó éonnaic mé éura, a úna, éim go bfuil ruo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abráin féin!

ÚNA.—Ir iongantac an bponntanur ó Dia an bárouigeacét. Com pava asur tá rin asao nac bfuil tú níor raibúre na luét reuic asur reóir, luét bó asur eal aig.

MÁC UI H-ÁINN.—A! a úna, ir móir an beannaec aet ir móir an maillaec, leir, do duine é do beic 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil caparó asam ar an paosail ro? Bfuil fear b ó ar maic leir mé? Bfuil gráó as duine ar bit oim? Bim as imteacét, mo éadan boet donpánae, ar fuo an tpaosail, mar Oirín anoir aig na féinne. Bíonn ruat as h-uile duine oim, ní'l ruat asao-ra oim, a úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair ruo mar rin, ní féoir go bfuil ruat as duine ar bit opt-r.

MÁC UI H-ÁINN.—Tar liom asur ruirpimio i gcúinne an tige le éite, asur déarfairó mé duit an t-abrán do rinne mé duit. Ir opt-ra rinnear é.

[Imtighéann ríao go tóí an coirneull ir raibe ón rcáio, asur ruiréann ríao anaice le éite.]

[Tis Sígle arteaé.]

SÍGLE.—Táinig mé éugao com luat asur o'feuo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte rómao.

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar riúbal as o anoir?

MÁIRE.—As torugaó acámuio. Bí don porc amáin asainn, asur anoir tá an píobairp as ól tige. Torócáio an damra arir nuair béirdear an píobairp péiró.

SÍGLE.—Tá na daoine as bailiugaó arteaé go maic, béiró damra breáig asainn.

MÁIRE.—Béiró a Sígle, aet tá fear aca ann asur b'féarr liom amuig ná arciú é! Feuc é.

SÍGLE.—Ir ar an bfeap pava donn acá tú as caint, nac eao? An fear rin acá as cómpáó com olúit rin le úna in san scoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rparpce ir mó táinig i h-éimunn arimh, Tomár O h-Annpacáin éugann ríao air, aet Tomár Rógaire buó éoir do baipéaró air, i gceapce. Óra! nac raib an mí-áó oim, é do éacét arteaé éugainn, éor ar bit, anocet!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Ushcen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍSLÉ.—Cia'n róirt tuine é? Nac fear déanta abhán ar Connaétaib é? Cualaib mé caint air, céana, agus deir ríad nac bhfuil damróir eile i n-Éirinn dóm maic leir: buí maic liom a feicirint as dampra.

MÁIRE.—Sháin go deó ar an mbiteamhac! Tá'r agham-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt caréanaib roir é féin agus an céad-fear do bí agham-ra, agus ip minic cualaib mé ó Dáirmuib boét (go ndéanaib Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n róirt tuine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máisiririr rsoile, fíor i gConnaétaib, aét bíod h-uile cleas aise buí meara ná a céi e. As fíor-déanaib abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup imirir ar bun amearas na gcómarpan le n-a cúro cainte. Deir ríad nac bhfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac meallfáó ré. Ip meara é ná Dóinnall na Shéine fáó ó. Aét buí é deirfad an rseil sup ruais. n ragaré amac ar an bparpáirte é ar fáó. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, aét lean ré do na cleapannaib céana, sup ruaisgeat amac apir é, agus apir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná tosaib aise aét é beir as gabail na típe, as déanaib abhán agus as fágaib lóiréin na h-oirde ó na daoimib. Ní díul-tócaib tuine ar bí é, mar tá fáicéir opna roimhe. Ip móir an file é, agus b'éirir go ndéanfáó ré rann opt do shreimócaó go deó tuic, dá gcuirféa fearas air.

SÍSLÉ.—Go bfuirib Dia oppainn. Aét créad do tús arteaó anoét é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as cairteal na típe, agus cualaib ré go raib dampra le beir ann ro, agus táinib ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aise oppainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ip ionganac mar tá ré as déanaib amac a flige-beata, éor ar bí, agus gan aise aét a cúro abhán. Deir ríad nac bhfuil áit a raéaib ré nac otugann na mná sháó, agus nac otugann na fir fuat óó.

SÍSLÉ [as breir ar gualaibn Máire].—Iompuib do céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an' dá iloisíonn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tap éir abhán do déanaib oi, agus tá ré o'a múnáó oi as cogarnuib in a cluar. Óra, an biteamhac! beir ré as cup a cúro pirtreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oé ón! go deó! Nac mí-ádhmaib táinib ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinib ré arteaó, trí uaire ó poin. Rinne mé mo dícéil le n-a rgaráó ó céile, aét teir ré opm. Tá úna boét tugta do h-uile róirt fean-abhán agus fean-ráiméir de rsealcaib, agus ip binn leir an shreacáir beir as éirteac leir; mar tá beal aise rin do b'reasfáó an rmólaó de'n éraib. Tá'r agha go bhfuil an póraó réirte rocpuirge

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together: he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roip úna agus Séamur O h-Iapáinn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoíú: feuc Séamur boct ag an dorpur agus é ag faire oirí. Tá brón agus ceannfaoi air. Is furur a feicint go mbuó máit le Séamur an rpsairde rin do tadtad an móimio reo. Tá faicéior móp oim go mbéir an ceann iompuişte ar úna le n-a cuio bla-daíreáct. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beó, tiucfaid oic ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac bfeadópa a cup amac?

MÁIRE.—O'féadópaínn; ní'l duine ann ro do cuioeócaó leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Áct is file móir é, agus tá mallact aige do rsoitfead na cpaínn agus do réabfaó na cloca. Oeir ríad go lobtann an ríol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a geuro bainne ó na bat nuair tógann file mar é rin a mallact dóib, má puaisgeann duine ar an teac é. Áct dá mbeir ré amuis, uipe mo bannuioe nac leigfínn arteach aip é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacad ré féin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bpiú in a cuio mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Áct ní pacad ré amac go toileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a puasad amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré out anonn go n-úna.

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go n-úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamrócaid tú an ríl reo liom-ra, a úna, nuair béirdear an ríobaire réir.

MÁC UI h-ANIL [ag éirge].—Is mipe Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé ag labairt le úna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus comí pad agus béirdear fonn uipre-re beir ag caint liom-ra ní leigfíó mé u'adon duine eile do tadtad eadpaínn.

SÉAMUS [gan aire ar Máac UI h-Annpacáin].—Nac noamrócaid tú liom, a úna?

MÁC UI h-ANIL [go ríocmar].—Nár duhairt mé leat anoir sur liom-ra do bí úna ní Ríogáin ag caint? Imtís leat ar an móimio, a boadís, agus ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A úna——

MÁC UI h-ANIL [ag béicil].—Fás rin!

[Imtígeann Séamur agus tís ré go dtí an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé ag iarrad ceat oir-ra an rpsairte mí-dóamail meirgeamail rin do áiteam amac ar an tís. Má leigseann tú dam, cuipfíó mipe agus mo beirt deap-bpácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear ré amuis roórócaid mipe leir.

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faicéoir oim poimeí
tá malláét aise rin do rgoiltefao ná eaminn, deir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy euma liom má tá malláét aise do leasfao ná
rreáfa. Iy oim-ra tuiteo ré, asur cuim mo dúbhlán faoi.
Dá marbófao ré mé ar an móimio ní leigfeó mé dó a cuio pír-
treoós do cuir ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamair, tá cómairle níor feárr 'ná
rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin ?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo éeann asam le n-a cuir amac. Má
leanann ríó-re mo cómairle-re maófao re féin amac cóm rocair
le uan, d'a coit féin, asur nuair seobair ríó amuis é, buairíó
an doipur air, asur ná leigíó arceao aír go bráé é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Úia oir, asur innir tam eao é tá in do éeann.

SÍGLE.—Déanfaaoir é cóm dea asur cóm rimpl de asur
connaic tú ariam. Cuirfimo é as capaó rugsáin go bfuigimio
amuis é, asur buairfimo an doipur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ráó, acé ní forur a déanaí. Déanfao
ré leao “déan rugsáin, tú féin.”

SÍGLE.—Déanfaaoir, ann rin, nac bfaaoir tuine ar bié ann
ro rugsáin féir ariam, nac bfuil tuine ar bié an ran tíg ar féioir
leir ceann aca déanaí.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an seirioiró ré ruo mar rin—nac bfaamair
rugsáin ruam ?

SÍGLE.—An seirioiró ré, an eao ? Crioiró ré ruo ar bié,
crioífao ré go raib ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair acá glaine
óica aise, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé eao é an crioceann cuirfeair rinn ar an
nóiréis reo,—go bfuil rugsáin féir as ceartaí uainn ?

MÁIRE.—Smuáin ar érioicinn do cuir air rin, a Séamair.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfao mé go bfuil an asao as eirúge asur go
bfuil eúmóac an tígse d'a rguabaó leir an rcoim, asur go
ceairfimo rugsáin ceairingst air.

MÁIRE.—Acé má eirceann ré as an doipur bíro fíor aise nac
oíuá asao rá rcoi m ann. Smuáin ar érioicinn eile, a Séamair.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceair asam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bpuil cóirte leagta as bun an énuic, agus go bpuil riad as iarraid puigáin leir an gcóirte do leapuigáó. Ní feicfid ré com pado rin ó'n doipur, agus ní béir fíor aise naé fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rseal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamur, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an pún l-ó. Inniur dóib cat tá aca le ráó—naé bpaicéó duine ar b é ran tíri reo puigán féir piam— agus cuir epoicionn maic ar an mbpéis, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine as cogairnais leó. Toraisgeann cuir aca as gáire. Tagann an piobaire agus toruisgeann ré as feinn. Éirígeann trí no ceachtar de cúplaíab, agus toruisgeann riad as dampra. Imtígeann Séamar amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANIL. [as éiríge tar éir a beir as féacaint orra ar pead cúpla móimio].—Pruit! rtopagair! An tpuigáin ríó dampra ar an rparapaireacé rin! Tá ríó as bualaó an upláir mar beir an oipead rin d'eallac. Tá ríó com tnom lé builláin, agus com ciotaó le arail. Go tdaétar mo píobán dá mb'pearr liom beir as féacaint orraib 'ná ar an oipead rin laéain bacacé, as léimnió ar leat-coir ar fuo an tige! Págaró an t-upláir pá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá tuit as dampra].—Aghur cat fáé a bpaígramaoir an t-upláir púé-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANIL.—Tá an eala ar bpuac na toinne, tá an phoénier Ríogáó, tá péarla an bpollais bán, tá an benuir amear na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin as pearaí ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bíé a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmliúgeann an gelaó agus an grian féin ói, agus úmliócaó ríó-re. Tá ríó mó áluinn agus mó rpeiramaíle le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Acé ran go fóil, rúé táirbeánaim daóib mar gnióeann an buacail bpeáó Connaéacáé rinnee, tdaíraí mé an t-abrán daóib do rinnee mé do Reult Cúige Múman—ó' úna Ní Ríogáin. Éiríó, a grian na mban, agus tdaígramaíó an t-abrán le éile, gac le bdaíra, agus ann rin múnrimio dóib cat é ir rinnee ríreannacé ann.

[Éirígeann riad 7 gabairó abrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANIL.

'Sí úna bán, na gpusaige buíóe,
An cúilfionn 'épaó in mo láir mo éroíóe,
Ir ire mo pún, 'r mo cúmánn go buan,
Ir cuma liom coiróe bean acé í.

ÚNA.

A báiró na rúile tuíóe, ir tú
Fuar buair in ran paógal a'r clú,
Soirim do béal, a'r molaím tú féin,
Do cúipir mo éroíóe in mo éleib amúó.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.

'Sí úna bán na tpuigáige óir,
 Mo fearc, mo éumánn, mo tpuig, mo tpuig,
 Raicairt pí féin le n-a báirt i scéin;
 Do loic pí a éiríde in a éiríde go móir;

ÚNA.

Níor b'fada oíche liom, ná lá,
 As éiríde le do éiríde b'fada.
 Is binne do béal ná feinn na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo éiríde do fuaire tpuig:

MAC UÍ h-ANN.

Do riúbaíl mé féin an domán iomlán,
 Sacra, éir, an f'páine 'r an Spáin,
 Ní f'páine mé féin i mbailte ná 'scéin
 Don ainmí f'p' n' n'p'ín mar úna bán.

ÚNA.

Do éalairt míre an éalíreac binn
 San tpuigáin rin éiríde, as feinn linn,
 Is binne go móir liom féin do tpuig;
 Is binne go móir do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo éalíreac binn,
 Níor léir éam oíche éar an lá,
 Go b'fada mé í, do f'páine mo éiríde;
 A'r do éiríde éam mo éiríde 'r mo éiríde.

ÚNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maoin iné
 As riúbaíl coir coille le fáinne an lá,
 Bí eun ann rin as feinn go binn,
 "Mo tpuigáin an tpuig, a'r nac éalíreac!"

[Glaob' asur torann asur buailéann Séamus O h-Iarainn an
 torann aréad.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oé ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móir
 leasra as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a b'fuit lipeada na tíre
 ann pléasra, asur ní'l r'péas ná téad ná móra ná daidí aca
 le na éanraile arí. Tá ríad as glaob'ad amac anoir ar r'páin
 féir do éanraile oíde—eibé r'p'c r'p'c é rin—asur deir ríad go
 mbéir na lipeada 7 an cóirte caillte ar oarbuir r'páin féir
 le n-a éanraile.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboirp'p'ad! Tá ar n-ábáin
 r'p'p'ce asáinn, asur anoir támaoir dul as daíra. Ní tááinn
 an cóirte an bealac rin ar don éor.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tá gan ré an bealaí rín anoir—áit ír dóigis gur rēmainféar tura, agus naé bfuil eólar agha air. Naé tēagann an cóirte tar an ghenoc anoir a éomairanna?

ÍAD uile.—Tá gan, tá gan go cinnte.

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Ír cuma liom, a tēáit no gan a tēáit. Áit b'féar liom fide cóirte beit bhuirte ar an mbótar ná go scuipféa péarla an bholais bāin ó dāmpa dūinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir rópa do carad dō féin.

SÉAMUS.—O muirdeir, ní tīs leir, tá an oiréad rín de' fuinneam agus de tēar agus de rēpēacā agus de lūt in rna caplais aigeanta rín go scaitō mo cóirteoir boēt bheit ar a geinn. Ír ar éigin-bāir ír féoir leir a gēapad ná a gēongbāil. Tá fāitēoir a anam' air go n-cipeócair ríad in a mullāc, agus go n-imtēócair ríad uair de ruais. Tá gac uile fēitpēac arca, ní fācair tū ruam a leitēir de caplais fīadāine!

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Mā tá, tá dāoine eile inr an gcóirte a dēanfar rópa mā' éigin dō'n cóirteoir beit ag ceann na gēapall: fās rín agus leis dūinn dāmpa.

SÉAMUS.—Tā; tá tūir eile ann, áit mairdeir le ceann aca, tá ré ar leat-lāim, agus fear eile aca,—tā ré ag crūt agus ag crācā leir an rēgannrā fūair ré, ní tīs leir rēarā ar a dā cóir leir an eagla atā air; agus mairdeir leir an tūmāc fear níl dūine ar bit rín tīr do leisfēad an fōcal rín “rópa” ar a beit in a fīadnūire, mar naé le rópa do cpoēad a tēair féin anurpāis, mar gēall ar dāoiris do goir.

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Carad fear aghā féin rugān dō, mar rín, agus fāgaí an t-urpāir fūinn-ne. [Le ūna]'nnoir, a fēit na mban tairbeān dōib mar imtēgeann lūnō imearē na nōitē, no helen fā' rēgannrā an trāoi. Dāir mo lāim, ó d'ēas dēirde, fā' cuipēad nāoirē mac Uirnis cum bāir, níl a hoirde i nēirinn inoíú áit tū féin. Torpēamāoir.

SÉAMUS.—Nā torpāis, go mbēir an rugān aghāinn. Ní tīs linn-ne rugān carad. Níl dūine ar bit annro ar féoir leir rópa do dēanam!

MAC UÍ h-AMH.—Níl dūine ar bit ann ro ar féoir leir rópa dēanam!!

ÍAD uile.—níl.

SÍGLE.—agus ír fīoir dāoir rín. Ní dēarnāir dūine ar bit inr an tīr rēo rugān fēir ariam, ní mēarāin go bfuil dūine in ran tīs rēo do cōnnāic ceann aca, féin, áit mīre. Ír mair cuinnisim-rē, nuair naé ruib ionnam áit gūpēac beas go bēacāir mé ceann aca ar fābair do rūs mo fēan-dāir leir ar cōnnāc-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. Bíod na daoine uile ag fáil, “Ara! cia ’n rópé muid é rin éor ar bít?” agur dubhairt reirean sup rugán do bíann, agur go smúir na daoine a leicéir rin fíor i gConnacetaib. Dubhairt ré go raedó fear aca ag congúail an féir agur fear eile ó’a carad. Congúóedair muid an fear anoir, má téideann tura ó’a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaid muid glac féir arteaó.

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaid mé cáinead cúige Múman,
Ní fásgann ríad an t-urplár fúinn;
Ní’l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!
Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!
Sráin go deó ar cúige Múman,
Nac bfaigann ríad an t-urplár fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailíreoir mbréan,
Nac tuis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir.

MAC UÍ h-ANN.—Tabair ’m ann ro é. Tairbeánfaid muid daoib ead déanfar an Connacetaó deag-múinte dearlámaó, an Connacetaó cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agur lán-rtuaim aige in a láim, agur ciall in a céann, agur coráirte in a éporde, aó sup feól muid agur mórbuaidreó an traozail é amearz leibivini cúige Múman, acá san doirde san uairte, acá san eólar ar an eala éar an laéain, no ar an ór éar an bhráir, no ar an lile éar an bfoctanán, no ar feult na mbán ós, agur ar péarla an bhoillais bán, éar a gcuir rtraoille agur siobad féin. Tabair ’m cipín!

[Sineann fear maide óó, cuirteann ré rop féir timcioll air; coraigean ré ó’a carad, agur Sígle ag tabairt amac an féir óó.]

MAC UÍ h-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná ’tabairt foluir dúinn;
Ir i mo sráó, ir i mo rún,
’S i úna bán, an ríó-vean éuin,
’S ní éuigro na Muinnis leat a rtuaim:

Acá na Muinnis reo dallda ag Dia,
Ní aicnigro eala éar laéa liaó,
Aó tiucfaid ri tiom-ra, mo hélen breaó
Mar a molfar a pearra ’r a rseim go bráó.

Ara! muidre! muidre! muidre! Nac é reo an baile breaó légaó, nac é reo an baile éar bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oirde ra

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Aurah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rósaire epócta ann naé mbíonn don earbúir rópa ar na daoineib,
leir an méad rópa goirveann ríad ó'n gcrocaire Cráirteacáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—
aéit go gcuirfeann ríad an Connaétaé boét as carad rúgáin uóib!
Níor éar ríad rúgáin féir in ran mbaile reo aríam—agus an
méad rúgáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an crocaire!

Thóirfeann Connaétaé ciallmair

Rópa uó féin,

Aéit goirveann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcrocaire é!

Go breicir mé rópa

Breágh cnáibe go fóill

Uá fársad ar rúgáib

Sac doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin o'imeigeadar na Spéasais, agus
níor rtoradair agus níor móir-cómnuiigeadar no gur rghuoradair
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mhnaoi amáin béir an baile reo
damanta go uéó na nveoir agus go bhuinne an bpráta, le Dia na
nspár, go ríorpuirte rúcaín, nuair náir cuigeadar gur ab í ūna
ní Ríogáin an dapa Helen uó rúgáin in a meais, agus go rúg
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar ūenur, ar a uóáinís roimprí agus
ar uóiuéar 'na uiais.

Aéit tiucfaid rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connaéit na ndaoine breágh:

Seobaid rí féarta fion a' feoil,

Rinnceanna árdá, rporit a' ceól.

O! múire! múire! náir éirigir an ghrian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lafaid réalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an uorur. Éirigfeann na fíir uile
agus uúnaio é u'áon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum
an uoruir, aéit beirir na mná uirru. Téirfeann Séamur anonn
cuici.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuirigirde amaé é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annpácin, ir fíle é, ir báir é, ir fear iongantac
é: O leis ar air é, ná uéan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cúirle uilear, leis uó. Tá
ré imigirde anoir agus a cúirte pírteós leir. Béir ré imigirde
ar uó ceann amárac, agus béir tupa imigirde ar a ceann-ran.
Naé bfuil fíor asac go maic go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad mile
uóirre, agus gur tupa m'áon péarla mná amáin uá bfuil in
ran uóman.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, as buatair ar an uorur].—Forsail!
forsail! forsail! Leisir arceac mé. O mo feacit gcéad mile
mallaét orraib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buaitéann ré an tOmuir arís agus arís eile:]

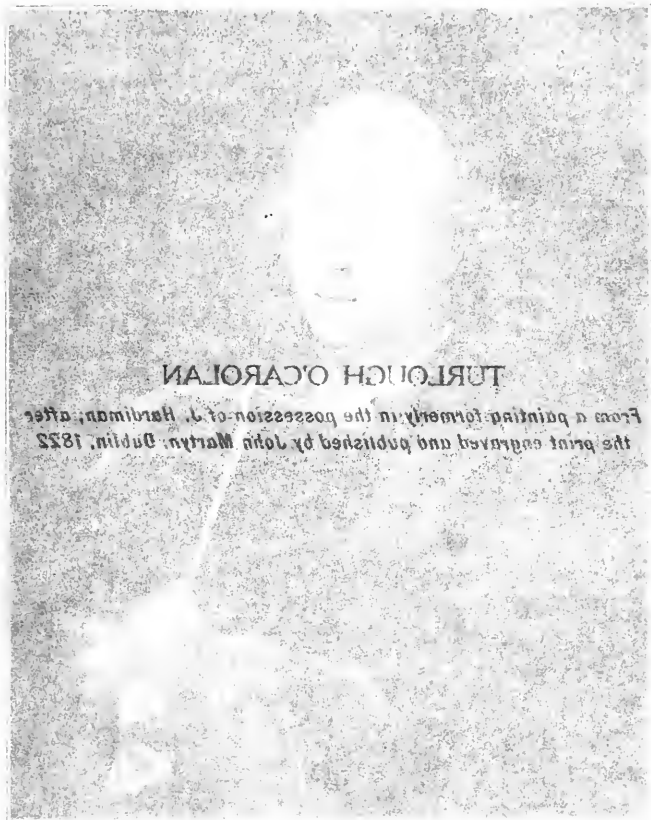
Mallaét na las oipiaib' r na láirib,
 Mallaét na ragaib agus na mbáib,
 Mallaét na n-Carball agus an bÁra,
 Mallaét na mbaintreabac' r na nGailac.
 Forasail! forasail! forasail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buíochas díob a éomarranna, agus beiré úna buíochas díob amaraí. Buail leat, a rghairte! tóan do dháir leat féin amuig ann sin, anoir! Ní bfuigir tú arteaí ann ro! Óra, a éomarranna nac breáí é, tuine do beiré as éirteaí leir an rtoirín taob amuig, agus é féin go rocair páirta cor na teinead. Buail leat! Sprea leat. Cá 'uit Connacé anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?





TURLUGH O'CAROLAN

From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman; after the print engraved and published by John Martin, Dublin, 1852

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

*From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822*



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duall MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

“ In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry.”

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are “Thoughts on Innisfail,” which D’Arcy Magee has translated; “A Farewell to Ireland,” a poem addressed to his harper; “An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies,” the “Three Shafts of Death,” a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O’Brien, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant “Advice to a Prince” to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his “Literary History of Ireland” tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell’s army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: “Go, make your songs now, little man !” This was one of MacDaire’s own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, “perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century,” says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O’Halloran in his “History of Ireland” speaks of him as “a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet,” and says that he “had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a ‘History of Ireland,’” which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer’s Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the “History of Ireland,”

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishops," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain " ³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "*Literary History of Ireland*": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "*The Annals of the Four Masters*," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "*Literary History of Ireland*": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "*The Life of St. Ru-mold*," "*Irish Martyrology*," and a treatise on the "*Names of Ireland*." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "*Trias Thaumaturga*" and "*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "*The Annals of Donegal*," then by the title of "*The Ulster Annals*," and is now known over the world as "*The Annals of the Four Masters*," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilonan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "*Testimonials*" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "*Annals*" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "*Testimonials*," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "*Annals*" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "*Vocabulary of the Irish Language*." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"*The Annals of the Four Masters*" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "*Annals*" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "*Annals*."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

“ ‘ SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen.’ ”

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"Side by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,' " says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odyssie* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man:

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "*Cormac Va Conaill*," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's halLOWed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most promi-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnachall Pleinníonn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "*Craoibhin*." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY
After Joyce and others



IRELAND

SCALE OF MILES



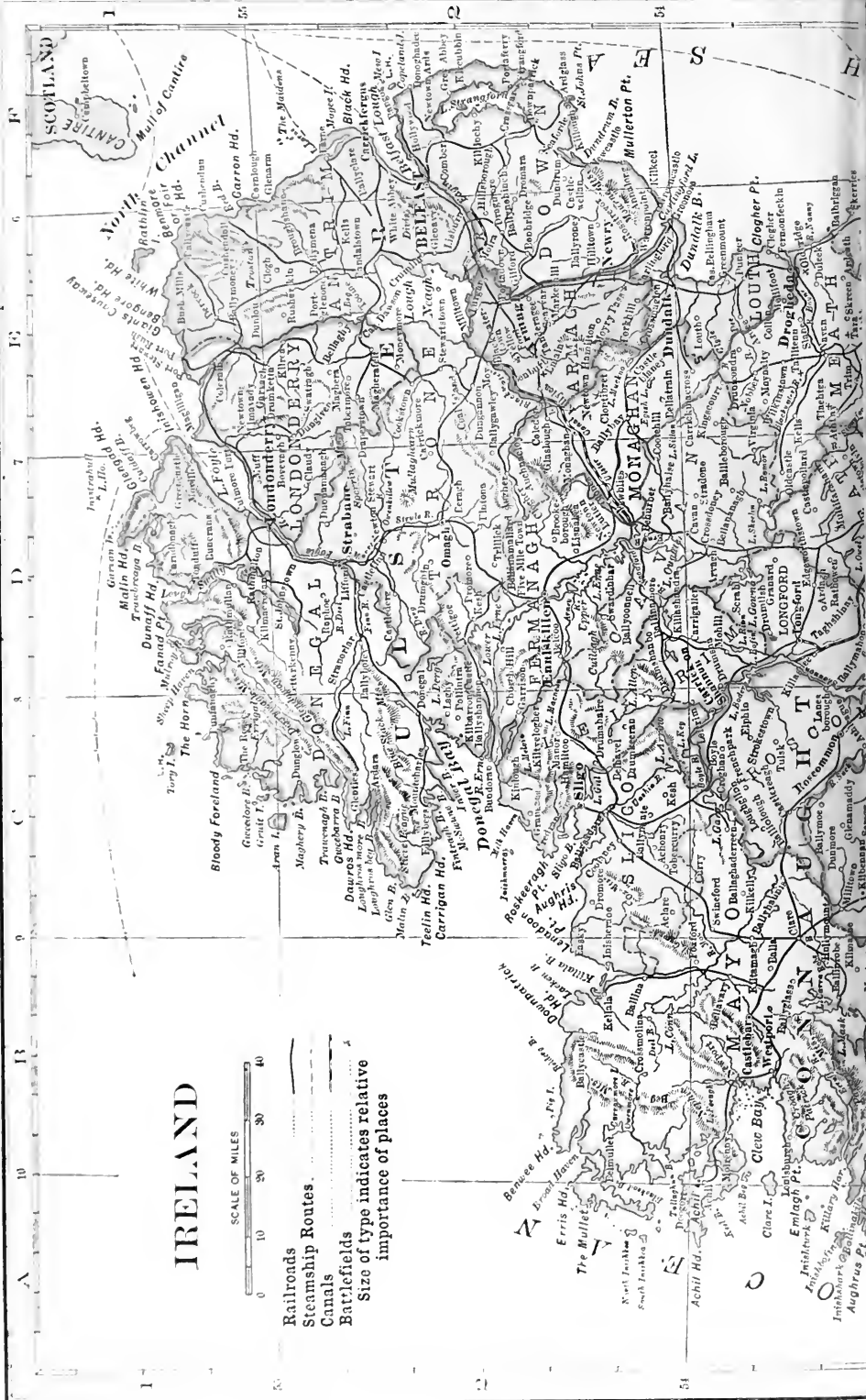
Railroads

Steamship Routes.

Canals

Battlefields

Size of type indicates relative importance of places



GLOSSARY.

- A BOCHAL (*A bhuachaill*).....Boy, my boy.
 ABOO, ABÚ !.....To victory ! Hurrah !
 A CHARA, A CHORRA.....Friend, my friend.
 A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilín ban*).....her fair-colored flowing hair.
 ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) vein—ACUSHLA MA-
 CHREE.....Pulse of my heart.
 A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a*
chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe).....O pulse and treasure of my
 heart !
 A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo*
chroidhe)O bright pulse of my heart.
 AGRA, AGRADH (*a ghradh*).....Love, my love.
 A-HAGUR (*a theagair*).....O dear friend ! Comforter.
 AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlín a ruin*).. . . .Ellen, dear.
 ALANNA (*a leinbh*).....child.
 ALAUN.....a lout.
 ALPEEN (*alpin*)a stick.
 AN CHAITEOG.....The Winnowing Sheet (name
 of Irish air).
 ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*).....the white or fair-haired
 maiden.
 ANGASHORE (*aindiseoir*).....a stingy person, a miser.
 AN SMACHTAOIN CRON.....the copper-colored stick of
 tobacco.
 AN SPAILPIN FANACH.....wandering laborer, a strapping
 fellow.
 A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*).....O bright love !
 AROON (*a ruin*).....O secret love ! beloved, sweet-
 heart.
 ARRAH (*ar' eadh*).....(literally, Was it?) Indeed !
 ARTH-LOOGHRA (*arc luachra or arc-sleibhe*)..a lizard.
 ASTHORE (*a stoir*).....Treasure.
 A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*)..Treasure of my heart.
 ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh*
geal mo chroidhe).....Treasure, bright love of my
 heart.
 A SUILISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
 A THAISGE.....Treasure, my darling, my com-
 fort.
 AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 AVIC (*a mhic*).....Son, my son.
 AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*)... ..Darling.
 BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*).....That is possible ! Likely, in-
 deed ! Perhaps.
 BALLYRAGGIN.....scolding, defaming.
 BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*).....woman of the house.
 BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-
 woman).....the death-warning spirit of the
 old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.
 BAWN (*bán*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
 BAWN, BADIUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
 BEAN AN FHIR RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
 BEAN SHIE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.
 BIREDH (*baircaith*).....a cap.
 BLADDERANG — BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
 BOCCATY (*bacaid*).....anything lame.
 BODACH (*bodaghl*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
 BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
 BOLLIOUS.....rumpus.
 BONNOCHT (*buanaith*).....a billeted soldier.
 BOREN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
 BOTHERED (*bothar*).....deaf, bothered.
 BOUCHAL (*buachaill*).....a boy.
 BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (*buachaillin bán*).....white (haired) little boy.
 BREHONS (*breitheamhuin*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
 BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin bán mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailín deas cruídhle na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
 CAIRBERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (<i>caipin dearg</i>)	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (<i>caibin</i>)	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>)	bog cotton. See <i>Cannaicuan</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (<i>acheann dubh dhilis</i>)	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH	harp.
CLEAVE (<i>cliabh</i>)	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (<i>clochan</i>)	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (<i>cota mor</i>)	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (<i>coileainin</i>)	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (<i>cailleach cos-mor</i>)	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (<i>cailin ban</i>)	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (<i>cailin deas</i>)	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (<i>cailin deas cruithne na m-bo</i>)	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>down</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE (<i>cailin ruadh</i>)	a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (<i>cailleach</i>)	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN	talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (<i>St. Columbeille</i>)	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (<i>comether</i>)	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (<i>cuilin</i>)	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM (<i>cum</i>)	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE	See COATAMORE.
COULAAN (<i>cuileann</i>)	a head of hair.
CREEPIE	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (<i>Chraoibhin aoibhinn</i>)	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (<i>croimbeal</i>)	a mustache.
CRONAN	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN	whispering.
CROPPIES	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (<i>crosan</i>)	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (<i>crub</i>)	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL	Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruisein*) a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN throwing.
 CRUIT a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*) a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*) Body to the devil!
 CUSILA MACHREE (*a chuise mo chroidhe*) Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*) leavings, rubbish, remains.

 DALTHEEN (*daillín*) a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHIREESTH (*Dar Criost*) By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*) puny, weak.
 DAWNSHÉE (from *damhainisí*) acuteness.
 DEESHY small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RÍOIGH Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidín*) a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DIURAGH (*duthracht*) a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*) sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*) the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraíthrin o' mo chroidhe*) O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhrúimeann dom dhileas*) Dear brown cow.
 DRIMIN (*dhrúimeann*) a white-backed cow.
 DRIMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland) name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhrúimeann dubh dhileas*) white-back cow.
 DRINAWN BHUNN (*droighnean donn*) brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*decoilín*) the wren.
 DROOTH thirst (*cf.* "drought").

 EIBHLIN A RUIN Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibéal*) clew.
 ERENACH (*airchíneach*) a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*círic*) a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Éire Sláinte geal go brath*) Erin, a bright health forever.

 FADH (*fada*) tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*) Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballugh!*
 FAUGHED despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*) a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AHL LIOM I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*) evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*) hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*) princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER**.....fumbling.
FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS (*fraochán*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
FUILLELUAH (*fuil a lugh*).....an exclamation.
FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.

GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See **GEAN-CANACH**.
GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
GARRON (*gearán*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA (*gírseach*).....a little girl.
GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Christda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).

GIRSHA. See **GEERSHA**.
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dtéil tu mo mhuirín slán*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsún*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
GOSTHER (*gastúir*).....prate, foolish talk.
GOULOGUE (*gabhalóg*).....a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailín og, Molly a stóir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug-children.
GRAWLS.....children.
GREENAN (*gríanan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.

GUSHAS. See **GEERSHA**.

- *HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
 IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
 INAGH (*An-eadh*).....Is it? Indeed.
 INCH (*inse*).....an island.
 IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
 JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
 KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caillín bán*).....Fair-haired Kathleen.
 KEAD MÍLE FAULTE (*cead míle fáilte*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
 KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
 KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
 KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
 KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
 KIPEEN (*cipín*).....a bit of a stick.
 KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
 KISHOGUE (*cuiscóg*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
 KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
 KITHOGUE (*ciotóg*).....the left hand.
 KNOCKAWN (*cnocán*).....a hillock.
 KNOCK CUTHIE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
 LAN.....full.
 LANNA.....*i.e. alanna*, child (which see).
 LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
 LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
 LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
 LENAUN (*leanún*).....a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
 LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.¹
 LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
 LULLALO (*Lúigh lúigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
 LUSMORES (*lus mor*).....a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
 MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhúachaill*).....My boy.
 MACHREE (*mo chroíthe*).....My heart.
 MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
 MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
 MAHRP ON DUOL (*Mo chorp on deabhad*).....My body to the devil!
 MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
 MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhúirín*).....My darling.
 MERIN (*meirín*).....a boundary, a mark.
 MÍLE MURDER (*míle murder*).....A thousand murders!
 MILLIA MURTHUR.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
 MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
 MO BHEAICHAILÍN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
 MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhúachaill*).....My boy.
 MO CRAOBHIAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhin cno*).....My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavours to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monaidan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mamhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*)... but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*)... well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?" "Also, if it is! Well indeed!")
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGH (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*)... Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*)... O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHIROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil cl-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLAINXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palitog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEEN (<i>poitín</i>)(literally, a little pot) a still; hence illicit whisky.
RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATHa circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ire- land, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (<i>Rígh Seamus</i>)King James.
RHUA (<i>ruadh</i>)red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBHBlack Little Rose.
ROSE GALB (<i>Roise Geal</i>)Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (<i>Ruaidhri og</i>)young Rory.
SALACHS (<i>salach</i>)dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (<i>sailleog</i>)a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (<i>S' amhuirín dhílis</i>)	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i>)a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (<i>scud</i>)a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (<i>sean bhean bhocht</i>)poor old woman.
SHAMOUS (<i>Seamus</i>)James.
SHAN DHUdark John.
SHAN MOREbig John.
SHANE RUADHred-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (<i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i>)	Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE (<i>Scarphas</i>)bitterness.
SHEBEEN (<i>sibín</i>)a place for sale of liquor, gen- erally illicit.
SHEENyoung pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (<i>Sighle</i>)Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (<i>Sí Molly mo stor</i>)	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (<i>Sighle ní Ghadhra</i>)Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHAMUS RUA (<i>Seamus Ruadh</i>)red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAHan oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLLOOa shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (<i>Scoithín scoith</i>)	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLINGstrolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH (<i>seach</i>)a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (<i>'Seadh go deimhin</i>)Yes, indeed!
SHULE AGRA (<i>Siubhail a ghradh</i>)Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS (<i>siubhalóir</i> , a walker)tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOMUp with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEENBright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (<i>Slainte go bhrath</i>)Health forever!
SLAN LEAT!Adieu! Farewell!
SLEEVEENa sly, cunning fellow. From <i>stiobh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERINGflattering.
SLIABH NA M-BANThe Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHERto break. From <i>smiot</i> , a frag- ment.
SMIDDHEREENSsmall fragments. Probably from <i>smiot</i> , as above.

- SMULLUCK (*smullog*) a filip.
 SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) Dear Priest!
 SONSÝ happy, pleasant. Probably
 from *sonas*, happiness.
 SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
 SOWKINS soul.
 SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
 SPALPEEN (*spailpín*) a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
 SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
 SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
 SPRAHAUNS (*spreasán*) .. an insignificant fellow.
 STHREEL (*staoileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
 STOOKAWN (*stuacán*) a lazy, idle fellow.
 STRAVAIGING rambling.
 STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
 SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
 SUGGAWN (*tsugán*) a rope of hay or straw.
 TARBH bull.
 TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God!
 THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgín lan*) Full little flask or jar.
 THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnín*) a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
 THUCKEENS (*tuicín*) an ill-mannered little girl.
 TILLOCH (*talach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
 TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave--Holland.
 TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
 TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
 TRUMAUNS (*troman*)... a reel on a spindle.
 TUG the middleband of a flail.
 UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a sail.
 ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
 ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 USHA. See MUSHÁ (*mhuise*).
 Vo Alas! Oíne, ay de mi!
 WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
 WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
 WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
 WHAT HOLLY IS ON YOU? What are you about?
 WIRRASTRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
 WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary! 't is a pity!
 WISHA. See MUSHÁ.
 WOMMASIN strolling.
 WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Virgin).
 YEOS (English word) veomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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